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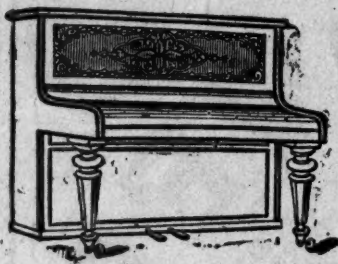
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CAN REASON DISCOVER CHRISTIANITY?



HERE stands an ancient architectural pile, with tokens of its venerable age covering it from its corner-stone to its topmost turret; and some imagine these to be tokens of decay, while to others they only indicate, by the years they chronicle, a massiveness that can yet defy more centuries than it has weathered years. Its foundation is buried in the accumulated mould and clustered mosses of many generations. Its walls are mantled and hidden by parasitic vines. Of its apartments, some are dank and cold, as if their very cement were dissolving in chilly vapours. Others, built against the walls, were never jointed into them; and now their ceilings are broken, their floors are uneven, their timbers seem less to sustain one another than to break one another's fall. All through the house you see dilapidated furniture—ornaments so called, which lost their last touch of gilding and trace of beauty ages ago—articles once of use, which it seems absurd to call utensils now, so entirely has their need gone by and their purpose become effete. There are dwellers in the mansion whose whole demeanour makes you tremble lest the structure fall on your head or collapse beneath your feet. They will not have a cobweb disturbed, lest the ceiling should crumble at the touch of the broom. They are afraid to move the furniture, lest there be found some ugly gap in the wall behind. And as for righting any of the displaced beams, or substituting new timbers where the old are thoroughly worm-eaten, they would as soon consent to have the whole building undermined or blown up. They assure you it is still safe and strong, and storm-proof, and that they want no other dwelling till its builder and owner shall prepare for them a new mansion under a brighter sky and in a more genial climate. But the very tones in which they give you this assurance are so hesitating, and they move about with so soft and cat-like a tread, and look so much alarmed at the least gust of wind, that you can hardly persuade yourself that they believe what they themselves declare.

You determine, therefore, to make your own investigations. You dig away the mould, and lo! the foundation was laid by no mortal hand; it is primitive rock that strikes its roots down an unfathomable depth into the solid earth, so that no frost can heave it, no convulsions shake it. You tear the ivy from the walls, and you find them built of Cyclopean stones tongued and grooved into each other, betraying a power and skill that have no counterpart in the masonry of these modern times, and not a stone can need readjusting while the world shall stand. In every buttress and cross-wall, in the jointed slabs that constitute the roof, and the massive pillars that sustain it, you discern, with the unspent strength of ages past, hoarded strength for unnumbered ages to come. As to the feeble, tottering, effete portions of the edifice and its con-

tents, you ascertain that all which bears the marks of decay is of comparatively recent date—floors and partitions extemporised to suit the whims of individual occupants, mere personal furniture, movables that do not belong essentially to it; so that what seems old is new, while what is really old gives promise of perpetual youth.

Such an edifice is Christianity. The sceptic denies, the timid disciple doubts, its stability. The cry, "The Church is in danger," is almost as old as the Church itself; and there has never been a time when there has not been in some quarters a tendency to repress inquiry, to discourage thorough discussion, to distrust learning and science as forces that might shake the foundation of man's eternal hope. Even to the most friendly eye there is much about Christianity—not of it—of which we cannot say that it will last always, or wish that it may last long. There are extra-Scriptural technicalities of phrase and dogma which the world is happily outgrowing. There are partition-walls in so crumbling a condition that they can hardly be propped up much longer, and through many of them bold breaches are already made, and strong hands are shaking and loosening the weak mortar and frail rafters of which they are built.

Yet Christianity none the less presents the aspect of impregnable strength: its foundation the Rock of Ages, its walls constructed by the hand that built the heavens, and spread the floor of the ocean, and reared the everlasting hills. To suppose it a Divine afterthought, a supplementary creation, an excrescence upon nature, is to dishonour it under shelter of pretended advocacy; nay, more, it is to impugn the Divine immutableness—the integrity of those attributes which underlie all religion. The highest view of Christianity is that which regards it as the religion of nature, as the constitutional law of the spiritual universe, as corresponding to the mathematical laws which are embodied in the material universe—absolute, necessary, eternal truth—that which always was and ever will be. Revelation did not create it, any more than Newton created the law of universal gravitation, or Kepler the laws of planetary motion. What Newton and Kepler were to the material, inspired men were to the spiritual universe. Christianity was before Moses, before Abraham, before the Prophets: it will equally be when in the open vision of heaven we shall need the written Word no longer.

First, let us clearly understand the distinction between natural and revealed religion. These terms designate, not different classes of truth, but the different methods in which the same religious truth becomes known to mankind. Natural religion embraces such truths as are discernible by the unaided exercise of man's reasoning powers, from an observation of the varied phenomena of the physical world. Revealed religion includes all that is taught by natural, and in addition, such truths as are disclosed by revelation, and never could be discovered by the unaided faculties of man's mind.

For example, the doctrine of a supreme power called Deity is a truth common to both natural and



revealed religion. Men to whom no revelation has been given have discovered it from observing the laws of nature. On the other hand, the doctrine of the atonement of Christ is a truth peculiar to revealed religion, which could never have been discovered by the reason of man, and which required a revelation from the Deity to make it known.

These revealed truths are, no doubt, newly-discovered truths, but not in themselves new. They are as old as any natural truth; they are like their Author, from all eternity. The Bible recognises the validity of this statement. Its Gospel is "the everlasting Gospel." Its promises are "the eternal purpose of God." Its redemptory sacrifice is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

We now come to inquire, How far is it possible for the unaided reason of man to discover religious truth from observing the course of nature?

The proper province of reasoning is to perform for our knowledge or belief precisely the office which chemistry performs for material substances, that of analysis or decomposition. It ascertains the contents, the component parts, of what we know or believe. A conclusion, in order to be valid, must be contained in its premises. But as to religious truth, our premises are but few and scanty; for what data for our reasoning as to themes which exceed the universe and embrace twin eternities can lie within the observation and experience of us, the children of yesterday?

Is it contended, however, that induction may transcend the bounds of observation and experience—may infer general laws from the repetition of phenomena, universal truths from the aggregation of particular facts? We answer that induction presupposes a fundamental truth of religion, and therefore cannot be employed to establish that on which alone it depends. Induction is a mode of reasoning which, though so obviously valid to our conceptions, never entered into the logic of pagan antiquity. It is entirely the growth of Christian culture—of minds bathed in the Christian doctrine of a universal and perfect, harmonious and self-consistent Providence.

Analogy—another class of reasoning—next meets us as a supposed source of religion. Those who maintain that it is possible to build up a religion from analogy—in a word, that analogy *proves* religion to be true, entirely mistake the nature and scope of an argument derived from this source. The force of an argument from analogy entirely depends upon the supposition that there is one Supreme Ruler of the world. Analogy gives us, therefore, merely a presumption in favour of a certain truth, or supplies us with an answer to an argument urged against it.

Let us take for an instance the immortality of the soul. Among the many arguments for immortality derived from analogy, the following seems to be the strongest. To every order of organised and sentient beings, except man, there is open a sphere of development and action commensurate with its capacities. Analogy leads us to believe that man too has such a sphere. But he has it not in this world. Here there is a disparity so wide, that it would be ludicrous, were it not unspeakably sad, between his vast capacities and desires on the one hand, and his narrow stage and brief span of being on the other. There must then, we infer, be a life after death, which shall afford to man that scope for

development which other animals find here. Every other terrestrial existence we can comprehend, and all the round of such existence lies complete within the sphere of our vision. Man is not complete within such a cycle. His being, therefore, if in analogy with that of his fellow-creatures, must extend beyond death, and if beyond death, why not for ever? To regard death as the extinction of his being makes his existence a solitary phenomenon, to which nothing that we know of in the entire universe corresponds. This reasoning has indeed a high probability in its favour, yet it falls far short of certainty; for man differs from all other sentient beings so widely, and in so many particulars, as to render it at least possible that this very incompleteness of his existence may be one of the points of difference.

Again, analogy often points with equal probability to the opposite conclusions. Thus, on this very subject of immortality, how many hopeful analogies can we cite! in the caterpillar, whose death is but a new and higher birth; in the grain of wheat reappearing in the sheaf; in the annual resurrection-plot that restores the winter's desolation, and renders back to tree and shrub a life which had seemed extinct, yet never was more vigorous than when it gave no sign. When in our happy and hopeful hours we throw out our unbuttressed arch of dreamy speculation toward heaven, these seem more than mere poetic fancies; they become symbols, prophecies, pledges of the life eternal. But when the shadow of death falls heavily around us; when those go from us who carry with them a solid portion of our own being; when we count the rapidly stealing years, and feel that our noon has passed, and we are gliding down the western slope of our brief day; when the fingers of Disease are fumbling at our heart-strings—then a troop of sad analogies force themselves upon us. We think of the blighted buds and germs, immeasurably more numerous than the fructifying—of the destruction with no resurrection in many departments of organised being—of the loss of identity in so many cases where there is a continuity of life; and these resemblances are melancholy presages of a victorious death and a triumphant grave. In fine, there is no form of belief, no hope, no fear, which may not fortify itself by analogies. Analogy, therefore, proves nothing, and cannot be a trustworthy source of religious knowledge.

How much religion, then, may be derived from this doubtful and precarious source? As regards the Divine Being, man could hardly fail to reach a belief in intelligence and power higher than his own. Nature bears unnumbered marks of design, and design implies a designer; while the immense forces whose equilibrium or conflict works out each successive form and stage of design in nature lead irresistibly to the attributing of vast power, conjoined with skill and wisdom, to the designing mind or minds. But here the argument from design ceases. It does not prove an infinite creator; for the universe is finite, and may have had a finite author. It does not prove the moral attributes of the Creator; for the agencies of nature lend their force to mischief and evil: they are charged to execute the malicious purposes of the wicked; they are fraught with ministries of woe to the wretched.

Yet more, the argument from design does not establish the unity or the personality of God. The harmony of nature is not readily perceived. Objects appear in isolated groups; events in isolated cycles. There is war among the elements. The sun ripens, the swollen river devastates, the harvest-field. The rain fills, the hot breath of summer dries, the fountain and the lake. Nature seems a vast battle-ground between opposing designs and antagonistic forces. Hence the human mind, constrained to believe in the existence of superhuman wisdom and power, resorts to polytheism, and subdivides the creation into separate provinces, each with its tutelar divinity.

Polytheism is the earliest stage of natural theology. With the progress of knowledge philosophy has birth. Contemplative minds awake to a sense of pervading system and order in the material universe. At this point speculation takes one of two directions. It either resorts to the Oriental dualism, and conceives that there is a supremely good and a supremely evil principle, who share the sovereignty of the universe; or else, as in the Greek philosophy, it blends inseparably the shaping and benignant spirit with the brute, and contemplates its struggles, as, through resisting matter, it strives for a complete and fuller manifestation of itself. There is reason to doubt whether natural religion, where the light of revelation has not preceded it, has ever transcended these forms of belief; and it is a significant fact, that in the present age the philosophy which ignores revelation constantly tends to return to pantheism; so that in the speculations of many of the profoundest thinkers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the idea of a personal God, the object of reverence, worship, and prayer, is wholly eliminated—nature is God, man is God become self-conscious, everything is God, and God is everything or—nothing.

As regards a future life, by virtue of intense longings, lame analogies, and inconclusive reasonings, natural religion attains to the conjecture, the strong hope of a continued existence; but in no instance has it reached a confidence sufficient for consolation in the severest stress of need, or adequate to furnish rules and motives for the conduct of life. Indeed, Cicero, in his attempt to prove immortality, is careful to show that, if his reasoning is faulty, annihilation is no great evil; * and when his daughter dies, he confesses that he has lost all faith in his own arguments. Nay, the strongest argument for immortality that has come down to us from the ancient world is based on the assumption of the past eternity of the human soul, and may be compressed into the simple formula—"That which had no beginning can have no end."

As to the duties growing out of man's relations

to God and his fellow-beings, they are derived in part from the essential conditions of life and of society, so that they could not remain wholly unknown; while, on the other hand, the comprehension of their entire extent and their mutual interdependence can result only from those clear and adequate conceptions of religious truth which cannot be reached by man's unaided powers. Accordingly, while the ancients promulgated many sound moral precepts, there is hardly one of them who has not impressed his sanction on some atrocious immorality. Even the divine Plato recommends the murder of feeble and sickly infants, expressly allows drunkenness at the feasts of Bacchus, and authorises some of the worst forms of licentiousness.

We admit that modern deists have in numerous instances maintained a pure and lofty personal monotheism, have expressed firm faith in immortality, and have inculcated and practised the severest morality. But we cannot forget that they were educated as Christians, and their subsequent unbelief could not shut out the light that came to them from the Sun of Righteousness. To determine the utmost amount of religious truth that man can attain independently of revelation, we must interrogate minds that can have derived nothing from revelation. And we certainly cannot err in assuming that classic antiquity had reached the climax of extra-Christian culture. In all but their religious aspects the Greek and the Roman mind transcended the powers of the modern intellect, and have left us, in poetry, in history, in philosophy, and in some of the fine arts, models which we can emulate, but cannot equal, giving colour, indeed, to the belief that the early ages possessed in mental force and in creative genius the same pre-eminence over modern times which we cannot fail to recognise in the physical proportions and strength of the ancients. But even Plato falls short of the clear conception of one personal Deity, and there hangs ever about his theology a pantheistic haze. Even Seneca, with an almost perfect system of ethics, fails to enter into the mystery of sorrow, cowers under the inevitable burdens and sufferings of humanity, and recommends that recourse to suicide which he illustrated by his own example. Even the dying Socrates, though he trusts that he is going to the society of good men, warns his friends not to be too confident in a matter attended by so much uncertainty.

The question is not, What stage of morality have those men reached who once knew, and have since forsaken the religion of Christ? The real question is, What could they have discovered had they never known or heard of a revealed religion?

And when we consider this question aright, we raise the voice of heartfelt thanksgiving to Almighty God that we have not been left to walk by the dim light of unaided reason, but that life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel.

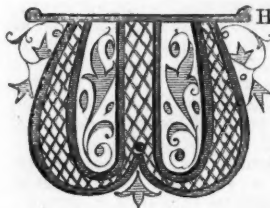
* Tusc. Quæst. I. 5-8.



GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

II.—HINDUSTAN.

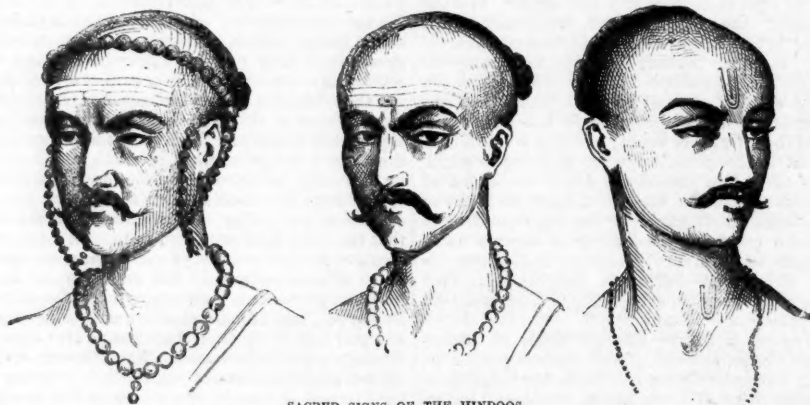


WHEN we come to examine the details of missionary labour, we naturally turn our eyes to India, as furnishing at once the grandest and the most important sphere in which that labour has been exercised.

Extending as it does for some 2,500 miles from the Himalayas to Cape Comorn, and stretching for 1,800 miles from the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian

mercy never yet has trembled. But what of these vast multitudes, who people the valley of the Ganges, and spread over the plains of India? What is their spiritual condition?

About one-tenth of the population is Mahometan, who carried with them into India, as conquerors, the fierce and fanatical religion of their false prophet. The rest, with a small exception (which includes the Sikhs, Parsees, and others), are Hindoos, whose religion is at once the most complex and the most debasing system of idolatry that ever enthralled the minds of men. It would take volumes to describe this "masterpiece of Satan," and to unravel the combination of subtle philosophy and licentious worship which make up the sum of this dark and terrible religion. Indeed,



SACRED SIGNS OF THE HINDOOS.

[These marks are traced on the face and breast with a mixture of rice-water and either dust, ashes of the sacrifice, sandal-wood, or other colouring matter. The marks vary according to the number of prayers, and the deity to whom they are addressed.]

Sea,—presenting such variety of race, climate, language, and religion, and, above all, peopled by a hundred and eighty millions, who are all either under the dominion or the influence of the British sceptre, it presents a field so vast, and a claim so urgent, that no Christian, and especially no English Christian, can venture to overlook it.

But if we were bewildered as we glanced at the map of the world, and tried to realise the numbers and the darkness of its pagan inhabitants, we are scarcely less bewildered as we survey the extent and condition of Hindustan. Here we behold nation after nation lying in the darkest shadows of a cruel and debasing idolatry here are populations not deficient in wealth or civilisation, yet groaning under the yoke of the most revolting superstitions. Here are solid millions upon whom, as yet, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the Christian Church, the first dawnings of the Gospel have not beamed; men of the same flesh as ourselves and subject to the same gracious Queen, and yet upon whose ear the name of Christ has never sounded, and upon whose tongue the prayer for

there is much of it from which we dare not lift the veil, although in India it does not blush to practise its vilest enormities in the open face of day. Without entering into minute details of their mythology or religious rites, we must content ourselves with a few general statements.

Every part of Hindustan is studded with temples or pagodas, dedicated to their countless idols. Many of these temples are exceedingly costly and magnificent, and the value of the treasures and jewels which have been consecrated as offerings at these shrines is almost fabulous. And, if the great pagodas have their gigantic images of gold and silver, studded with the most precious gems, the hut of the meanest peasant possesses its clay or wooden images, black with the kisses and devotions of their misguided worshippers.

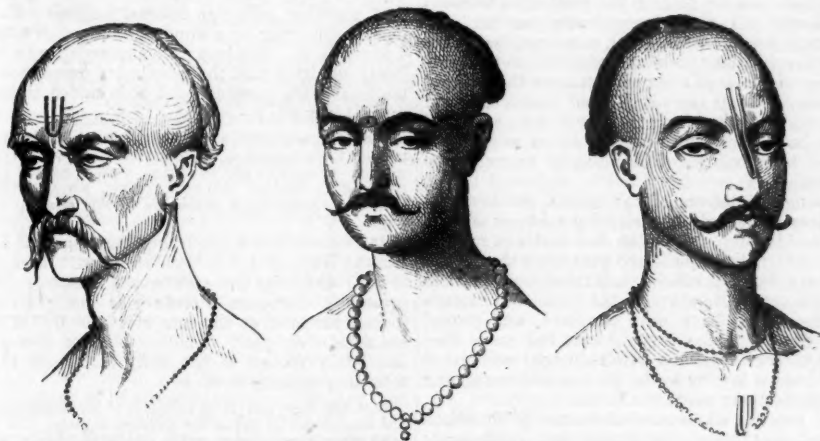
But we must turn to the Vedas, the Shasters, and the Purannas, which are the holy books of the Hindoos, in order to discover their ideas about the deities whom they thus ignorantly worship. No one who reads these books can doubt that the Hindoos once possessed some knowledge of the true

God; but that knowledge is now entirely lost. Nay, they confess that they cannot know Him. "God," say they, "is Nirgoon—he is the great nothing." But the Nirgoon (literally "without attributes") became Sagun (i.e., "with attributes"); the *nothing* has become *something*, and from him have emanated three hundred and thirty millions of gods, of whom Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva are the chief, and may be regarded as a sort of Hindoo Trinity. The first is represented as the *Creator*, the second as the *Preserver*, and the third as the *Destroyer*. These have had fierce wars with each other; and in one of them Shiva cut off one of Brahma's heads. It is remarkable that throughout India there is no temple to Brahma, and the account given of this circumstance is that, having on one occasion told a lie, the gods decreed that he should never be permitted to have temples in Hindustan. Vishnu and Shiva, however, though equally profligate with Brahma, have temples and worshippers all through the land.

Vishnu has had nine *avatars* or incarnations, and

Krishna crawled out of the hut, and the log coming against the stems of two gigantic trees between which he passed, the divine child pulled down the trees, and proceeded to amuse himself at play. Soon after he distinguished himself by robbing the dairy in which the women kept the milk; and when suspicion naturally fell upon the mischievous Krishna, he was so afraid of punishment that he concealed his delinquency by denying it. And this tale is told by the wretched Hindoos with expressions of the greatest delight at the cunning and ability of their god. The stories recorded of his licentious manhood are too horrible for publication in a Christian land, but they are recited to admiring crowds in India sung by women and children as well as by men, and illustrated by revolting carvings upon the idol cars and temples.

Shiva, the Destroyer, as his name indicates, is the impersonation of all destructive agencies. Together with his wife, Doorga or Paravati, a sanguinary and terrific goddess, he is propitiated by the most bloody and cruel rites



SACRED SIGNS OF THE HINDOOS.

is yet to have a tenth. Some idea may be formed of the absurdities involved in these incarnations from a sketch of the second avatar, viz., that of the tortoise. The gods wished to extract the water of life from the world; but, in consequence of the Flood, the world had become a mass of mud. They, therefore, took the mountain Mandar, and placed it in the middle of the sea, and wound a great serpent (Bastoo) round the mountain. Vishnu having crept into the mass, supported the mountain; and, the gods standing at one side, and the demons on the other, they proceeded to churn the sea, and soon extracted the water of life, and separated the mass of puddle into butter and buttermilk, or land and sea!

The conceptions formed of the characters of their gods may be illustrated from another of the avatars, viz., that of Krishna. He was the reputed son of a cowherd and his wife, and his first feat was an act of disobedience. His mother having forbidden him to leave the house in her absence, and having tied him to a heavy log of wood, in order to secure his obedience, she was no sooner out of sight than

So true is the language of the apostle concerning the heathen, "that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." No one can read these records of the heathen deities without being convinced that the influence of the Evil One himself was at work in their compilation, and that the character of the worshippers cannot but be a reflection of that of their wretched deities.

We must return to this subject at a future time, and trace the influence of the Hindoo creed upon the life and conduct of those who believe it; but for the present, we would lead our readers to the brighter and happier reflections which the progress of missions awakens in our minds.

It will be confessed that the sketch of India which we have faintly drawn is a dark one indeed—and there are still darker shades to be added to the melancholy picture—and yet in this "region of the shadow of death," the Gospel has won some of its noblest victories. Side by side on the page of history with the names of the great men who have

subjugated India to Great Britain, stand forth the still greater names of those who have gone thither to win the land for Christ; and whilst the records of battle or of statecraft tell us of the Clives and Wellesleys, the Napiers and the Clydes, we shall find inscribed on the missionary banner the bloodless victories and grand conceptions of such men as Schwartz and Martin, Zeigenbalg and Duff. It will be our duty to point attention hereafter to the services and achievements of these and other devoted soldiers of the cross, and to select special trophies from their fields of conflict, but at present we must confine ourselves to a general review of missionary successes in Hindustan.

The mission churches of India (including those of Burmah) now number more than 200,000 souls, who meet every Lord's-day in the house of prayer to offer up their worship to the one living and true God, through the only Mediator, his Incarnate Son. For every missionary employed, there is an average of 100 habitual communicants at the table of the Lord; and when it is remembered that this is more than can be said of the proportion between the clergy and the communicants in our own favoured Christian land,—and, moreover, that in the missionary stations none are admitted to the communion of the Lord's supper, without the strictest investigation into their belief and practice, it will be seen that the large numbers thus admitted afford both gratifying evidence, and a satisfactory test, of the progress of Christianity amongst the natives.

During the terrors of the Indian mutiny, the converts in Bengal gave striking evidence of their faith and loyalty. After the first battle in front of Agra, 800 native Christians presented themselves at the gates, and offered their invaluable services to the Europeans, when all the heathen domestics had deserted. They were admitted, and proved their fidelity to the last. About the same time 4,000 native Christians at Krishnagar subscribed an address of loyalty to the Governor-General, and offered their services to the British Crown.

Nor was this all: several of the native Christians suffered martyrdom for Christ, and deliberately chose the most cruel death, rather than renounce his cause. Gopenath Nundi and his wife, the companions in suffering of that brave young Christian soldier, Ensign Cheek, exhibited the spirit of true confessors. Brought, with his wife and children, before the ferocious Moulwi, threatened with instant and terrible death, unless he apostatised from the Christian faith, Gopenath was cheered by the example of the young officer, who, though himself a prisoner, adjured him "not to deny Christ, whatever might be the consequence." Failing in his attempts to seduce the husband from the faith, the Moulwi endeavoured to terrify his wife into submission; but, with unwavering heart and firm voice, she declared that she was ready to undergo any torture he could inflict, but that she could not deny her Saviour; and then turning to her children, said to them, in the presence and hearing of the infuriated throng—"You, my sweet children, will be taken and kept as slaves, when we shall have been killed; but do not forget to say your prayers every day; and when the English power is re-established, fly over to them for refuge, and relate the circumstances of our end." Such was their good confession; and just as they were about to be slaughtered

the English bugle resounded in the courtyard, and proclaimed deliverance to the faithful band.

Perhaps the most encouraging circumstances connected with missionary work in India are the growth of the native pastorate, and the rapid extension of Christian education. There are now nearly 200 converted Hindoos who are ministers of Christ to their countrymen, and they are aided by 18,000 native catechists. 75,000 boys are now being taught in the missionary schools of India, and 20,000 girls enjoy the benefits of Christian education, instead of being consigned, as the females of the East invariably have been, to ignorance and degradation.

The testimony of opponents carries great weight. What, then, shall we say to the following admissions, made in "A Defence of the Principles of Hindooism," published at Bombay, and drawn up by a learned and clever Hindoo?—

In 1814 all Hindustan became subject to the English; and since that time the ministers of the Christian religion have, by their instructions, turned many from Hindooism to Christianity. . . . Hindooism is sick unto death; I am fully persuaded that it must perish.

And, together with this distrust in their own beliefs, is springing up a wondrous attraction towards a purer faith. The best native newspaper in India lately admitted that the missionary movement was making steady progress, and then added these remarkable words:—

With our converted countrymen, we are anxiously expecting the advent of God's day, when the hearts of many millions amongst us will be stirred, we may not say by the spirit of Christians, but by a strong, sincere religious agitation. Anything is preferable to this sticking to old ways.

In twenty-five of the living languages of India has the Word of God, in whole or in part, been published; and from five-and-twenty mission printing presses a Christian literature is going forth to leaven the land at the rate of 10,000,000 of publications every year. Another heathen newspaper has lately spoken of the Holy Scriptures in the following apposite terms:—

It is the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in the English language. As every joint of the sugar-cane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instructions. A portion of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject.

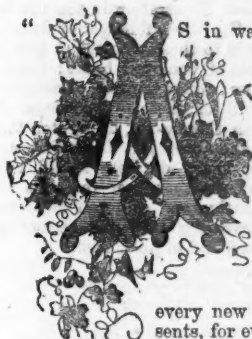
Could anything afford more indubitable proof of the progress of Divine truth than is furnished by these remarkable admissions?

The period during which missionary labour has been carried on in India is, after all, a brief one, and the supply of labourers has been scanty and inadequate. It was only with the beginning of this century that Protestant missions could be said to have really occupied the land; and even now, if all the missionaries employed there were equally distributed amongst the population, it would only supply one missionary to every 300,000 immortal souls! Imagine London, on a darksome, wintry night, with only seven or eight gas-lamps to illuminate its darkness! Imagine England, Scotland, and Ireland, with their 28,000,000 of people, consigned to the care of 100 clergymen; and then you will form some idea of the disproportion between the work to be done in India and the agency employed to effect it. Instead of wondering, as some do, that so little has been achieved, should we not

rather wonder and rejoice that so much has been accomplished? And may we not well inquire, if such has been the amount of success vouchsafed to such recent and feeble efforts, what might not the

Church of Christ accomplish, under the blessing of his Holy Spirit, were she to put forth all her energy in sustained and vigorous efforts for her Master's glory?

A WORD UPON SYMPATHY.



"S in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Passing by the inspiration of the Scriptures, perhaps their next most remarkable peculiarity is the wonderful power they display in adapting themselves to all the possible states, wants, and perplexities of the human heart. For

every new phase which life presents, for every new experience of gladness or of grief to which the soul is brought, there seems to have been prepared the necessary word of truth, perfectly fitted beforehand, through a complete knowledge of what the occasion would require to answer the soul's demand. Certain truths are recorded and aptly arranged to meet certain conditions of the heart. It is impossible, therefore, that any should arrive at a full understanding of the peculiar power of those pre-arranged truths until they shall have been brought to those conditions of spirit for which these truths have been particularly prepared. The mind may comprehend them before this time, but the heart will not embrace them; their bearing, but not their depth, will be understood. This is why so many of us are continually arriving at, and rejoicing in our progress in, the discovery of the power of the word of God; old and familiar passages lighting up with new radiance, and shining forth with a meaning and power never seen or felt before. This results not from any change in the truth itself, but in the standing-point from which we view it. There the truths stand, in their eternal and immutable stability, as their Divine Author stands; but you do not see into them all, and never will, until you shall have been brought to that particular state of mind and heart to which those truths were appointed to make response. For never until you actually reach a new condition in life are you able fully to comprehend your own wants; and, therefore, you are not able, until that time, fully to fathom the worth and power of that truth which is adapted precisely to supply those wants. I find that there is no limit to the illustrations which might be given of this; and, therefore, I turn away directly to remark, that in nothing perhaps is this truth more discernible than in the wants of affliction, and the previously uncomprehended fulness of Scripture to meet those wants. The Bible seems to have an actual sympathy for the sufferer in anticipating the needs of that hour, and bringing just the balm or provision he requires. And what does this prove but that He

who prepared these wonderful Scriptures for us has given us His own Divine sympathy, and sent us beforehand those things which he knew to be needful for us in our suffering moments?

A striking example of the power of experience in unfolding a truth needed for its own condition, may be seen in those words which we have written in the first lines of this article. We have often, doubtless, noted the simplicity and beauty of the figure. But who has seen it as it really is—who has received anything of its fulness—until the necessity has been felt of having some heart answer back in sympathy to your own? We feel the need of heart answering to heart on many occasions in life; but in no condition do we, perhaps, realise the necessity for, and value of it to such a degree, as when we thus point these words in a particular direction, and read, "As in water face answereth to face, so in the waters of affliction the heart of man to man." For what heart that has ever been called to endure personal affliction, has not in that moment found itself yearning for the answering sympathy of some other heart, and committed itself to it when found, in the comforting fellowship of grief? I know that there is a great difference in natures, in dispositions, in hearts; and it were folly for any to assume to speak for all. But yet when one speaks for himself, if he speak naturally, he will speak also for many hearts besides his own. I say, then, for the heart, that in the day of sorrow it wants the sympathy of answering hearts. It is apt, likewise, to be exacting in its demands. It wants a full, earnest, expressed sympathy. Nor is it ever better prepared, than by the keen sharpening of grief, to discern between the merely professed word of sympathy, if such there be, and the true going forth of the heart towards it. From the former it turns away with indignant repugnance; the latter it clasps to its bosom in an eager embrace.

You think, perchance, that it will do no good to express your helpless sympathy—that mere words cannot alleviate a sorrow that lies in the heart; but we know that the expression of sympathy does give great relief, and often brings blessed comfort; and words go to the heart, and it is well to sit down by the side of Grief, to whisper consoling truth into its ears, or at least to answer to it, heart to heart, as face to face, in water. Sympathy helps to bear the burden; it divides the weight, distributes the sorrow. It is like Simon of Cyrene bearing the cross; or, at least, it is like Mary and the women watching near, in full view of the cross; or, if this figure be deemed too sacred, it is like the good Samaritan, binding up the wounds, and pouring in the oil and wine. Do you suppose that it was no comfort for the sisters to have Jesus come to weep with them, even though they supposed that he came too late to give them help? There is a

power in expressed sympathy, in the answering of heart to heart, that does lighten, in some measure, the burden; that does open the channels for the flowing out of the suppressed waters of grief.

Loneliness is an unnatural condition for the heart—it is like the dark cellar for the plant. God saw in the beginning that it was not good for man to be alone. But especially does man feel that it is not good for him to be alone in his sorrow. Loneliness here is one of the aggravations of his suffering. Was it not the humanity of Jesus deeply yearning for the sympathy of his disciples, and oppressed with the loneliness of his condition, in his agony in the garden, that caused him, having brought the three chosen ones nearer than the rest, going but “a little farther,” to return twice in the midst of his wrestling, and to rebuke them for their untimely sleep and want of sympathy? And who that loves the Saviour has not found a new depth of contrition for sin as he has read those startling words, which may be conventionally applied to his sufferings, “I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me.”

This was one of David's causes of complaint—“My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my stroke, and my neighbours stand afar off;” “I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.” It is the day of grief, therefore, that unfolds the necessity for sympathy, and as we experience it, there is unveiled to our sight the deeper meaning of this figure of the heart answering to the heart, as face to face in water. Sympathy is heaven-born; it finds its eternal origin in the character, as it exhibits its loftiest illustration in the life of our blessed Saviour. Go, then, follower of Jesus, minister out of the Word to those who are in grief; pour out the sympathies of your full heart; speak the words of tenderness; drop the tear of fellowship; for each and all of these expressions of fraternity do accomplish their work, do lighten the burden, do unseal the bursting fountain, do strengthen the failing heart, do help to fill the world with that deep love that ever responds to true and earnest sympathy, and so do all assist in preparing our sad, sorrowing earth for becoming the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

A VIEW OF NATURE IN HER AUTUMN GARB.



OCTOBER has a wintry sound to most of us, telling, as it does, that another summer has floated from us, to take its stand in the great eternity of the living past. One more summer older; one more summer nearer the spring that will herald the everlasting summer. Who writes more pathetically or beautifully of this than the Dorsetshire poet, William Barnes?—

“Leaves be now a-scatter'd round
In the wind, a-blowin' bleaker;
An' if we do walk the ground,
Wi' our life-strength one year weaker—
One year weaker, one year nigher
To the place where we shall find
One that's deathless for the bier—
Foremost they that dropped behind.”

Yet, sadly as we are wont to regard the month of October, there is no period in the year so full of beauty. Nature robes herself in her most gorgeous hues, as, laden with the labour of Summer, she lays her rich offering at the feet of Winter.

Poets and painters, whose excellence consists in the truthfulness with which they depict Nature, have paid their sweetest homage to Autumn; and where could we find more trustworthy judges than those whose lives are spent in studying Nature in every form of beauty and change?

Perhaps of all the descriptions which might be cited, the most gorgeous, and at the same time the most true, is that of Keats, who, after welcoming Autumn as the “season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,” thus concludes with a passage of singular beauty:—

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud beat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.”

Sunrise and sunset are the times to see the true beauty of Autumn; and if the reader will take a piece of friendly advice, let him be up betimes, and hie him away to the hill-side, and there, standing knee-deep in the fragrant fern, turn his eyes eastward, away beyond the valley where the night mist is lifting its white arms to greet the fresh-faced morn. Let him watch the vanguard of old Sol fluttering their crimson streamers; then the golden spears of the body-guard, fading in their turn before the dazzling glory of the day-god himself, and

“Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nursed by night retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.”

Presently, in the solemn silence that reigns over all, he will hear a low, plaintive sob, melting at last into a prolonged sigh, and then the morn; breeze will come moaning and swelling through the leaves, rustling the ferns, and sending up clouds of dark brown pollen.

Leaving the hill-top, let him get down into some wooded dingle, where

“Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound for welcomes to the weary;”

and there, as the silver voice of the stream mingles with the soft swell of the unseen spirit of the woodland, what solemn thoughts rise in the breast!—

thoughts too solemn to be melancholy—depressing at first in their keen awakening of the past, and their passionate longing to lift the veil of the future, yet at last soothing beyond the power of human comfort—for there is no comforter like Nature, seen through Nature's God. What says Keble of streams and the thoughts they awaken?—

"Go up, and mark the new-born rill,
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

"Canst thou her bold career foretell—
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend—
How far in ocean's swell
Her freshening billows send?

"Perchance that little brook shall flow,
The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro,
With monarchs at their helm.

"Or canst thou guess how, far away,
Some sister nymph, beside her urn,
Reclining night and day
'Mid reeds and mountain fern,

"Nurses her store, with thine to blend,
When many a moor and glen are past;
Then in the wide sea end
Their spotless lives at last?

"Even so the course of prayer who knows?
It springs in silence where it will—
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill:

"But streams shall meet it by and by,
From thousand sympathetic hearts.
Together swelling high
Their chant of many parts."

Follow the stream down, through the deep shade to the plain where the yellow stubble lies, and returning to the haunts of man and the cares of life, bear back with you the sweet lesson taught by the October sunrise.

Day by day I find myself wandering among the great woodlands which clothe the downs from Arundel to Goodwood; and day by day the scene

changes, fresh beauties spring up: now it is a maple, standing forth, in its golden robes, against a dark background of ilex; now a crimsoned ash or chestnut, or sombre beech; then a deep red elm, wreathing every shade and colour round its broad forehead. Every day—nay, every hour—the tints are changing, old Time scattering his touches here and there. Even as I gaze the colours seem to change, the white trunks of mighty beech-trees stand out more and more ghostlike, making it quite a relief when the shrill voices of a party of the village children blackberry-hunting break the silence.

As the sun sinks lower, and the shades grow redder and deeper, a chill, keen whisper creeps up from the plain, a few warning tears drop as the last gleam of sunlight flashes across the purple clouds; and long ere I reach home the grey mantle of a starless night has covered the sky, and the quick patter of the rain beats upon the foliage.

One night, in trying to make a short cut—the rain having caught me rather further from home than usual—I found myself in a path leading through a field of Swedish turnips. For a few minutes I hurried along, wishing myself out of it; but presently a presence—I can call it nothing else—seemed within me, the consciousness of something beautiful, something that harmonises with the immortal soul. Wondering, I stood still and listened, and the air seemed resonant with innumerable tiny bells, chiming together in low, indescribably sweet strains, utterly unlike anything I had ever heard before. What could I do but stand spell-bound, listening and praising the Power whose least work is such a wondrous height, and beauty, and harmony, and almost envying the broad leaves their share in the chant?

How long I stayed I know not. I could have listened all night; and when I did leave the field, and faced the heavy rain, I could not wish it to cease, remembering, as I shall ever do, the sweet song it was singing in the lonely field—a song of praise to the Deity.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DEAF GIRL.

HAVE no sweet remembered airs,
From childhood's happy time;
Nor do I know the thrilling tones
Of the soft bells' evening chime.
The melody of singing birds,
The murmur of the sea,
The sweet sounds of this happy world,
Are mysteries to me.

In the daily words of household love,
Alas! no part have I;
In the morning wish, or kind good-night,
Or whisper of a sigh.

I never heard the merry laugh
Of youth's rejoicing spring;
To me the lisp of infancy
Is quite an unknown thing.

The accents of love's gentle voice
Methinks are low and deep;
With softness in the trembling tones,
To make the happy weep;
And my fancy gives a solemn sound,
As a spirit's voice, to prayer;
Love, mantled in the shade of fear,
To know that God is there.

They tell me that the forest hath
Its wild wood-minstrelsy;

That the low winds among the flowers
Whisper in harmony.
They say that music, over all,
Sends its melodious breath,
On the bridal, on the festival,
And on the couch of death.

There surely is a voice in smiles,
And sorrows' dirge in tears;
And memory is the spirit's chord,
That thrills to vanished years.
The kindly pressure of the hand
Is language unto me;
A look hath poured into my soul
Its silent melody.

Yet would I give long years of life,
To hear a sound float by;
One moment but to catch the tone
Of human sympathy!
If ne'er to me in this our world,
Such blessed boon be given,
Oh, may I wake from death to hear
The saints' sweet song in heaven!

THE EAGLE AND THE BABY.



FAR away in the Highlands of Scotland, up among the great heath-covered hills, a shepherd had built a rough little cottage. He had a wife and two children—one named Nancy, about eight years old; the other a little baby only two months old. Nancy often took care of her little brother while her mother went to a village about three miles away, to buy tea and sugar; but generally speaking, the baby went with her. One day she had so much shopping to do, and would have so many parcels to bring home, that she made up her mind not to take him, so she lifted the cradle into a nice sunny place outside the cottage, and, telling Nancy not to leave him for a single minute, she set off with her basket.

Nancy was very proud of being trusted with the care of her little brother, and began singing the way she heard her mother do; so baby awoke, and, seeing Nancy, laughed, and kicked his fat legs, until, growing tired, he went to sleep again.

Nancy tucked in the little blankets over his feet, and, thinking she would like to walk about a little, got up, and began looking about her.

Now the cottage was, as I said, in a very lonely place, and not far off were great cliffs, where ravens and eagles built their nests; and these eagles were very large and fierce, often carrying off young lambs, to feed their young ones. Nancy saw one flying slowly round in great circles, as they do when looking out for something to pounce

upon and carry away. She watched the great bird for a good while, wondering if it was going to steal any of her father's lambs; and then, getting tired of that, and feeling hungry, she went into the cottage to get some bread. There she saw her mother's cap; so she put it on, and began pretending she was her mother, getting so much amused by her play that she quite forgot how quickly the time passed, or that she had left her baby brother so long; indeed, I am afraid she forgot all about him until she heard a loud scream, and, knowing it to be her mother's voice, she ran out of the cottage quite frightened and ashamed. The first thing she saw was the eagle, just rising from the cradle, and holding her poor little brother fast in its great claws; and there was her mother rushing up the hill, screaming to frighten the bird.

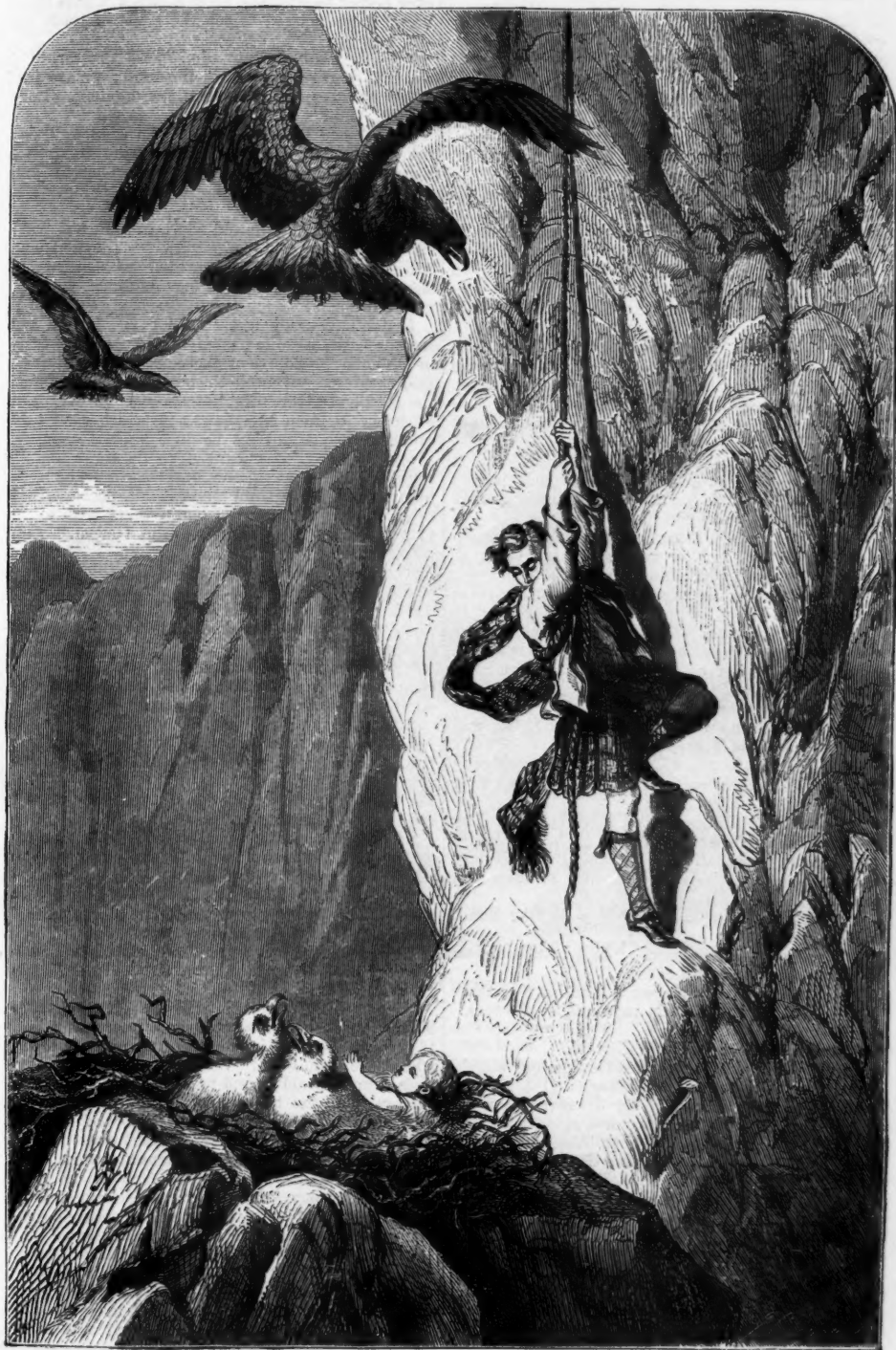
Of course Nancy began to scream too; but the eagle did not drop the baby; he only rose higher and higher, wheeling round and round, until, getting very far up in the air, he flew straight away in the direction of the cliffs, where his nest was, and where his hungry little ones were waiting for their dinner.

The poor mother kept running on, with her eyes fixed upon the eagle, thinking only of her poor little baby.

As she was running up the hill she met a party of gentlemen shooting, and, thinking they could help her, she told them what had happened. They were all very sorry for her, but did not think they could do anything, until one of them said he would try to get at the nest if they would get ropes; so while some ran to the nearest house for ropes, the others went to the top of the cliffs, where, looking over, they could see two eagles hovering about; and, as neither of them had the baby in its claws, they guessed that it was laid in the nest, and would, perhaps, be safe.

Still nothing could be certain. And when the ropes arrived, and the young laird made them tie him firmly to one, and began to creep down the face of the cliff, his friends tried hard to prevent him, telling him he would be sure to be killed; but he looked at the poor weeping mother, and thought of his own dear mother who was dead; and then, saying to himself, "Almighty God, help me to save the poor woman's baby," he went boldly down, holding on by bits of grass or bracken, and resting upon the rope. At last he reached a ledge, and sat down to take a little rest. The eagles came sweeping past, screaming angrily at him, and once or twice nearly striking him with their great strong wings. Looking over the ledge on which he sat, he could see the eagles' nest, a long way below, and in it lay the dear little baby, wide awake, and playing with the young eagles. When he saw this he gave a great shout, to tell the mother that he saw the baby, and then he began to descend the cliff again.

When he reached the nest he took up the baby, and tying it round him with a plaid, he gave the signal to pull him up. But if coming down was difficult, going up with the baby was far more so; and when he got within a few yards of the top, he fainted, and was pulled up more dead than alive. You may believe how delighted the poor mother was, and how proud all the people were of their brave young laird, who risked his life for the shepherd's baby.



"At last he reached a ledge."—p. 110.

THOROLD THE PREACHER.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

STUFF his back a bit more—that's right; now he'll not double up like an old woman. Let's see—yes, he'll do: don't you think so, Douglas?"

"Yes," said Douglas; "he sits like a soldier. Where's his hat?"

"Here," said Frank Prosser.

"Come, young man, no nonsense; put on your hat—take it in your hand. You don't like it, you stiff villain, I see!"

"He might not, to judge from his phiz," said Douglas.

"I believe you," said Frank; "and I dare say, Mr. Guy, you won't like it one bit better when your head blows up, brains (if you have any!), eyes, nose, mouth, and ears; likewise, straw and hat, *alias* stuffing and roofing, inside and outside—all at one go!"

"His eyebrows should be a bit blacker," said a tall boy named Thorold. "He would look fiercer; and another touch to his moustache would improve him. There, how do you like it?"

"Bravo!" said Prosser. "Isn't he a regular fizzer? I'd back him for ugliness against the most murderous rascal at Madame Tussaud's."

"What's to be the next move?" asked another boy.

"The next move," said Prosser, "is to move Guy Fawkes, Esq., round the town; that is to say, where he'll be appreciated, and will receive most cash on our behalf for Bengal lights, rockets, rip-raps, &c."

"You'll take him through Wadham Place, will you not?" asked Thorold.

"Oh, I don't know, we shan't get much there; there are only three or four houses, and it's a long way."

"But," said Thorold, "little Charlie Grey would like to see him, and I know he will sit at the front window all the afternoon, in the hope that some of the boys may chance to take him past."

"Charlie Grey, poor lad! yes, we'll take him," said Douglas.

"I say no," said Prosser. "It'll be a dead loss of half-a-crown's worth of time."

"I'd rather let Charlie see it than have another half-a-crown's worth of rip-raps and sunflowers," said Douglas.

"Put it to the vote," said Thorold.

So they did; and some voted that the guy should be carried through Wadham Place; and those boys who cared more for money for fireworks than for doing a kindness to Charlie voted against it; and it so happened that of the boys then present five were for and five against carrying Guy past Charlie's house. What must be done? Little Charlie Grey had sprained his ankle badly in leaping a ditch a day or two before, and he must not walk until it should be better. The poor boy had entered with all his heart into the preparations for having a grand Guy Fawkes, and had begged a pair of old red slippers from his grandfather, to put on Mr. Guy's long dangling feet; and any boy who has

ever helped to stuff and dress a guy will well know how Charlie longed to see the effect of those red slippers.

"Well, what shall we do?" said Prosser. "I call this a regular stick-in-the-mud; we are just where we were—five for and five against. Let's toss up for it."

"No," said Douglas; "I tell you what we'll do: the moment the other lads come back we'll take their votes; but first, just for a lark, Thorold shall give us a sermon on the merits of the thing. Eh, lads?"

"Ay, ay, Jack Thorold shall preach, but we'll tie him to time; half a minute for the text, and two minutes for the sermon, then we shan't go to sleep! Here come the other fellows; Thorold, you're in for it!"

If John Thorold was "in for it," he did not seem to care; a smile passed over his quiet face as he watched the doings of those around him, but he said nothing. "Thorold the preacher" was a name the boys had given him, not because he ever had preached to them in the way in which they now said he was to do, but because he was a grave, thoughtful boy, very careful to do right and to avoid wrong; because the boys saw that he liked to read his Bible; and most of all, perhaps, because they knew that he had a great wish to be at some time a preacher of the Gospel. Yet, though he wished it, he did not expect it, for his mother could not afford to pay for him the expenses of a college education, and so he had made up his mind upon leaving school (which he expected soon to do) to accept a situation that had been offered to him in a bank.

"All you who've just come in, listen to me a minute, will you?" said Frank Prosser, as six or eight boys entered the playground.

"What's up now?" they asked.

"I want to know, lads, if you don't want as much cash as you can get for the fireworks to-night?"

"Of course we do; any donkey knows that!" not very politely answered one boy.

"Well, then, wouldn't it be a waste of time to go through Wadham Place? It's a long way, and there are not more than four houses in it."

"Of course! I'd never think of going that way, and getting next to nothing for my pains," said a boy named Hammond.

"But Charlie Grey lives there, and he'd like to see it," said a little fellow, whose name was Edward Hall.

"Now, lads," shouted Will Douglas, "you've heard Prosser's side, so you must hear the other. 'Preacher Thorold' is going to give us his sermon! where are you, Jack? Come up, man." And he took John Thorold's hand to lead him to mount the barrow that was to be used in the afternoon as Guy Fawkes' carriage. Thorold stepped up, and the boys laughed, while some cheered him.

He waited till the noise and laughter were over, and then he spoke—

"A real sermon," he said, "is too solemn a thing to be made a joke of by boys; so, lads, I shall give you no text, and preach you no sermon; but I will ask you a question, Edward Hall, George Percy, Ned Hammond: if you were lying on a sofa every day from morning till night—not allowed to move, and suffering pain—and if you had helped to find

money for the bonfire, and clothing for Guy Fawkes, and the 5th of November should come, and the boys cared so little for you that they would not take a little more trouble, and run a little risk of losing extra money for crackers and blue lights, by coming to your house to give you the pleasure of seeing Mr. Guy—when, too, they all knew that you would miss the fun at night—how would you like it?

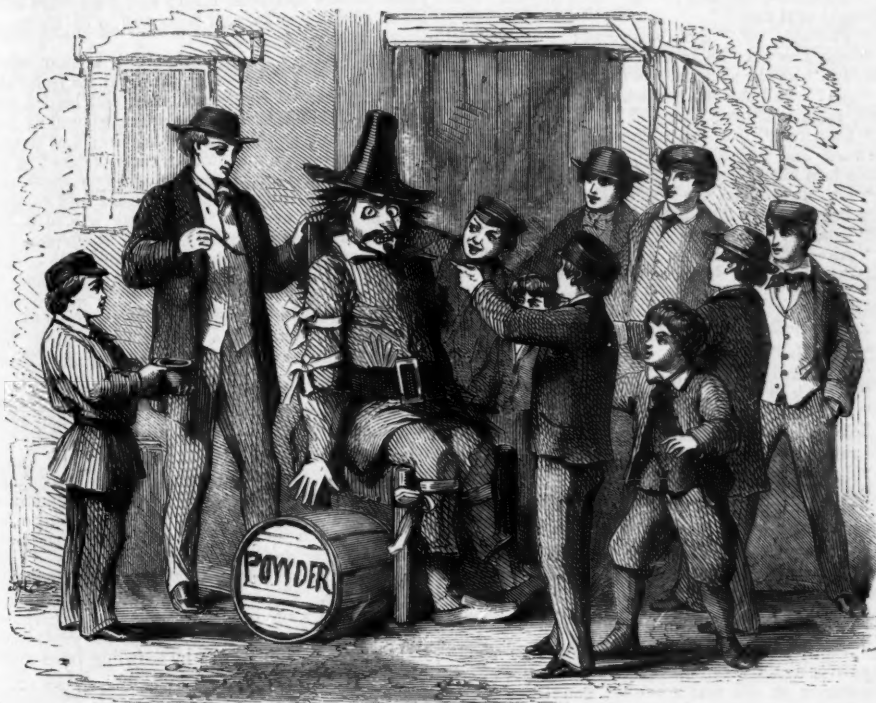
"I'd say, 'Shame!'" said Hammond,
"I think I'd nearly cry," said little Edward Hall.

"Do unto others as you'd be done by," said George Percy. "We've had the sermon, after all,

followed, staring at the Guy as if they thought he would eat them, or as if they would like to take a bit of him, but dare not. At every place where the schoolboys set down the barrow, they sang the old song—

"Oh, don't you remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot?
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."

And then they took a bag from the Guy's clumsy fingers, and handed it round for pence. If any were dropped into it, and especially if any silver tinkled



"His eyebrows should be a bit blacker," said Thorold.

and I supply the text. I'm one for a visit to Wadham Place."

"And I another."

"And I."

"And I."

So they all said, and it was decided that at two o'clock they should (day-scholars and boarders) meet in the playground, and start in procession, and that Guy Fawkes, Esq., should march past Charlie Grey, to show him his red slippers and fierce moustache.

So, at two o'clock, they met, and, after a little discussion as to who should have the honour of carrying Mr. Guy's barrow, and it had been settled how they should take it in turn, off they marched—up one street and down another—and, as they went, their numbers swelled. Ragged little fellows

down, they shouted "hurrahs" till their throats were tired.

At last they came near Wadham Place. Poor Charlie Grey had been at the great window of the drawing-room all day, and was so restless and so anxious, wondering very much if the boys would bring Guy past his father's house; and now he saw him far down the road.

"Papa! he's coming, he's coming! Oh, mamma, mamma! he's here! Look, auntie, they're coming! How they shout! What a crowd! Oh, isn't it nice? Oh, I'm so glad!"

Nearer and nearer they came, and then they opened the wide garden gate, and in stalked grand, grim Guy Fawkes. Will Douglas set him down just before Charlie, and made him bend his stiff neck, and raise his hat to the ladies in the drawing-room.

"Did you ever see such a Guy? Isn't he nice? Look at his slippers, don't they fit him well? They are grandpapa's old slippers, you know, auntie. Where is grandpapa? Oh, tell him! will some one, please, that Guy is here, and that he's got his red slippers on?"

But grandpapa had heard the noise, and chatter, and hurrahs, and was already in the garden with the boys.

"Well, young gentlemen," he said, "what made you bring him here? It's out of your way, is it not?"

"Rather, sir; but—but—we thought Charlie would like to see him," answered Will Douglas.

"Good lads," he said; "very kind of you. Who thought of it first?"

"Thorold, sir," they answered; "it was all through Thorold; he is very fond of Charlie; it's through what he said that we came."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "and which of you, pray, is Master Thorold?"

"I am, sir," said John Thorold, as he stepped forward and raised his cap, while a little flush came into his face.

"Oh, ah! so you are Master Thorold. Um! do you belong to the Thorolds of Lincolnshire?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—well, my boy, perhaps you can tell me whether you are a Saxon or a Norman?"

"Neither, sir: the Thorolds are of Danish descent."

"Um! Fond of reading, boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you to be?"

"A clerk in a merchant's office, sir."

"Do you like that?"

John Thorold hesitated, and for a moment did not reply.

"Speak out. Do you like it?"

"No, sir."

"What life would you like better?"

"To be a minister, sir."

"Oh! Um! Parson, eh? Well, I think you have something of the cut of one. Fond of reading, too. Why do you wish to be a minister?"

"Because, sir, I think the noblest thing a man can do on earth is to try to save people."

"Right, lad; quite right. Wish I'd my young days over again. Can't help it now. Keep to that. Remember an old man's words; you'll not regret it, when you reach my age. Yet, if you wish it, why can't you be what you like?"

Thorold hesitated; then, in a lower voice, said—"If you please, sir, my mother can't afford it."

"Oh! oh! oh! um! Well, well; perhaps you may get your wish some time. Good lad—very good lad."

The boys had been quiet during the time of this chat between Mr. Vyvyan and their schoolfellow—some of them listening to what was going on—some of them talking, through the open window, to Charlie; but now they struck up their song, Frank Prosser leading, "Oh, don't you remember," &c. They sang it with lusty good-will, and very much was Charlie delighted.

"I think," said Mr. Vyvyan, when the song was over, "that the custom is for Guy to ask for something to help to blow himself up with, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," answered the lads, laughing; for they guessed what was coming.

"Well, here's something for him," and he dropped a five-shilling-piece into the bag that Mr. Guy carried.

Were not the boys pleased? Did they not "hurrah!" now, and give "three times three" for Mr. Vyvyan?

"We got paid for coming, eh, fellows; did we not?" said Will Douglas, as they walked away. "It's the biggest take we've had yet, at one go."

The school playground was close upon the sea-shore, and separated from it only by a low, irregularly-built wall, to one side of which the water rose at high tide. In this playground the heap for the great bonfire had been piled; and here were to be let off the fireworks, and here was to be blown up Guy Fawkes.

Night came—a quiet, dark night, without wind, the air cold and clear—a capital night for frolic and fire. Squibs and crackers blazed, and leaped, and burst on all sides, early in the evening; and rockets went whirling and fizzing into the air; and Bengal lights, sunflowers, and Roman candles flared in the darkness, and showed crowds of eager faces, and busy hands, and feet running hither and thither. But the grand event of the evening was to be the blowing up of Guy Fawkes. This gentleman had been raised to the very top of the huge pile of tar-barrels, and brushwood, and rubbish; and there he sat, like a king on his throne. One mischievous boy had taken off his foot one of the famous red slippers, and fastening a hole to Guy's back, had hung the slipper on it, high over his head. Every few moments, as a torch or a rocket gave light, Guy's staring black eyes and fierce moustache were seen looking uglier and more grim than ever.

At eight o'clock they lighted the bonfire; the flames leaped, and darted, and cracked, and blazed up in great tongues; and the boys leaped and danced like the flames, and into them sometimes they rushed, to thrust in a branch, or to pull out a torch, or to stir up the fire. And the fire went on, blazing hotter and fiercer, and hissing, and spitting, and roaring, till it almost drowned the shouts of the boys. Higher, higher sprang the flames, and yet the king on his throne was unharmed; there he sat, fire all around him, the great blaze lighting the darkness, and he scowling from under his broad hat on all beneath him. Just now, while all eyes were fastened on Guy, waiting for the moment when the fire should reach him, a sharp scream startled every one. Whence did it come? None could tell. There was running to and fro, and calling and shouting, but people saw nothing. Again it was heard, shriller and louder than the roar of the fire; Guy had caught, he was burning; some of the little boys almost wondered if the cries were his. But now they saw, climbing hurriedly on the playground wall, a woman in flames.

"Help, help, help!" she shrieked; "help me! oh, help me! oh, help me!"

In her pain and fright she seemed crazy. Who would help her? Who could? See! there is an old gentleman trying to climb the wall after her, he cannot catch her, and she runs, and the flames spread more, and a tall lad rushes from the playground, springs on the wall, meets her, seizes her in his arms, lifts her, all burning, runs with her a little way to where the water washes the foot of the

wall, and plunges with her, on the other side, into the waves and the darkness.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" it seems as if a thousand cheers rend the air; and at this moment, bang goes Guy Fawkes, and when they look for him he is gone.

"That was Thorold," said Will Douglas; "I'm sure it was. Oh, what a brave fellow! what a dear, good, brave fellow he is! did you ever know a creature like him? He never thinks of himself; he's always thinking for others, or doing for others in some way or other."

"Yes," said little George Percy; "see how good he was to me that time I was ill, don't you remember?"

"Ay, the dear fellow," said Douglas; "but come along, let's see who was burning."

A week after, John Thorold stood at the door of Mr. Grey's house.

"Is Mr. Vyvyan at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?"

So he went, and in the library were Mrs. Grey, sitting in an easy chair, and looking very white, as if she had been ill; and Charlie Grey, able now to move about a little; and Charlie's papa, Mr. Grey; and Charlie's aunt, Miss Grey; and Charlie's grandpapa, Mr. Vyvyan.

"Come in, good lad; how are you? how are you? Bless you, my good lad; sit down there, sit down. Now, I've sent for you to tell you that, if you like to go to college, you may go to-morrow—at least, I mean, you may go next term."

"Sir?" asked Thorold.

"I mean what I say. You saved my daughter's life; she's not ungrateful, and her husband's not ungrateful, and I'm not either; so between us all we've settled it; and Charlie will, all well, come too some day, and we shall see you a parson yet. Tell your mother that I'll see her about it; I'll talk it over with her; and if you are only as good at trying to save men's souls as at doing small kindnesses for little fellows like Charlie, and brave noble deeds for people in danger, as was Mrs. Grey, I shall be thankful for having helped you to it."

"Thank you, sir," said John Thorold.

"I have asked your master about you, and he gives you a good word; and the lads speak well of you, and love you, too; and you've saved my daughter's life. God bless you, my dear lad!"

What could Thorold say? "Thank you, sir," was all, but he felt very much.

Yes, so it was; Mrs. Grey and Mr. Vyvyan had gone to see the bonfire, and in some way Mrs. Grey's dress had caught fire—how, she never knew; and it must have burnt for some time before she discovered it; when she did, in her fear she screamed and ran as you have heard, and John Thorold it was who saved her life by leaping with her into the water. She was a little hurt, more by the fright and shock than anything, but was now quickly growing well again.

And John Thorold went to Cambridge; but before he went his schoolfellows made him a grand present. What do you think it was? A handsome silver cup, and on it was engraven—

JOHN THOROLD.

A TOKEN FROM HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS

Of the love and esteem they bear him for his noble kindness of heart, and especially for his brave deed of the 5th of November, 18—.

Charlie Grey never lived to go to college with John Thorold; he died while still a school-boy. Boys do sometimes die, you see. We hope that Charlie is with our blessed Saviour; and if so, that is better than living a long life here. Charlie's mother has a box that she locks very carefully, and sometimes she goes to it, and looks at the things that are in it, and weeps. In it are only an old whip, and some cord, and tops, and a kite, and a boat, and pocket knives, and picture books, and an old red slipper partly burnt. That red slipper had been found by little George Percy on the morning after the great bonfire, and taken by him to Charlie Grey, who had put it away with his treasures. And Charlie's mother goes to those treasures, and weeps.

And now, if you wish to see John Thorold you must go to India, for there he is, working hard to teach the poor ignorant Hindoos the way to heaven, the only way.

He talks to them about Jesus who loves them, who died for them, who waits to see if they will turn to Him to be saved, who will welcome them, though they are poor, or sick, or old, or ever so wicked, to His bright home in glory, if they will trust in Him as their Saviour.

And these people love Thorold for telling them all this good news, and Thorold is very happy because they love him, and, more than that, because some of those Hindoo men and women and little children have learned from him to love Jesus, and Thorold knows that some day he shall see them in heaven.

Are there not some boys who read this, who, like John Thorold, wish to tell people what they know of Jesus Christ, our dear Saviour?

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop: but a good word maketh it glad."—Prov. xii. 25.

HE was an old man; from his mien,
It was most plainly to be seen
That he had shaken hands with need;
And in his voice there was a tone
Of wailing, betwixt word and moan—
His grief seemed very great indeed.

He heard the door-latch gently move;
And on a mission sent of love,
A fair-haired boy came bounding in;
A child who knew his Saviour's name,
And trusted sweetly in the same,
And sought through Christ his way to win.

He gave the gift, then sweetly smiled
In reverence, for the little child
Paid homage to the silvery hair;
Unconsciously he grieved to see
Age intertwined with poverty—
Still the old man sat sighing there.

Gold was not balsam for his woe,
And this the young boy seemed to know,
And stood with the large tears unshed;
Bright in his eyes of softest blue,
Which shone as violets shine through dew;
And then with gentlest accents said:

"Old man, I give thee something more
Than gold or silver from our store—
Even a good and precious word;
A message from the Saviour dear,
Who stills the sigh and dries the tear,
Our Friend and Father, Christ the Lord.

"Come unto me, all ye that grieve,
For I am able to relieve,
And I, the Lord, will give you rest."
The old man smiled, then shed such tears
As soothe the pent-up woe of years,
And clasped the boy unto his breast;

His restless heart grew calm and still,
For like the waters of a rill,
Upon his weary heart so sad,
Good words had fallen pure and free—
Consoling—refreshingly—
Making his weary spirit glad.

Children of England's happy land,
Of Christmas time's rejoicing band,
You who have health, and wealth, and gold,
Let by this tale your hearts be stirred,
With money give the healing word
To the poor—the desolate—the old!

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XX.

EVA'S WEDDING-DAY.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath day in very early spring that the love feast to which Becky had promised to take Freddy was to be held. Becky, who could not bear to leave her mistress alone for any length of time, had had many scruples about taking Freddy away for the whole afternoon.

She had remarked that when the memories of the happy past and the fears of the darkly looming future were busiest at the heart of the deserted wife, the pretty prattle, merry laugh, and playful gambols of Freddy would remind her that she might still be a happy mother.

It was, therefore, not without an inward struggle that Becky determined to avail herself of her lady's permission to take Freddy with her to the love feast; and it is possible that at the last she would have tried to persuade him to stay with his mamma, but that Mrs. Moore, taking Becky aside, had told her that she did not feel equal to going to church that day, and that it would be a relief to her to be alone, that it was an anniversary (as Becky would remember, if she reflected a little); an anniversary of an event (the great event of woman's life, whatever her station, whether born in a castle or a cottage, a hall or a hovel); an anniversary which for five years it had been her custom to celebrate with feasting and rejoicings, surrounded by friendly guests, and richly robed and arrayed in *his* gifts, and sunning herself in *his* eyes, *his* smile; in short, it was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and the sweet sound of the neighbouring church bells, while it reminded her of Sabbath peace and quietude, also recalled the morning when merry bells rang forth for her wedding.

Alas! how darkly different to the preceding anniversaries of that festival of the affections, was this!

It was the seventh return of the dear and sacred day—and it found her alone deserted. Although she would not wrong him by a momentary suspicion of his faith, a thought that he had voluntarily forsaken her, still she was alone and desolate and to all outward appearance abandoned.

And not alone abandoned, but in poverty, in concealment, obliged to take refuge under a virtual *alias*; with no friend left of the many who had so courted, so idolised her in her prosperity, but poor Becky Blore, her old handmaiden.

No wonder, then, that Eva felt indisposed, on this sad anniversary, even for the society of her darling Freddy and her faithful old servant.

Their presence was a restraint upon the passionate outpouring of tears and prayers for which her bursting heart and wounded spirit seemed to pine.

She had been accustomed to give herself on this day the pleasure of reading over the lavish correspondence of her courtship, and the few brief letters *he* had written her since their marriage—few and brief, indeed; for they had never been separated when it was possible for them to be together—and now, though this anniversary fell on the Lord's day, she could not resist what was to her now so sad a luxury.

"Never, no never, never!" sobbed poor Eva, as soon as she was alone; and having watched Becky and Freddy as they walked away demurely, hand-in-hand, until they were out of sight, she closed the window, and, unlocking an inlaid cabinet, in which her relics of the past were stored, she seized a packet of letters and a portrait, and, returning with them to the fireside, threw herself on her knees before her own arm-chair, and spread her treasures on the seat before her.

Meanwhile, little Freddy, in his black velvet suit, and with his long golden curls falling thickly on his shoulders, looked up with childlike awe at Becky, in her best black satin coal-scuttle bonnet, her grey poplin dress, and dark shawl, as, with his little hand in hers, he walked through the streets, in which reigned a soft Sabbath calm, to the large Wesleyan Methodist chapel newly opened at Evertown.

It was in this chapel the love feast was to be held.

Ever since their arrival at Evertown, Freddy had been thrown a good deal with Becky, especially when his mother retired to her own room in the evening, to weep and pray—for evening brought more vividly than morning or noon the thought of her absent beloved one. Yes, it was generally in the evening that *he* came down from the bank in Lombard Street, to dine with his wife, and sport with his child on the hearth-rug in winter, or the lawn in summer. While his mother was rapt in thoughts of past happiness, Freddy, with an instinctive sense of her wish for solitude, would go down into the little room below, which Becky had furnished as a sort of kitchen, and where she habitually sat, and, playfully snatching away the linen she was mending or the stocking she was darning, would spring upon her knees, and beg

her to tell him the story of Joseph and his brethren, or Moses in the rushes and Pharaoh's daughter, or Samson and the gates of Gaza, or David and Jonathan, or Ruth and Naomi; and Becky, who knew her Bible by heart, would tell those exquisite and touching stories in her own quaint, strong, simple language, and with a fervent eloquence that sprung from her faith. By degrees she would migrate from the rich Eastern pictures and gorgeous Judaism of the Old Testament to the sublime simplicity of the New, and, rising with her subject, would describe the birth of John the Baptist and his pure life in the wilderness; and then growing more solemn and more earnest, while Freddy opened his large blue eyes, and his cheek grew pale, and he nestled into her prim, square, old bosom, and listened, awe-struck, she told of the manger and the large-eyed oxen, the Virgin Mother, and the Lord of All, born in a stable, and of the bright star that guided the wise men of the East to the spot where the young child lay. All through the Divine biography of the blessed Redeemer old Becky would lead the wondering and deeply moved spirit of the child she loved; and often the colour would flush up simultaneously into the wrinkled parchment of old Becky's face and the soft rose-leaf cheek of little Freddy, and the tears would sparkle in her old and sunken grey eyes and in the large turquoise orbs of the little boy, while Becky told of the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Scorn, the Garden of Gethsemane; and, by the time she had reached Calvary and the foot of the Cross, Freddy and Becky, locked in each other's arms, were mixing their sobs and tears; and then Becky would burst into a prayer that the dear, precious blood of the Lamb might not have been shed in vain for her and Freddy; and that the teachable spirit of the little child would enable him—all babe as he was—would fit him to have those things revealed to him which the wise and learned have failed to comprehend.

Great numbers of earnest, neatly-dressed people of both sexes and all ages thronged the quiet old streets, and from the adjacent villages numbers came, gravely conversing of heavenly things; and all on their way to the huge new chapel, and the love feast to be held there, for it was known that one of the most eminent preachers from London was to conduct the service.

Freddy, when first Becky spoke of a love feast (with the literal interpretation of childhood, which is always for matter of fact), had said—

"Why do you want to go to a feast, Becky? I thought you said it was greedy to want to eat nice things when you've had a good dinner; and we do have a very good dinner, though it is a cold one, on Sunday, don't we, Becky? You know there will be roast beef and an apple pie, cooked on Saturday; so I'm sure you can't eat much at the feast; and I shan't be able to eat a bit; but still I shall like to see you enjoy the good things, if you can."

"Ah, I can enjoy the good things that will be prepared for me at the love feast, Master Freddy," said Becky, "although I shall have had a good dinner at home, as you say."

Freddy was about to ask for an explanation of this; but Becky's coal-scuttle bonnet, kindly, honest smile, her hard features, her tall, bony frame, and long strides, were recognised by many of those hastening to the love feast.

Becky's was not a face or form to be easily forgotten, or else her long residence at Beech might have obliterated her from the memory of former friends, who came from a village about four miles off, where she had been in farm service in her early life, and where she was still remembered affectionately for her kindness and purity of heart, and her helping hands.

Becky Blore was not only recognised with lively interest by those former friends at Woodside (the village in question), but by the inhabitants of other hamlets

where she had lived in domestic service, and who were all bound for the new chapel where the love feast was to take place.

Freddy was very much astonished and bewildered when he heard Becky hailed and greeted as Sister Blore by numbers of men and women apparently about her own age.

"What a great number of brothers and sisters Becky has!" thought Freddy; "and she never spoke to me of more than two sisters and two brothers, Rhoda and Dorcas, and Simon and Joseph; and I thought, from what she said, they were all dead and buried long ago."

The fact was that, from her very childhood, Becky, both in her conversation and her prayers, had identified her religious creed with the Church militant of Christ. Her great desire was not only to have herself the "mind that was in Christ Jesus," but that those with whom she associated should share in the inestimable blessing, the pearl above all price, and "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" with her.

Among the old friends who crowded round Becky Blore, as, with Freddy, she wended her way to the new chapel, were many who had first been won to Christ by Becky's precepts and example.

And just as worldly people crowd round those to whom they owe some good appointment, some valuable gift, or some great advancement in life, so did those simple and grateful Christians show their earnest sense of the great boon Becky had helped to secure them at a time when she felt that her salvation was involved in theirs, and when, through her, they were led to a little chapel at Woodside, where a minister officiated who preached the pure and simple Gospel.

It was through Becky's earnest entreaties that the young men and maids employed in the same farm as Becky, and in neighbouring ones, were led from vain and worldly pleasures to attend a place of worship; and many dated their purity of life and their inward peace from their acquaintanceship with Becky Blore.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOVE FEAST.

FREDDY kept tight hold of Becky's hand, and looked up, with wondering, anxious eyes, into her beaming face, flushed as it was with the excitement of meeting so many old friends, and hearing from all that it was owing to her they had first felt the burthen of their sins, and learnt to lay that burthen down at the foot of the cross; that through her instrumentality they had first been taught to feel the fellowship of their Redeemer's sufferings, and to be made conformable to his death.

Freddy had never before seen anything like so many people assembled together, as were met on this occasion in the large new chapel, to partake of the love feast.

Awe-struck, and a little frightened, he dared not repeat the question he had put to Becky about the feast, and her answer to which was interrupted by the recognition of some of her early friends.

Freddy cast his large blue eyes, full of childish wonder, around, in search of the feast.

He had expected to see a table spread with dainties, similar to the banquets given on his birthday at Beech Park.

He had figured to himself a large cake, frosted with sugar, and decorated like a wedding-cake, and piles of oranges and grapes, and hothouse fruits and flowers, and moulds of amber-like jelly and marble-like blanc-mange, and roast fowls, and tongues, and crystal decanters full of sparkling wines.

The small portions of bread and water which were passed round during the meeting by no means approached Freddy's idea of a feast.

Freddy felt a little disappointed, for by this time he (although he had had, as he had reminded Becky, a very good dinner) could have enjoyed a slice of cake or any other of the nice things that, in his idea, constituted a feast.

At this moment his thoughts were diverted from the recollection of the dainties that had composed the banquet at his last birthday party—but one, by the giving out of a hymn in a loud and earnest voice, and a solemn and very emphatic manner.

The opening verse was as follows—

"Oh, that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet;
After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon his saints below!
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven!"

Freddy, who had for some time been taken regularly to church at Beech by his mother, was surprised to find there was no organ, with its resounding peal and solemn harmony; no fine, cultivated voice, like his dear mother's, to whose singing in church Freddy, who had a perfect ear, had often listened in childish ecstasy.

No, in the new Wesleyan chapel an old-fashioned tune was sung with all the power of the strong, sound lungs of men and women, who sung with all their strength, and whose sole accompaniments consisted of their earnest hearts and their fervent spirits.

Every word of the simple hymn was distinctly heard as the minister gave out two lines at a time, and Freddy was pleased to be able to follow every syllable of a hymn in which every one present joined.

The effect of example, so potent in childhood, was strong upon Freddy, who had not only a fine ear and a sweet voice, but a rare talent for music; and presently, yielding to the inspiration of the hour, Freddy, who had been put by Becky to stand on the bench by her side, joined with all his little might and main in the chorus of praise and thanksgiving; and as his sweet treble notes floated above, though in harmony with all present, it seemed to many as if an angel voice had joined the choir, and Becky could not resist the impulse she felt to kiss the little hand that rested on her shoulder, and to whisper, as the voices died away, "Well done, dear Freddy; the Lord be with you!"

After the hymn the presiding minister offered a prayer.

He was a man of a very powerful frame, and with a massive brow, surmounted by a quantity of curly hair, of an iron grey, and with bushy eyebrows of the same colour, beneath which deep-set black eyes seemed literally to flash fire.

He began in a low, solemn voice; but warming as he proceeded, he became loud and animated, and at every break the country portion of the congregation—always more demonstrative than the townspeople—interposed with loud and sonorous "Amen," and cries of "Glory, glory, glory!"

After the prayer the minister delivered an opening address. He spoke earnestly, fervently. His words came from the heart, and went straight to the heart—yes, to every heart in that crowded assembly, not excepting that of little Freddy, the child of six years old.

During the sermon in Beech Church Freddy had generally followed the example of the little girl in Mr. Millais' "Second Sermon," and fallen asleep; but since their arrival at Evertown, he had been taken to church regularly by his mother, and had been often touched and instructed by the eloquent, earnest, and faithful preaching of the vicar of the parish. He was a man who might have served for the model of Goldsmith's village pastor—a vicar of Wakefield sort of clergyman, of deep and practical piety. And Freddy who, in listening to the vicar of Evertown, had learned to hear

sermons with interest and profit, was all attention now while, in strong, fervid, lucid language, Meshech Harkworth, the presiding minister, gave a graphic, spirit-stirring history of his own conversion.

He spoke of the deep midnight of his own soul up to the age of twenty, at which age he had been suddenly brought to see the error of his ways, and to acknowledge his Redeemer as his Saviour, his Lord, his King. He spoke of his long and obstinate resistance to many efforts of a pious grandmother to make him see the error of his ways, of his love of worldly pleasures, idle companions, frivolous, dressy damsels, who scarcely knew they had a soul to save; and how, while the good and steady of his age and station were attending class meetings, love feasts, and chapel, he would go to idle merry-makings, to drink with the young men, and to dance with the vain maidens, who were living, like himself, without God in the world.

He said he was an orphan, left to the care of his old grandmother, and that she was a widow; and often, very often, when he went forth in the evening on his evil way, he left her praying and weeping on her knees for him.

She felt his backsliding all the more bitterly, he said, because, as a little one, he had been considered a child of promise; and the Spirit of God seemed to be commencing in his young mind that great, all-important work of applying the Divine law to the sinful conscience, and awakening in the youthful heart a sense of the danger of the Divine wrath.

At six, Meshech Harkworth, from his own account, made his poor old grandmother's heart leap for joy; at sixteen, evil communications had in his case corrupted good manners, and wicked scoffers had laughed him out of faith in God and his blessed Saviour. "One evening," said the preacher—"I was then just twenty—I was going to join a set of idle companions at the theatre. You may judge how low I was sunk in the slough of sin, how tightly bound in the bonds of iniquity, when I tell you that, having lost a good appointment as a bank clerk in my native town, by my irregularity of conduct and want of punctuality, I was without the sum necessary to admit me and a companion I had with me to the playhouse, and in order to gain admission I pledged a handsome Bible which my mother had left me. To go to this sinful place, I pawned the Word of God! Alas! I would have pawned my own soul. I was escorting a young girl, with whom I was, in wordly parlance, in love—a goodly vessel, but at that time full of the evil spirit. When we got to the theatre, where some celebrated London actors were playing a popular piece, of foreign origin, and decidedly immoral, there was not a seat to be had. Dozens of disappointed applicants were turned away. I walked off discontentedly, with Mary, sulky and angry, by my side. We neither of us liked the idea of going to our respective homes. Mary's parents were pious Wesleyan Methodists; I have told you what my grandmother was. 'I suppose I must go back to my stupid home,' said Mary, pettishly. 'We can't walk about all night, and I can't ask you in; you s'aint a ranter, so our people can't abide you.'

"We were drawing near the chapel as she spoke, and a flood of sacred harmony greeted our ears. We listened. The words were—

"'I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever unto ruin run,
But Thou art greater than my heart.'

I don't know what invisible hand led me at that moment to the door of the chapel. The moon, the round, full moon, was shining on Mary's beautiful face; and as I gazed into her upraised eyes, I fancied I saw tears glistening. I took her by the hand, and led her into the chapel. The hymn was over, and Mr. R——, a very powerful preacher from Leeds, offered a prayer—a

prayer for the lost sheep of the house of Israel—a prayer for the prodigal son—a prayer that seemed addressed especially to me.

"There was something in it that touched Mary's heart as forcibly, and at the same time, for glancing at her through my own blinding tears, I saw that she had buried her face in her handkerchief, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"After that touching prayer came a discourse which seemed expressly addressed to Mary and myself. The text was 'The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, he hath cast out thine enemy: the King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee: thou shalt not see evil any more.' On that night the light of the Divine grace shone simultaneously into my heart and that of Mary—Mary, now my helpmeet and the mother of my children; and since that happy time we have, with God's blessing, been growing in grace, leading a new life, washed (we, whose sins were as crimson), washed white as snow in the blood of the Lamb, and dwelling in charity with all men. Such, my dear brothers and sisters in the Lord," added the preacher, "such is the history of my conversion; I have given it you at some length, to satisfy the oft-repeated wishes of many among you. I would now beg any of my dear brethren and sisters, who are inclined to address you, to do so at once, and to be brief, for the day is far spent, and the night is at hand." A verse of another hymn followed the preacher's address.

That address had greatly interested all present.

Freddy had listened with sparkling eyes, flushed cheeks, and tightly clasped hands.

After the hymn the feast was thrown open, and another hymn was sung, to a very lively tune.

A short pause ensued, and in the midst of it a stalwart man, with the broad dialect of the county, told the assembly, in a curt but graphic manner, how he had been brought from outer darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

He was followed by other speakers, who in their turn gave way to the singers of verses of appropriate hymns, and to outbursts of short prayers.

At length a dead silence prevailed. No one seemed disposed to rise, when suddenly the preacher started up and called aloud—his eyes, voice, and manner reminding one of the ideal you might form of Ezekiel, so full of fire were they—"Now, brethren, do not be backward in testifying the great work Christ has wrought in your souls."

As his ringing voice died away there was a spontaneous outburst, by female voices, of the hymn—

"Come, brethren, cannot you arise and tell
The glories of Immanuel?"

To which a chorus of male voices responded—

"Yes, bless the Lord! we can arise and tell
The glories of Immanuel!"

The order was then reversed; the male voices asked the question, the female voices gave the response.

After this another pause ensued.

Freddy, who had been in a state of ever-increasing excitement and wonder at all he saw and heard, and who had been much interested by the animated gestures of the warm-hearted people, had not yet exhausted his powers of wonder. They, however, reached their summit, when, to his amazement, and, we must add, alarm and distress, he saw Becky, in the middle of a dead silence and a solemn pause, stand up by his side, tall, bony, and the bow on her coal-scuttle

bonnet quivering with the emotion that shook her frame, while she burst out into a fervent address.

Freddy grew pale with anxiety and terror. He had a vague notion that Becky would break down, and disgrace herself before all the assembly.

But Freddy's alarm on that score was short-lived. Becky's words flowed without intermission; and, as she proceeded, he recoiled with horror to hear one who had always seemed to him a pattern of every virtue, and who had tried to teach him everything that was pious and good, say that she, above all others, was called upon to bless the Lord, and tell what he had done for her since she, the chief of sinners, the vilest of creatures, altogether unclean, and desperately wicked, had been dragged out of the miry clay and through the Slough of Despond, and her feet been planted firm on the King's highway, on the road to salvation, on the path to life eternal. As Becky proceeded, the loud "Hallelujahs," and the shouts of "Glory, glory, glory," and "Bless the Lord," urged her forward; and under the inspiring influence of sympathy and applause, Becky related, in words of fervent gratitude, the many proofs she had received of God's mercy and loving-kindness, his long-suffering and fatherly love. She spoke in general terms of her recent trials as the handmaiden of a deeply-afflicted mistress, whom she had been led to see it was her duty to follow into poverty and exile; and then ended her address by prayer and a fervent thanksgiving for the great blessings of which she had been the recipient.*

After Becky had seated herself, and, taking the sobbing Freddy on her lap, had hushed him and his griefs to sleep on her bosom, some other speakers gave brief addresses; and then this protracted and animated love feast came to an end by the singing of a hymn, a prayer by the presiding minister, the Rev. Meshech Harkworth, and his fervent benediction.

The meeting then broke up, but many lingered at the chapel doors, to congratulate each other upon the good time that they had had together at the love feast. It was a time, they assured each other, which would never be forgotten. Very affectionate were the farewells addressed to Becky, and many and pressing the invitations given to her and Freddy to come to Woodside and spend a long and happy day.

Many praised Freddy for his good behaviour, and prophesied that, under Becky's guidance, he would be trained up in the way he should go, and that when he was old he would not depart from it.

One stern, elderly maiden warned Becky not to "spare the rod and spoil the child;" to which Freddy, now wide awake, replied—"I tell Becky to spoil the rod and spare the child;" with which repartee Becky and Freddy hurried away.

Becky felt anxious about her poor mistress, who had been left alone so many hours, and, with her long strides, she soon outstripped those among the congregation who were going the same way as herself, and who were talking over all the details of the meeting.

As they drew near home, Becky was horrified to see a crowd assembled round the old house with the many gables; a lurid atmosphere enveloped that part of the market-place, and something like a fog floated above the roof.

Becky grew very pale, and tightened her hold of Freddy's hand. A horrible dread filled her heart. A moment more, and even Freddy understood the dreadful truth; flames were bursting out at the windows of the sitting-room.

Freddy's new home was on fire!

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

A FEW months since, a letter signed "A Beemaster," and dated from Tunbridge Wells, appeared in the *Times*. The purport of this letter was, that the writer had taken some interest in the matter of bee-keeping, had been very successful in his management of the living swarms over which he ruled, and therefore recommended bee-keeping as an entertaining, instructive, and healthy recreation to all who lived anywhere in the country; and especially advised poor clergymen and cottagers to try this method of adding a few pounds per annum to their income. Like many other philanthropic people, the Beemaster received the reward of his anxiety to do good in the shape of a swarm of wasps, more virulent in their attack than any he had ever experienced in the neighbourhood of his hives, who assaulted him in every imaginable manner. One accused him of not knowing the first principles of apiculture; another pointed out some statements made by the Beemaster as opposed to all experience of other beemasters; another showed up the Beemaster's ignorance of everything concerning bees, because he did not happen to recommend some peculiarly constructed hive invented by the writer, to the great torture of any unfortunate swarm which might happen to be hived in them; and another— But we prefer honey to wasp's stings, so we shall say no more about the selfish, angry, irritating creatures. However, the *Times'* Beemaster knew that he had something worth making known to people who cared about bees, and so he has put his letters into a little volume,* with a great amount of additional matter; and any one who lives where it is possible to keep hives, and wishes to have a good supply of good honey for their own use, or an additional ten pounds per annum towards paying their rent, will, we think, do well to get the *Times'* Beemaster's book, and carefully follow his directions. We do not pretend to be such accomplished apiculturists ourselves—though we have recollections of young days in sunny meadows and perfume-laden gardens, not unpleasantly connected with the joyous hum of the busy hive—as to be able to pronounce the *Times'* Beemaster infallible in every respect, but his book is thoroughly practical, and is written in a style which it is really a pleasure to read. The work, the author is willing to admit himself, is not "a speculative or philosophical treatise on bees. Its main interest consists in its usefulness, and its author's greatest reward will be the greatest measure of his success in promoting among cottagers and others a means of paying their rent, at once interesting, civilising, and remunerative."

It may, perhaps, be interesting to those who saw the letters in the *Times*, and were doubtless struck with the beautiful style of their composition, to know that it is generally believed that they are from the pen of a popular divine and preacher—in fact, no less a person than Dr. Cumming; and, in our opinion, the belief is strengthened by the allusions casually made in the volume to such widely different subjects as "Brother Ignatius," Exeter Hall, and the Belfast riots.

A subject in which the reverend doctor takes as deep an interest as he does in bees, but one which has nothing whatever to do with the bee community, is brought before us in a volume, entitled "The Rise and Progress of Religious Life in England."†

Histories—political, social, and ecclesiastical—we have in abundance. Religion philosophical has had his historians in Strauss and Spinoza, in Roger Bacon and Butler, and a host of others, stretching back in a kind

of inverted perspective, composed of philosophic sceptics, and dreamy religionists, and profound Christians. Religion doctrinal has been recorded in the luminous—or, as Sheridan would say, voluminous—pages of Mosheim. Religion pious (if we may coin a word) has her story told in the grand old pile of Church architecture, in which England is not behind the other countries of Christendom; and in the charitable endowments, in which England is foremost beyond all nations of the world. Religion scholastic has her triumphs catalogued in the countless volumes which the genius of divines has added to the literature of Europe. But, after all, none of these is the history of Christianity proper. None of these histories unfold the process by which the mustard-seed has grown into the great tree—the subtle working by which the heaven hid in meal gradually leavens the whole lump. In fact, Christianity viewed—as it too often is—in any of the aspects which we have above enumerated, is not Christianity in its highest, noblest, greatest sense at all: it is Christianity as it affects the worldly politics of nations, but not Christianity as it energises in and transforms the soul of fallen man. It is in this view of the matter, however, that this volume is the history of religious life in England; tracing the history of that vital, soul-stirring Christianity from the earliest times down to the present age, through all the strange vicissitudes of its external manifestation, producing at one time a Latimer, a Cranmer, and a Ridley, within the Church, and at other times a Wesley and a Whitfield outside her pale.

This volume is deeply interesting and ably written. The author has avoided that Rembrandt-like style in which the history of religion has been usually depicted—all dark in one part of the field, and all light in the other—and has adopted Guido's picture of the dawn as a better symbol of the historical reality: for as in it, so in the history of religion in England, "we see light from the eastern heavens shedding down and becoming diffused over the lower landscape, until the dark shadows lingering over tower and town slowly disperse, and glorious day comes on."

We may in passing mention, as an excellent companion to this volume, another more abstruse, but on somewhat the same topic—an excellent edition of which is issued by the same publishers—Isaac Taylor's "The World of Mind,"* in which we have a scholarly and philosophic treatise on religious fanaticism, and despotism, and "all the other 'isms'" which have distracted the Christian Church. Such works are peculiarly valuable at present, showing, as they do, that all the philosophic and speculative extravagances with which religion is assailed in our own days are, after all, only old exploded theories revived again—the ghosts of departed controversies, which we had hoped were long since lain for ever in peace, called forth from their tombs again to frighten the timid disciple.

Before rising from our Easy Chair this week, we may mention that Mr. Hodder, who recently published a little volume, entitled, "The Junior Clerk," has made a more ambitious attempt in the production of a story called "Tossed on the Waves."‡ It is a little too old-fashioned a style of story-making to give us two couples married and settled at the end of a book; it always reminds us of the conventional sentence with which the nurse winds up the fairy tale: "If they don't live happy, that you and I may." However, otherwise the book is a success, the story is interesting, the moral tone good, and there are occasional pieces of admirable composition.

* "The World of Mind." By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

‡ "Tossed on the Waves." By Edwin Hodder.

* "Bee-keeping." By the *Times'* Beemaster. With illustrations. Sampson Low and Co., Ludgate Hill.

† "The Rise and Progress of Religious Life in England." By S. R. Pattison. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, London.



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

DEAR village church ! I love it
 On the holy Sabbath-day,
 With its ivy-covered tower,
 And its beechen-arboured way.
 I love the children's singing,
 And to hear the organ play,
 In the dear old village church,
 On the dear old Sabbath-day.

I love it in the winter,
 When the holly boughs are there ;
 And better still in summer,
 When the woodbine scents the air,
 And through the diamond windows
 Streams many a sunny ray,
 In the dear old village church,
 On the dear old Sabbath-day.

'Tis long since first I knew it,
 But I yet remember how
 I used to bend my little knees,
 And veil my little brow,
 By one who loved to bring me
 To kneel with her and pray,
 In the dear old village church,
 On the dear old Sabbath-day.

Now, there are many faces
 That were not here before,
 And the snowy heads are fewer,
 And the grass-grown hillocks more ;
 But He remains unaltered,
 Whose holy name we say
 In the dear old village church,
 On the dear old Sabbath-day.

A WORD UPON IDLE WORDS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



HERE are two renderings given of the word "idle," with which I should like to commence this paper. One is, "not tending to edification;" the other is, "unprofitable." The old Saxon word is, I believe, "ydel," of which, perhaps, our English "empty" is the most suitable synonym. I must, however, be permitted to say that neither of these interpretations of the meaning of idle exactly meets the case when applied to words. For have not all words a power? If not operative for good, must they not be exercising a harmful influence in the sphere of evil? Idle words enter into human hearts, and, if they do not break them, they can wound them. We have it on the best testimony, that "a wholesome tongue is a tree of life, but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit."

Many persons would condemn decidedly wicked words, and coarse words, and slang words, and profane words, who seem not to see the harm and evil of idle words. Yet, perhaps, in these lie the greatest danger for us all. Because they are so easy and habitual, we remain unconscious of their noxious character; and live, perhaps, in their daily indulgence with no compunction of conscience concerning them. I am not so much referring to the idle words of evil speakers, who have a missionary zeal in their malevolent work,—who "learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not"—but rather to the talkativeness which almost unconsciously merges into idle words.

It is not permitted us to see all the injury that idle words have done. Such a revelation would be as surprising as it would be saddening. Lovers' vows have been broken by them. Marriages, which might have blest both bride and bridegroom, have been cursed by them. Situations, which might have saved from poverty and want, have been lost by them. Ministrations, which might have saved a multitude of souls, have been rendered powerless and profitless by them. Virgin reputations have been sullied by them; and she who might have lived in the pure esteem of all, has dwelt in the atmosphere of suspicion and reproach. Life-long friendships have been severed by them. Parental influence has been poisoned by them. The living have been distracted, and the dead dishonoured by them. The poison of idle words is both invisible and intangible, and no scientific analysis of the human mind can achieve what is sometimes done for the human body—viz., discover the secret drug which slew the man.

In writing about these idle words, dear reader, there can be no speciality about their application. They are common to every clime and country; and who is there but knows them to be the bane of town and village life in our own dear native land?

It is not at all uncommon to hear men excuse themselves by some such utterances as these—

"Oh, I was only in fun, you know! You did not imagine I meant it for a moment, did you? Why, A. is a very good man—only," &c. &c. And again, "You must discount that, you know; I was speaking, as the stump orator said, 'hyperbolically,' or, as it were, in a figure." To all which pleasant explanations it is surely sufficient to reply, that they do not serve their purpose. First impressions are the strongest and the deepest; and it is never easy, and sometimes quite impossible, to remove a false one. I have said that a habit of mere talkativeness often leads to this by beginnings which seem harmless in themselves; and again the words of a wisdom which is Divine best meet the case—"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

What insignificant things these idle words seem to be! Yet often we perceive the weakest instrumentalities achieve the greatest results. As a very little hair will sever the stoutest cane, so a very little word will sever the dearest tie. As a very little insect may sting to death the stoutest man, so a trifling sentence may touch and tell upon the bravest heart. It may, I know, be answered me, that many persons are by far too thin-skinned and sensitive,—that they have become morbid in their feelings, and require some sort of tonic for their mental weakness; to which I reply, sensitiveness is only a thing of degree, and idle words ere now have pained the stoutest hearts. We all feel, more or less, the shafts of satire and of ridicule. Whilst no man has a right idly to inflict pain upon the meanest animal, much less has he to do so on the mind made in the exquisite image of God.

Remember, too, that these idle words are often spoken by those you deem the kindest friends, and the most eloquent in appreciation of your virtues. The man who speaks idly of another is generally to his face the politest of friends; to express which the Italians have one of, I think, the most expressive proverbs in their language—"Who paints me before blackens me behind."

Light and insignificant as seem these idle words, floating through the atmosphere of conversation like thistledown on the breeze, yet they alight somewhere. Follow that little, living ball of gossamer across the meadow, you will, in time, find it sticking somewhere by the wayside. And idle words are not such "die-away" things as they seem to be; they live sometimes through many days, and long years afterwards the unconscious subject of them finds them in unsuspected places, to his chagrin and sorrow. Probably, then, the discovery will lower his idea of humanity, not only shocking his sensibilities, but making him doubt the Divine order and government in the foundation of society. Are idle words weak things if they make men disbelieve or doubt the sincerity of friendship, the honour of common confidence, and the outspoken expressions of respect and love?

Trifling, too, as these idle words appear to be, they cannot be recalled, and seldom explained away. The arrow, once in the oak, takes a strong

hand to wrench it out; and even when it does come forth, it leaves for a long time an open wound or gap. Little feathers are these idle words—but they wing arrows which fly from house to house, and enter into the spirits of men. A very trivial utterance may wound a very loving heart, and “a wounded spirit who can bear?” Many eminent men have for years regretted some idle speech, which they cannot buy back or bury. Alas! it proves, indeed, how the sinful side of humanity has developed itself, when *they* are often remembered whilst the precious grain of truth is wasted and forgotten. Eloquence and erudition have been ignored, whilst a few trashy sentences, or pointed sarcasms, have been treasured up in the memories of men. Wealth cannot buy them back, and time will not bury them. The irrevocableness of the word once gone from us is beautifully expressed in the Eastern proverb, “Of thine unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee.”

I can imagine that at this point, dear reader, you ask, “What, then, are we to do? Must we be churlish, and cold, and curtained up within ourselves? Must we keep such a guard upon our lips as Emerson mentions, when he says, ‘Sew them up with packthread?’” My friend, are there not in all things two extremes? Must we really strike Scylla if we avoid Charybdis? Is there no clear and broad ocean between? Most certainly there is. We plead for geniality of speech and candour of conversation—for the most perfect kindness and confidence; only let us not abuse these things. If we seek to have the charity which thinketh no evil, we shall soon have the tongue which speaketh none.

Of course this paper is not written upon any one special class of idle words; but it is easy to see that the habit once indulged, no subject will long escape their exercise of power. There will be probably not a weekly but a daily *Charivari*, and even religion itself will be talked of with shallow wit and conceited emptiness; nay more—even the text or hymn which we may one day want to comfort us in that hour when we lie down on the bed from which we shall rise no more, may serve to point a jest or to adorn a tale.

Idle words spoken by some careless companion have often spoiled the best impressions of a thoughtful mind; as the flight of a bird may draw away our attention from some majestic scene in nature, so one trifling word of vanity may call the mind of the listener away from thoughts of eternity and God. If he who turns a sinner from the error of his way shall shine as the brightness of the stars for ever, what shall be his doom who turns away the eye of the inquirer from the Cross of Calvary, and the feet of the prodigal from the pathway to his Father's house?

But the saddest aspect of the case is the light estimate we put on the sin of idle words. Men seldom seek to alter evils which they have not learnt to dread. And most assuredly the good Sir Matthew Hale spoke truly when he quoted the old Latin proverb—“We perish by permitted things;” that is to say, character is undermined and lost, not by the vices which society condemns and the crimes which governments punish, so much as by the faults and follies which are indulged in as permissible, if not proper. Lightly, however, as we may estimate the folly and wickedness of idle speaking, there is One greater than the sons of

men, who ranks them amidst the most memorable sins. Has not he said, “For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment?” We can never evade the comprehensive condemnation of words like these, and it were well if we pondered the responsibility attaching to each *one* idle word.

One aspect of the case must not be overlooked, and that is this: idle speaking is a habit which grows with imperceptible but steadily increasing progress; and when once it has taken hold of our nature it is most difficult to eradicate and uproot; added to which, idle words bring in their train profane and bad ones. How often do idle talkers, to give pungency to those phrases which do not seem to take, add the condiment of slang or blasphemy!

It is very certain that all men may be the subjects upon which the conversation turns. Crowned heads, as well as cottagers, have suffered from the venom of idle words. Whilst you are reading this it is possible that your name may be taken lightly up on human tongues. Your prudence may be ridiculed as cowardice, your manliness as forwardness, your delicacy as prudery, your acts of generosity as baits for praise: idle words, inasmuch as men know neither your heart nor you, and idle also because we want our words for noble ends, and have all too little time in this brief pilgrimage of life to do each other good. What a gift is human speech! Mysterious, indeed, is the power thus given us by God. Who can define the mode by which the mind whispers to the will, and the will calls into play the vocal organs, and your thought becomes incarnate in human speech? Most glorious gift of God! Given us, most certainly, for great and Godlike ends. We can with human words cheer those who are sad, instruct those who are ignorant, stimulate those who are weary, strengthen those who are weak, inspirit those who are struggling, and bless those who are dying. Can any perversion be more serious than to use so Divine a gift as human speech for vain and idle purposes? Consider the misuse of this power of speech in the cases of the backbiter, the busybody, and the slanderer! In their idle tales, is it not true, the tongue is a fire—a world of iniquity? In a world, too, such as this is, what opportunities offer for the beneficent exercise of speech. Solomon speaks of “the grace of the lips,” and suffer me to suggest that this is no unattainable gift; it is within the reach of the humblest as well as the most exalted of the sons of men; our words may be always seasoned with salt, profitable and pleasant whenever we mingle with our fellow-men; most manly, too, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

There is a reference, however, in the Best Book to the deadly poison of the tongue, and this is often distilled from idle words, just as sometimes falling leaves, drifted by the hurricane, may contain in them the sure elements of death. I remember reading, years ago, some counsels to so-called plain-spoken persons. They were to the effect that three questions should always be asked by us, before speaking to the detriment of anybody—first, Is it true? secondly, Is it kind? thirdly, Is it necessary?—and that we should hold our tongue unless all these questions could be satisfactorily answered. It is excellent advice, and I have often found it a good medicine for my own soul.

With regard to plain-spoken persons, generally, I think they deserve a paper to themselves at some future time.

Truly says the old adage, "The tongue is not steel, but it cuts;" and think of *what* it cuts! It has to do with heart-strings, which bleed inwardly. Many whose circumstances are not only above want, but include luxury, know that there may be cruelty without blows, and sharp arrows without juniper-wood.

Reputation is precious to most men, and the edifice which is carefully reared by invisible influences may be defaced by the atmosphere of idle words, as the stone-work of the British Houses of Parliament is worn and fretted by the wear of wind and storm.

Surely it is a good thing to be held in high esteem: "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver or gold;" but how often idle words despoil the edifice, and do more, indeed, not to shake its foundation, for this they cannot do, but to desecrate its walls, than the most openly violent and virulent assault! Can it be—we hope not—that idle words are often the stones cast at another's house to withdraw attention from the rotten and ruined state of our own?

It would be scarcely wise to close this paper without some suggestions for the cure of a habit which may, by Divine aid, ultimately be overcome. We are told, on high authority, to put a bridle on our tongue: suffer me to say that until the horse be completely broken in, the bit should be a curb, and not a snaffle; such a bit as will pull the steed at once upon his haunches, and check the headiness of idle talk at once.

But the best cure for it that I can suggest, of a human character, is never to encourage it in others. If there were no market for it, the commodity would soon cease to be supplied. Alas! how many apparently enjoy that which afterwards they condemn. Let us ponder the Chinese proverb—"He who laughs at an impertinence makes himself its accomplice;" and the French one—"He sins as much who holds the bag as he who puts into it." Men would soon tire of idle talk if they had no ready ears and receptive hearts to form an eager audience. Above all, there should be high, exalted efforts made in this, as in all else, to follow Christ; to catch his spirit, and to embody his character. Think of those words of his, all full of grace and truth, not one of which he could have wished unspoken when he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. It is open to all who love him to speak a word in season to those who are weary and out of the way. It may be that many cannot talk cleverly, but they can always do so sincerely and kindly. Many words which have in them none of the inspiration or glow of genius are yet like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

And now, dear reader, I leave you here. We have all spoken idle words; we have all felt the keen smart occasioned by them when spoken concerning us; we know not how much harm we may have occasioned, nor how much we have reaped. We cannot, then, take leave of each other better than by remembering the inspired petition—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

LONDON, AND ITS LABOURS OF LOVE.

NO. IV.—THE CRIPPLES' HOME AND FEMALE REFUGE.



RUE philanthropy—as contrasted with what is mere inactive sentimentalism, which knows no heavenly inspiration, and which, like the mirage of the desert, presents its pellucid fountains, and its verdant meadows, and yet mocks and betrays—is emphatically the child of Christian faith and Christian action. And so says a well-known writer:—

The second chapter of the Epistle by James seems, to my mind, to describe a spiritual wedding. We are bidden to a marriage, and, as at Cana of Galilee, the Holy Master is present. The parties to be united are but symbolic personages, and yet are real and life-like, too. The bride is young and beautiful—ever young, and ever clothed with light as with a garment. Like Milton's Eve, she is—

"For softness formed, and sweet, attractive grace."

Her face is as clear as the day; her look is firm, yet trustful. She is not of the earth, but heaven-born, and wears her celestial parentage on every lineament of her radiant countenance. Her name is Faith; she is the daughter of God.

And beside her stands one whose usty form was made for deeds of daring and endurance. He is sinewy and athletic; there is valour in his eye, cunning in his ten fingers, and strength in his right arm. He was created to do and to suffer; he was formed for strife and struggle. His name is Action. With solemn rites the two are joined in wedlock. They are both to love, and both to obey; they are always to live, and move, and suffer, and conquer together; they are to be fruitful parents of everything good on earth. On them, when united, Jehovah pronounces a blessing richer than that which gladdened the nuptials of Isaac and Rebecca. While united, they are to live, and grow, and conquer.

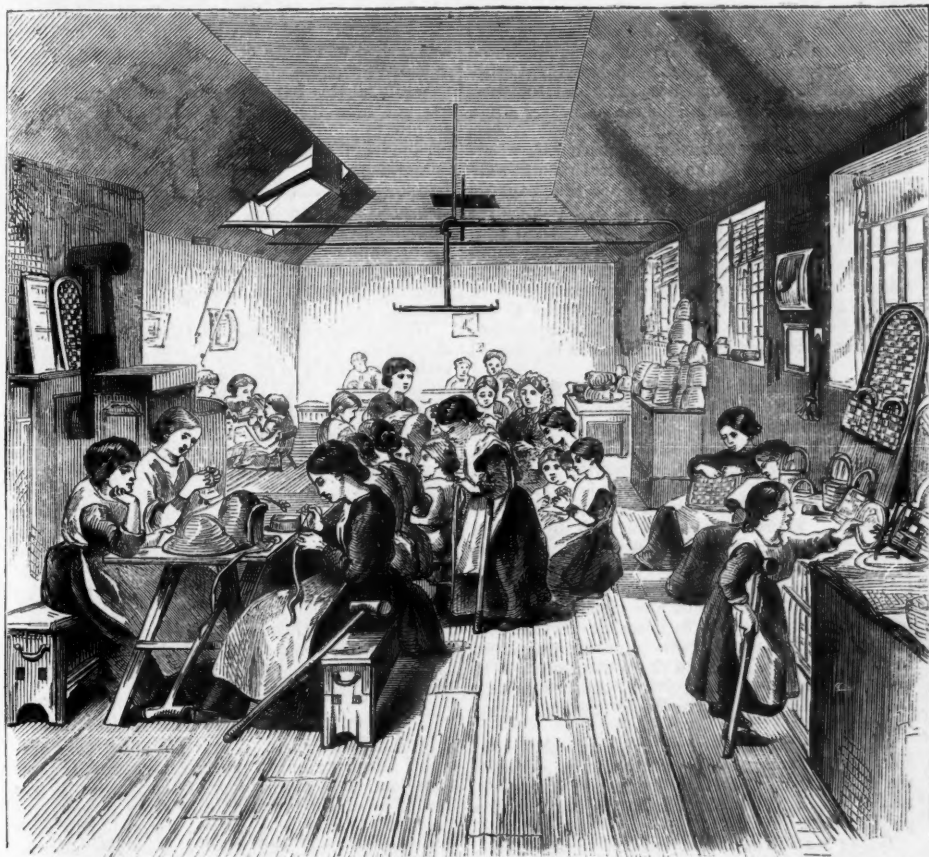
From that union have sprung a glorious progeny; all the mighty deeds which have ennobled and elevated humanity own that parentage.

And so we claim for modern Christian philanthropy, in its varied and multiform labours of love, a right to say with Job, "When the eye saw me, it blessed me; when the ear heard, it gave witness unto me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the needy, and him that had no helper. I was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor." Our present illustration of this is furnished in the Cripples' Home, Female Refuge, and Public Laundry, Northumberland

House, 17A, near the parish church of St. Marylebone, London, and formerly of Hill Street, Dorset Square.

A new class of sufferers—in the sense that but little practical had previously been done for them—has thus become the object of a Christ-like solicitude, such as must awaken feelings of admiration, as well as heartfelt thankfulness to Him from whom all good works do proceed, that he

Jocelyn, and the Ladies Ashley and Boyle. There is a ladies' committee, an honorary treasurer and a sub-treasurer, honorary secretaries—one of whom, Miss Blunt, has been identified with the Home since its origin—and a gentlemen's visiting committee. There are also honorary medical officers—men of professional skill and experience—and among these Dr. C. H. F. Routh, and Mr. Taylor, the honorary surgeon, are the objects of



THE WORK-ROOM AT THE CRIPPLES' HOME.

has put into the hearts of his servants thus to bring succour to the helpless.

Among the patrons of this society are the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Henry Cholmondeley, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. Royalty itself has recently indicated a tender interest in the institution by ordering a supply of the peculiar manufacture of the establishment—to be described ere we close—for the use of a girls' school at Windsor.

Among the patronesses are the Countesses of Shaftesbury and Gainsborough, the Viscountess

'affection and gratitude from the whole household for their invaluable services.

There is one name, which no longer represents the living, that of the "deeply valued and beloved matron, Miss Plomer." That name is often repeated and recalled by the grateful girls, not without emotion, as well as by the members of the committee, who, in their last report of the Home, record that "she entered her rest Dec. 2nd, 1863, giving evidence of the same blessed faith and trust in her Saviour which had been manifested by her during her long and arduous service at the Home."

"Arduous," truly, must have been that service. By the new matron and her assistants it is still cheerfully discharged, but it is lightened by the sweet compensation of seeing a blessing on their toil.

The total receipts from every source, including the sale of work at Baker Street shop, Laundry, Nursery, straw work, payments for a number of the girls, fancy sales, subscriptions, donations for new premises, charity sermons, annual meeting, grant from London Reformatory Union, special donations for Sea-side and Sick Fund, "return of railway fares" by the South-Eastern Company, and from sales of consols, dividends, &c., amounted last year to £7,325 4s. 6d. The total expenditure, including a deposit account of £1,100, was £7,136 16s. 10d., leaving a balance of nearly £200.

It is worthy of notice that gratuitous service has, in this noble establishment, been carried almost to its limits. The entire salaries amount only to £236 17s. 8d.; and those who are thus paid are the right women in the right place, having alike heart and adaptation for the work. By their skill in teaching the trades peculiarly fitted for the girls, as well as in preparing not only some of those fifty inmates who are cripples, but the twenty girls in the Refuge for domestic service, their value to the establishment, in connection with the aspirations and aims of its founders and friends, is beyond all price.

Be it understood by our readers, that there are seventy girls in the Home, but that of these twenty are received, with partial payment, to be instructed in the various duties of household work, washing, cooking, and general service. Many of these are the children of unworthy parents, and by their admission and its results are saved from destruction. Many of the cripples, also, by medical care, by nourishing food, and air and exercise almost daily in Regent's Park, as well as from the fact that all of them are taken annually to the sea-side, so rally in health and vigour, that they, too, are able to go out to domestic service. At this moment, a considerable number are placed in respectable families, and prove themselves to be both competent and trustworthy. All the cooking and household work of the Home are done by inmates.

It is true that every girl is not physically able thus to work; but a goodly number, even of the afflicted ones, are, by personal experience, made familiar with nearly all that is required of a good servant.

Before we introduce our readers to the Home, and ask them to accompany us over the establishment, let us give a few statements as to its origin, and indicate some of the precious jewels brought up by its workers from a mine "into which others had not sunk a shaft before."

The first of these (says the author of "A Plea for the Cripples' Home and Female Refuge") was a crippled street beggar, earning 3s. 6d. a day by her wicked trade. She was a very deceitful child, but she was found, and placed in an asylum of safety, which had hitherto been only a refuge for a few homeless girls. The question came, "What is to become of her?" The answer was quickly suggested, "Why, search and find out more cripples, teach them a trade, and put them in the way of gaining their own livelihood." Well, the miners set to work; down the shaft they went. More cripples were soon found, and a matron was engaged to teach them straw bonnet, hat,

and basket making. Classes were formed, and a number of ladies kindly proffered their services to give them daily instruction in the common rudiments of education, and especially in scriptural knowledge.

At the present time, six of the young people conduct a bonnet trade in connection with the Home, at 33, Baker Street, corner of Dorset Street. At a stall in the Soho Bazaar one of the cripples sells the work; and within the institution itself is a large manufactory, which, as we shall speedily see, commends itself to all persons of taste for its admirable products. There are, besides, several of those girls who had been brought up at the Home established in houses of business in the City and at the West-end.

While all this has been done, the original object has not been lost sight of—that of affording an asylum to young persons whose position is at least perilous, and to those who may have drunken and immoral parents. For their training a public Laundry is attached to the Home. "Being strong and active themselves, they are able to be of essential use to the poor cripples, by waiting on them, ministering to their comfort, and wheeling the perambulators in the hour of exercise which is daily spent in the Regent's Park, or elsewhere."

While invigorated health is the rule, as the result of residence in the Home, a few of the inmates, within the period of twelve years since it was established, have been taken away by death. The greater number of these have given evidence of a saving change wrought in their hearts through faith in the Saviour, and by the operation of the Holy Spirit. "A touching scene took place by the bedside of one of them. She and another girl had both been crippled beggars, pursuing their trade in the same neighbourhood, and E. C. came up to poor, fading H. G., and asked her to forgive her for having formerly 'poached upon her ground.' The desired pardon being readily granted, the dying girl had her little orphan sisters assembled, and admonished them all. She then put her arms round the matron's neck, and thanked God that she had ever been brought to the Home, where she had first learned to love Jesus."

PERSONAL VISIT TO THE HOME.

Detained elsewhere, it was not till a comparatively late hour on an autumnal evening, that we found ourselves at the door of the Home. It was opened by one of the crippled girls, who was comparatively strong and active. Immediately after we were received and welcomed by the matron. Sitting down in the committee-room, to the left hand of the entrance hall, we learn that the hour for evening song and prayer is at hand, ere the inmates retire to rest. We feel glad and thankful that we have come at such a time. From the work-room up-stairs, and other apartments, we hear the rush of descending footsteps, and looking through the open door across the hall, we see a long line pass towards the stairs that lead to the class-room beneath. It is impossible to look at the troop of cripples, as they thus pass on, without emotion. They are of varied ages—from twenty-one down to eleven years. Every one bears unmistakably, in gait and form, the evidence of past suffering or injury. Some are broken-backed; the head thus magnified to the eye, as it seems crushed

down between the shoulders; others have had their growth early stunted, and their frames wasted, by hip-joint disease and scrofula in its various forms. Lameness seems universal. Some throw back the head and shoulders; others stoop forward as they pass along with difficulty. One thinks, in the presence of such a band, of a past of pain and sorrow, of mothers' hearts made sad; and then comes up, in connection with cheerful voices, eyes lit up with gladness, and cheeks no longer pale, but ruddy, the bright and blessed contrast of the present.

We ask leave to speak to these dear young people to-night, and to join in their worship and service. Preceded by the matron, we go down-stairs. All rise up with a kindly salutation. We first read a verse of the hymn beginning "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and then, in choral harmony most sweet and melting, the song of adoration, trust, and love rises to the Lamb that was slain, and who now is enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. Next we read, and rapidly expound, the three parables, as recorded in the Gospel by St. Luke (chap. xv.), of the lost sheep brought back; of the lost piece of silver found; of the lost, the outcast, prodigal son, his misery, his penitence, the father's forgiveness, the ring, and shoes, and best robe, and the feast of a heavenly home all his own. Deep is the silence, and not, we trust, unmoved was this unique and interesting audience. How the heart yearned over them! how true was the expressed conviction conveyed to them that night, that rich as the richest, and happy as the most beautiful of the land, might they even now become, by simply trusting in Christ's precious blood, and that for them should thus be reserved a better home, where pain, sickness, and deformity should be known no more for ever!

Our evening service was closed by prayer and the doxology—the last sung, as was the opening hymn, with peculiar correctness, proving that much pains has been taken to train these girls to the right and skilful use of "the service of song." Evidently the singing of hymns brings to them the purest enjoyment. That enjoyment is renewed every morning and evening within the Home, and also by their weekly attendance each Sunday morning at the parish church of Marylebone, near at hand, where their sweet treble mingles with the diapason swell and surging notes of the great organ, and with the joyful sound of a great congregation.

Returning to the committee-room with the matron, the "visiting-book" is opened for us. It contains and records—as written down by herself—first, the names of those ladies, one of whom, according to an arrangement already indicated, comes daily to instruct the young people. There is first a scriptural, and then a secular, lesson given every day. Many of the inmates have been entirely neglected before their entrance, and otherwise have been brought up badly. By combined firmness and kindness they are generally subdued and won. Three hours each forenoon are devoted to teaching, by ladies of position, who volunteer their service, and never weary in their self-appointed task. The lessons and the time for them are so arranged, that each girl has one hour's instruction daily. In the visiting-book I find the lady-teachers' names, and daily notes. One lady

leaves memorandum thus as to the progress of her pupils—"21st Sept., very good." Another, "Bible lesson, very attentive." A third, "Dictation and arithmetic, all very attentive." A fourth, "27th Sept., writing and arithmetic, good."

Among the general visitors, most of whom are metropolitan, but some from the country, besides those already mentioned as patronesses, are the names of the Marchioness of Townsend, Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Louisa Fortescue, Lady Welby, Mrs. Tait (wife of the Bishop of London), the Earl of Caithness, and Sir J. P. Boileau. Here also is his recorded opinion of the Home and its school by the Rev. Sydney Turner, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools and Reformatories. It runs as follows:—

Inspected the school, and examined the girls. Found the premises in excellent order, and extremely well adapted for their purpose. The answers of the girls examined in Scripture and mental arithmetic were very good; their reading, dictation, and arithmetic on slates, fair. The manners and appearance of the girls are very satisfactory and encouraging.

Very gratifying was it to find, on the best authority, that all of the four monitors now employed in the school had been awakened to the importance of eternal realities, and to true and lively faith in Christ, within these walls, and that thus they are specially qualified to deal with others, crippled like themselves, as to their souls' best interests.

The laundry, the kitchen, and the dormitories of the Home are all in excellent order, and have every convenience and comfort necessary. But the attraction of the establishment is the work-room up-stairs, to which, ere we depart, we pay a visit, where, at an earlier hour of the day, all the girls work at these tables scattered all over the apartment, in constructing these doll-bonnets, these quilted-lined baskets, these ladies' bags, these "boats" for croquet, needle-work, and other specimens of straw-plaiting of the finest description. Here are shapes brought by ladies of rank for baskets, &c., one of them bearing the name of "The Lady Shaftesbury." Here are many-coloured ribands, and straw-plaiting, and bags, and bonnets complete—all ready for sale, either on the premises or at the shop, already mentioned, at Baker Street, or in the Soho Bazaar. To one or other of these let our London lady readers repair; nowhere will they find better value for their money; and by their purchases they will at once gratify their good taste, and to an important extent assist the beneficent objects of the Cripples' Home and Female Refuge.

Woman's tenderness it is that has summoned this institution into life and activity. Christian women, in town or country, ye who cannot personally help in teaching—ye Christian fathers and mothers—ye who look around on a home circle, where not one lamb of the flock is maimed or halting—send a part of your gifts of gratitude to Him who has made your children to differ, to the succour of this establishment.

We conclude our notice of it in the words of the Report for 1864:—

May He who watches over his treasury, and who alone knows the circumstances and responsibilities of those whom he has entrusted with the silver and the gold, graciously incline each heart to assist, in his or her measure, in this blessed work, in the full assurance that all the help so given in the Lord's name, he will repay in an abundant degree.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF THE BIBLE.

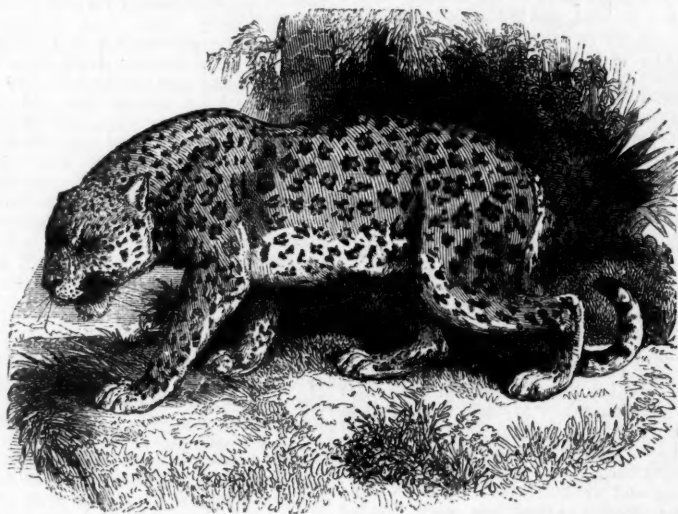
THE LEOPARD.



ILLUSION is made to this beautiful animal in several passages in the Bible, from which it is clear that the leopard was far from uncommon in certain parts of Palestine in ancient days. Unlike the case of the lion, which is now entirely extinct in the Holy Land, the leopard is still occasionally to be seen. The Hebrew term for "leopard," with which the modern Arabic is identical, is *nāmēr*, and appears to have given names to certain places, such as to Nimrah and

ambush, and proceed to the village in search of fowls, lambs, or other prey, and often it is most difficult to discover the whereabouts of the cunning marauder. To this habit of lying concealed, watching for opportunities of plunder, the prophet Jeremiah alludes in the words—"A leopard shall watch over their cities" (v. 6); and Hosea—"As a leopard by the way will I observe them" (xiii. 7).

From a passage in that beautiful but little understood book of the Canticles, or Song of Solomon, as it is more generally called, it appears that in Biblical times leopards were not uncommon about Lebanon. The shepherd spouse addresses his faithful Shulamite wife as follows—"Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from



Beth-nimrah (the house of the leopard), mentioned in Numb. xxxii. 3, 36. Compare, also, Isa. xv. 6; Jer. xliii. 34. The exquisite beauty of the spots on the skin of the leopard could not help being an especial object of admiration amongst the Hebrews and Orientals generally; accordingly, the name *nāmēr*, or *nimr*—i.e., "spotted"—in most of the Oriental languages, is used to designate the active and beautiful creature. The dark and glossy rosettes which beset its yellow skin are alluded to by the prophet Jeremiah—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" The marvellous activity of the leopard is mentioned by Habakkuk (i. 8), who compares the swiftness of the horses of the Chaldean army to these animals. They are also celebrated for their cunning and insidious habits, being as crafty in the pursuit of their prey as foxes are in our own land. A leopard will frequently take up his quarters in some secret lurking-place near to a village, and lie in wait therein for any animal that may chance to come in his way. As night advances he will leave his

Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards." In the wooded ravines of the Lebanon, lions, wolves, bears, and leopards had their lairs. Travellers frequently bear witness to the fact of the existence of leopards in the districts around Lebanon. In the dense coverts of Tabor—or Jebel et-Târ, as is its modern name—leopards find a congenial abode. They seek shelter from the burning rays of the sun in the grottoes of Kedron, which, as a traveller has remarked, "cannot be entered at all seasons without danger, for in the middle the place is frequented by tigers, who retire hither to shun the heat." I ought to mention that the word *tigers* here points, without a doubt, to leopards; for tigers are not found in Palestine, and probably never existed there. Burkhardt, the great traveller, clearly means leopards, though he uses the term "ounces." The people of Syria employ a closely allied animal, namely, the cheetah (*Gueparda jubata*), to hunt the gazelle. The leopard, or panther, a mere variety

of the same animal, "is an inhabitant of Mount Amanus, and is sometimes brought to Aleppo. It is vulgarly called the tiger, and stories are current of its depredations in the mountains, and of its attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore, about the roots of Lebanon." It seems that the ancient Egyptians used to hunt the leopard for the sake of his beautiful skin, and because he was justly considered a mischievous animal. The skin was frequently worn by the priests during the performance of some religious ceremony. To this day, a leopard's skin is worn by the natives of South Africa, and regarded as the insignia of royalty.

Miss E. A. Beaufort tells a curious story of a leopard or panther in her interesting book, "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines"—a story which, although in some of its parts it savours of legend, may be readily credited so far as relates to the case of the panther. The story is as follows:—"A Russian hermit used to live on the top of Mount Tabor" (the very locality which Burkhardt speaks of as containing leopards); "he was the son of the Archimandrite of a monastery in the Crimea, and took holy orders at a very early age, the intention being that he should succeed his father at the head of the brethren. Soon after he had settled down in this quiet life, a dream or vision, as he thought, appeared to him, in which he saw a mountain of most peculiar form, and heard a voice say to him, 'Arise, my son, and behold thy home upon earth!' The dream was repeated seven nights running (!), and at last the dreamer did arise. He knew not where to go to find the mountain, and no one gave him any information about it. However, he set out, and went first to Mount Athos; there was no mountain there like that he had seen in his dream. Then he went to Mount Sinai, and then to Mount Ararat, in Georgia; but none answered to the picture in the dream. He

* Russell's "History of Aleppo," ii., 189.

travelled far into the east, then into the west: eleven years of travelling, and at last he stood before Mount Tabor. 'This is it,' he said; 'I have found it. This is the strange shape I saw in my dream; I have sought and found nothing like this.' So he ascended the mountain, and never left it again. Many years he lived there, studying, and praying, and doing all kinds of good works; attending to the sick, and labouring among the peasants and shepherds around him. They soon loved him with grateful affection, and sought him in every sorrow and difficulty, and he never wearied of administering to them. One winter's day a noble panther approached the cave in which he lived; he threw him a piece of bread, and the panther crouched down at his feet. He soon became quite tame, and thenceforth, wherever the hermit went, the beautiful creature was seen at his side, following him like a dog. Mr. Rogers, the English Consul at Haiffa, who told me this story, frequently saw them together on the mountain; he had learned the history of the dream and of his wanderings from the hermit himself. He lived to be very old, but had died about two years previous to our visit to Mount Tabor" (vol. ii., p. 58).

Such instances of friendship between man and an animal, in its wild and savage state, are certainly most unusual; but it is impossible to deny the truth of this latter portion of the story, considering the evidence which supports it; nor should we be too anxious to limit the effects which an act of kindness to even a brute creature may have upon its natural habits and temperament.

Leopards are found in Africa and Asia; the jaguar—the largest of the tribe—is the representative of the family in America. The whole group is frequently arboreal in their habits, and climb up trees with most surprising agility. The black leopard of Java is generally considered only a variety of the common leopard, or *Leopardus varius*.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER.



BOYS and girls, you who are reading THE QUIVER, which comes so regularly to you without any trouble or expense to yourselves; you who sit down every day to nice breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, and retire at night to warm, clean beds, do you ever think how much you are indebted to mother's care and love for all these comforts?

Does it ever occur to you that the neat and pretty clothes which you wear, and which are kept so nicely in order, are a part of your mother's affection for you?

And do you know, children, that this will not last always? The time will come, and is coming, when you will be without a mother's loving arm to lean on; and the gentle voice, which is your childhood's sweetest music, will be hushed and silent. The dear mother, who goes up with you every night to your little bed, and kneels with you

to pray for your heavenly Father's protection through the night, cannot always do so. You are growing up, and it will be but a short time before you are out on the stormy ocean of life, buffeting its billows, and wearied with its unceasing tossings. Then you will think of these sunny hours which you are now enjoying; the memories of your childhood's home will gather around you, and bring to your mind the old house, with all its rooms, and closets, and stairways, with its large, unfurnished garret, where, on rainy Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, you played those games which made the rafters ring with your merry peals of laughter. Or you will think of the mysterious hole under the eaves where you lost your ball, and were afraid to look for it in such a dark place, for fear some bold rat should jump out at you; and you will wonder if that ball is there yet, or if some more daring boy than you were has explored the hole and ferreted it out. Your own little chamber will come vividly before you, in which your mother's handiwork is impressed on every object: the bed, with its snow-white coverlet, the pictures

on the walls, the ostrich egg suspended over the looking-glass, and the mantelpiece covered with the curiosities collected in your rambles, all arranged according to mother's advice and taste. Here in a book-case are the volumes which constitute your library, all placed in order, and brought out even with the edges of the shelves. You will remember, too, many of you, just how the books were arranged, on what shelf stood old Robinson Crusoe, and the precise place assigned for your First Picture Book.

Then the garden, with all its trees, and fences, and shrubbery, will appear before you, and you will think of the morning when mother called to you to come and see the bird's nest, which the high wind in the night had blown from the lime-tree, and the little birds lay helpless on the ground.

And so your reveries will lead you on to the hours of school-time, when you packed your books into your satchel, and going to mother, she smoothed your hair from your forehead and imprinted a kiss there, and then, fixing your collar straight, would put into your satchel a small paper parcel, which you knew was a luncheon, and not to be even thought of in school-time; but at recess it could be released from its bondage, as cannibals release their prisoners, to be devoured. It seems a long time to you now to be confined in school for six hours a day, but it will not be many years before you will smile when you think that you called it hard, and you would gladly get off with six hours' confinement if you could.

All these recollections, boys and girls, will hover around you when you are men and women; they will come to you after a long day's weary work, and you will find it a source of never-failing pleasure. Be careful that no improper actions, no disobedience or falsehoods, cruel deeds, or unkind words, shall sully the brightness of your childhood's days, for in the memories which the future shall indulge you with, you would have no grim skeleton haunting and overshadowing the scene.

And you will notice, boys and girls, that the lapse of years will dim and tarnish many scenes which now in your youthful zeal you think will never be less brilliant. The playmates which you now see daily, in a short time you will lose sight of; and after a year or two they will have gone abroad into the world; you will think less and less of them; and finally, when you meet again, you are strangers. The nickname once so familiar to each of you is exchanged for the formal "Mister" or "Miss;" and the hand, once so eagerly seized and tightly grasped in some merry round game, is now extended for a cold, courteous shake.

But there is one form that you will never forget, one hand whose loving caresses time cannot steal away, eyes that will never grow dim in the storehouse of your memory; and these are the form, and hand, and eyes of your dear mother. Let the prayers which she taught you while an innocent child at her knee be ever on your lips, like faithful guardians, to keep away impure and wicked words.

There is an old proverb which says, "We never know the worth of water till the well is dry," and this is particularly applicable to children; they do not know or realise the depth, and breadth, and height of mother's love till they find themselves deprived of it; and then come bitter remembrances

of the headaches they caused her, of the unkind answers they made her, of the many steps they might have saved her, of the hours squandered in selfish idleness which might have been spent in lightening her toil, or making her some amends for the care and trouble bestowed upon them.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

A TRUE STORY.



"I'VE seen a soldier, mammy, and he says he'll take me for a drummer boy. Sure you'll let me go, won't you?"

And little Dennis laid his cheek against his mother's hand, and looked up beseechingly in her face; adding, "You've got Molly, an' Pat, and Norah to feed too. An' then I'll make my fortune, and, maybe, come home to you a general. Say yes, mammy."

Dennis' mother was a widow. Her husband had been a soldier, and died in India. And though it was natural for Dennis to want to be what his father had been, she was very loth to part with him. But she was very poor, and, as Dennis said, she would have one less to feed. So, after a while, she gave her consent, and Dennis went to be a drummer.

Dennis was a little home sick for a while, and often looked very sad, but there came a letter from his mother telling him all about his little brother and sisters, and he got quite happy, and became a great favourite with both officers and men.

One thing Dennis could do, which gave him a great deal of influence over the others—he could read and write well; and when the soldiers, many of whom could do neither, had a letter from home, or wanted to send one away, they always came to Dennis to read or write it, often giving him a penny, or even more, as a present, and thanks. These pennies Dennis kept carefully until he had a few shillings, when he sent them home to his mother. And very proud she was, showing his letter and present to all her neighbours, to prove what a good son God had blessed her with.

When Dennis had been a drummer about six years, the Russian war broke out, and the regiment received orders to prepare for embarkation. When the news reached the barracks, the soldiers were all delighted, and talked so much of the glory and fortunes they would win, and the fun they would have, that Dennis wrote quite a merry letter to his mother, and when he got leave to go and say good-bye to her, he laughed at her fears, and told her never to think of him getting hurt.

When the regiment embarked, there was not a gayer cheer than that which burst from Dennis' lips, or a merrier voice as they sang "Cheer boys, cheer."

They landed in the Crimea in great spirits, and soon marched up to the front, where they came in for their share of the work and excitement. Winter closed in—a winter such as I hope none of my children shall ever be exposed to—when the officers and men had to sleep on the wet ground, and walk through deep mud all day, often with scarcely a jacket or pair of boots that would hold together,



"As they sprang over the wall, Dennis gave a wild shout."—p. 132.

When day after day they had nothing to eat but stale biscuits and raw onions, and hundreds of them sank down, exhausted from cold and weariness, without a murmur of complaint, Dennis bore up bravely. He was always ready to do a good turn for his comrades, and, consequently, when any of them had anything to give, Dennis got a share. The officers, too, liked his merry face, and often for the sake of hearing him sing or talk would give him some little present.

Dennis was never down-hearted. Every day he read the little Bible his mother had given him, and whenever he could get some of the soldiers to listen to him, he would read it aloud to them.

One thing Dennis was very sorry for, and that was, that the regiment had not been engaged in any of the attacks or battles that had taken place. And when spring brought sunshine and dry weather, Dennis grew quite sad, thinking the Russians would be beaten without his having been in a regular battle. At last June came, and with it the assault on the Redan. Dennis heard that his regiment was to be engaged, and greeted the intelligence with a loud cheer.

When the time came to advance, he was thinking of his mother, and said to a man next him, "Tell mother I read my Bible this morning." Then he began beating his drum, and on they went. But the fire was coming down like rain; balls and shells dealing death and agony on every side; and, after two or three attempts to make their way over the ramparts, the men were falling back. Then Dennis felt the time had come. He heard the officer near urging the men on. He saw the great wall blazing forth death, and that every moment more men were falling, so, seizing the bugle out of a bugler's hand, he sprang forward, mounted the low wall, and standing there, the sound of the bugle rang out clear above the din of battle. With a cheer, the men rallied, and dashed up, carrying all before them. As they sprang over the wall, Dennis gave a wild shout. Poor little fellow! in a moment he was lying in the ditch: a bullet had passed through his chest.

A couple of his comrades lifted him up, and carried him back to the camp, dead.

His Bible was found in his breast, and taken home to his mother by one of the officers. And you may be sure that that little blood-stained Bible is a treasure the widow would not part with for any money.

Poor Dennis had his wish, and saw a real battle; and the bugle-cry that led his comrades on opened the gates of eternity for the gallant little drummer boy.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole."—Matt. ix. 22.

I WAS evening in Judea's land—the happy city lay

All girdled in a golden belt of evening's brightest ray;

A balmy softness in the air came rippling o'er the main

With messages from gentle dews that would refresh the plain.

And all around the Saviour stood the careworn and the sad,

Trying to catch a glance from him whose smile could make them glad;

They followed weeping in his train—they gathered by his side,

As if the very air around their Lord were sanctified.

A father cries, "My child is dead; yet even now, O Lord,

Thou canst awake the sleeping life by thine all-powerful word."

The Saviour hastened to the home where the little maiden lay,

And in his holy track there went a woman on her way.

A woman pale and delicate, of slight and fragile form,

Bent by disease, and trembling as the reed before the storm.

"I cannot reach his side," she thought, "but I will try to touch

His garment hem whom long I've loved and trusted in so much."

A still, small voice was whispering within her inmost soul,

One touch of Christ the Merciful will surely make thee whole:

She put her hand forth tremblingly, and caught the holy dress,

And in a moment she was cured, was healed of her distress.

Then sweet as music fell the words from lips most good and pure,

"Daughter, take courage and be glad; thy faith hath been thy cure!"

I think in every after grief that clouded o'er her way,

She would endure, remembering the blessing of that day.

Trust firmly in the Saviour's power, this calls the mercy down;

Faith is the noblest, brightest gem in the lowly Christian's crown;

The little maid of whom I spake, raised from the bed of grief,

Was living witness how the Lord rewards his saints' belief.

Only believe and all is yours, whate'er the troubles be,

They shall but work your good if you will trust on fearlessly;

Great the reward that faith can win, and sweet the blessing given,

A foretaste of the joy that waits the ransomed soul in heaven.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 93.

"I am the good Shepherd."—John x. 14.

1. I ddo Ezra viii. 17.
2. A i Josh. viii. 29.
3. Michal 1 Sam. xviii. 21.
4. T oi 2 Sam. viii. 10.
5. H adad 1 Kings xi. 17.
6. E bed-melech Jer. xxxviii. 11.
7. G ideon Judg. vi. 33.
8. O thniel Judg. i. 11.
9. O badiab 1 Kings xviii. 4, 13.
10. D eborah Judg. iv. 6.
11. S isera Judg. iv. 21.
12. H azael 2 Kings viii. 15.
13. E hud Judg. iii. 15.
14. P hurah Judg. vii. 10.
15. H ushai 2 Sam. xvii. 14.
16. E isha 2 Kings xiii. 21.
17. R ehoboth Gen. x. 11.
18. D oeg 1 Sam. xxii. 18.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. II.
SOLOMON.—1 Kings iv. 33.

1. S harezer Isa. xxxvii. 38.
2. O nesimus Philem. 10—12.
3. L uz Gen. xxviii. 19.
4. O g Deut. iii. 11.
5. M nason Acts xxi. 16.
6. O thniel Judg. iii. 9.
7. N ehustan 2 Kings xviii. 4.

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTICS.—No. III.

AN IDOLATER WHO HIRED A LEVITE TO BE HIS PRIEST.

1. An instance of meekness.
2. The material of which the throne in the Temple was made.
3. A Roman centurion upon whom the Holy Ghost fell.
4. A valley where a remarkable miracle was performed.
5. A mountain on which a priest died.

MOVING ON.



WITH the same dejected attitude and shambling steps he passes our windows, on leaving us, that I observed when he was nearing our dwelling, and looking out for his old friend's residence. I thought we had done him good; at least, that Emily had: for, answering hers, came a smile

on his furrowed face, such as had not visited it for many a day, and Frank Thurlow was his old self again. But with the closing of our door the smile vanished, and our late guest is, once more, the Rev. Francis Thurlow, perpetual curate of Little Potterton, and bearing on his brain and heart the disagreeables of that eminently factious, eavesdropping, good-for-nothing place.

Poor Frank! what an oar he was in our university days, besides being a creditable, fine fellow in all respects. He was greatly my superior—no mock modesty, that—he was, and no mistake; yet there he is, in that poking place, where he may remain all his life, while here I am rector of —, where I can live comfortably, and give away a crumb of substantial consolation now and then, besides being able to turn the cold shoulder on any evil-minded persons in my parish, which my poor friend cannot do.

Poor Frank claimed the license of old friendship to pour his sorrowful tale into my ear, the gist of which was that all his friends had deserted him; that he never heard from so-and-so; that Tom Jones—now Thomas Jones, Esq., M.P.—had actually been staying in Potterton; been to church, yet never called on him; that, in fact, the world, his old world, had turned its back upon him; and that he was consigned, without remedy, sympathy, or hope, to the tender mercies of the Pottertonians.

What could I say to all this? what did I say? Nothing. A prosperous man cannot comfort a down-hearted one, save by letting him have his talk out, and by never contradicting him.

Emily could do more. She could bring the smile back to the faded face; I could but listen like a stupid man as I am.

At our friend's departure Emily goes up-stairs to a certain cherub—the young master of the house. I fall to musing, and idly watching the decaying embers, see therein faces which stir up old memories, and set my brain all aglow. Foremost in the group stands Frank: who so light of heart, so affluent of hope, as he? A universal favourite, he drags after him, as satellites, a host of young fellows, of whom Tom Jones, who has just cut him, is the tail. Tom Jones cut Frank Thurlow! Nothing need surprise one after that.

I run my eye over the years that have intervened since Frank became the Rev. Francis, and Tom took the road which ended in his senatorial dignity: the years are fifteen. What befell that Frank did not marry the rich, well-connected Miss Grey, so strongly recommended to him, both by herself and others? Why, instead, did he marry that poor little delicate Mary Stephens, a girl without a penny, without a connection worthy the name, and everything about her prophetic of consumption? She has been dead some years, leaving her husband a houseful of delicate children; and he, the gay of heart and hope, is now a mourning widower, full of small, rankling cares, which eat out a man's life, while, single-handed, he contends with his refractory parishioners, and thinks himself forgotten by all the world.

True, my not very charitable reveries are broken in upon by the entrance of my wife, who, having stilled the cherub, is at liberty to talk. She overwhelms me with questions touching my friend who has just gone; and, after many feminine ejaculations of pity and kindness, ends with—

"I will write to him to-morrow, Charles, and ask him to stay a week with us; I am sure it would do him good."

I acquiesce heartily; and I pass to other matters, with which the reader need not be troubled.

But that to-morrow on which Frank Thurlow was to be affectionately invited hither, did it ever come?

The first thing in the morning we made the alarming discovery that our cherub had the whooping cough. Then Emily was summoned to her father's death-bed; after his decease she herself sank into a low, poor way, and had to go to the sea-side. Amidst these imperious claims my old friend was forgotten.

It was not until the lapse of about six months that Emily was herself once more, and we were settling into our usual habits, when, one morning as we sat at breakfast, the postman brought a letter with the Potterton post-mark, and encircled by a deep black border. I could not speak for some moments after opening the envelope, for it contained a card in memory of the Rev. Francis Thunlow, M.A., perpetual curate of Little Potterton, who died aged forty-five years. Silently I pushed it towards my wife, and we both indulged in self-reproach because of our neglect.

Poor Frank! we, like the rest of his friends, had moved on, had left him, and he had died in ignorance of our kindly feelings towards him, and of the bootless efforts I had made to serve him. These reflections made me view the conduct of Tom Jones with more charity. How could I tell that the pressure from without might not have been as great in his case as in ours? How, indeed!

These facts impress upon one's mind the idea which is so unpleasant, namely, that in this world everything and every person is moving on; and that, if we cannot fall in with the march, we must inevitably be dropped at the road-side. Every now and then a good Samaritan may stop to have a word with us, and may try to persuade us to join the great company; but, finding that impossible, he, too, must hurry away. He may make a softer bed for our failing limbs, or raise our heavy head; but go he must, and we are left even by him.

The conditions of life being such, there is just nothing for it but to keep up our courage, and, instead of only talking about it, really trust in that Providence which, unseen, attends us, and unseen waits on our faint and lagging steps—that noiseless power which moves ever and tarries ever, and which, could we open our eyes and see, we should behold even when deserted by the good Samaritan himself.

It may tend to hush our complaints of our friends—of the neglects, real or fancied, which we suffer at their hands, to consider how we change ourselves. I, the Rev. Charles Blount, a respectable clergyman, on the right side of fifty, should find the society of Charlie Blount, on the right side of twenty, somewhat a bore.

Were Charlie in the flesh to be seated in that arm-chair opposite the Rev. Charles, how the latter would rebuke the youth! how unsparingly he would lop off the efflorescence of his youthful conceit! how sharply censure the extravagance of the lad, and throw cold water on his hopes! Small wonder if Charlie called the Rev. Charles an unbearable old humbug. And looking forward to the Rev. Charles Blount, *senex*, will the case be otherwise? I trow not. The old man will think that weariness and vexation of spirit on which his *alter ego* spent so much toil and time, and might find his schemes as little to his taste as did the middle-aged Charles those of Charlie.

You, too, fair madam—fair, though you be forty and allow it—you, whom we all honour with so, reverent a love;—for have you not lost the husband of your youth, your little one, and your fortune, and are not you fighting the battle of life in a way that may well make us men ashamed of ourselves?—but, dear lady, could you, in the midst of your heroic struggles, spend much time with that romantic girl, your other self, who mused and dreamed all day long on the margin of the lake, or, lost in the leafy wilderness, saw and saw not, heard and heard not, buried in Cloudland, far away in Utopia? True, you were not what you are, for changes have come; the romance has deepened into a fount of tenderness ever upspringing; the fineness of nature has wrought a moral alchemy; years may come to you, but not old age; cares, but they will neither rust nor canker. Dear madam, I bow to you with all humility; nevertheless, I keep to my assertion that the heroic, large-souled woman would find but poor companionship in the romantic girl of other days.

In other modes than those above indicated does this question affect us. A case in point occurs to our memory at this moment. An old gentleman of our acquaintance had, in his youth, lived in Cottonopolis. Whilst still a lad he had left the place; had voyaged to India, China, and elsewhere; but, through all his wanderings, the home of his boyhood and youth was present to his mind's eye, gathering with increasing years the enchantment lent by distance. He comes home a widower, with an only daughter. He might have settled at some nice little quiet place on the south coast, amongst idle people, half-pay officers, and so forth, where his company would have been a benefit to the community, where his daughter's music and his own tales would have made him famous. But no. Cottonopolis must receive him into its vortex, where neither his daughter's music nor his yarns count for anything. He becomes a querulous, instead of a garrulous, old man; looks up to the leaden sky, instead of the cerulean; receives curt answers to his pointless questions; and feels that he is not wanted in the great mart of commerce. Had our old friend remembered that Cottonopolis, during all his busy years, had been busy too—had been moving on, and that his contemporaries had been moving off—such a fatal blunder had not been made.

It is the constant complaint of our venerable friends that they are left alone, and it is only too true; but, without unduly accusing the young of heartlessness, let our aged friends remember that in our life-course none can impede it, and that they who slacken in the race should turn aside. This is a difficult and delicate question, for our age is void of veneration, and the young and strong are apt to push the weaklings away with scant ceremony. Still, there is something on the other hand. If the race-course be too crowded, and the racers too eager, as indeed they are, and if the young give but small reverence to years, there is also a fault in our old friends. Nature and Providence both declare that when a man is no longer able to fulfil a task, he should give place to one who can; and it is a lovely sight when a man voluntarily lays down his load—the load which he can no longer bear—and, whilst waiting for that renewal of his youth which

must soon be his, spends his remaining days in heartening those still at work, or in guiding the steps of infancy, and listening to their innocent prattle.

An old man full of benevolence—how reverend an object! An old man full of complainings, who beats out the blossom in the life of the young by his querulousness—how sad a one! Nevertheless, let us who are younger not mind the delays, the turnings aside to help the weak and weary; or rather, let us rejoice to do so. We may not thereby be delayed in reaching the goal after all; and if we be, what matter?

What if the good Samaritan missed an engagement by reason of his friendly act? What if he were too late to dinner? what if he offended customers by his delay? We may be sure he did not much mind, and would never let the remembrance of such things deter him from helping a suffering fellow-creature again.

To turn from persons to things in our literature, how we are moving on! It is apt to be rather like task-work, the reading an old book; save those old books which are ever new, and ever will be, for genius is never young and never old, and being itself a Divine ray, shows its divinity by being neither past nor future, but an eternal now. But, these transcendent works excepted, it is painfully ludicrous to take up an ordinary book of, say, a hundred years ago, or even fifty. The respected writer thereof mounted his stilts pen in hand; from a wondrous elevation he addressed his audience, and that audience liked to be addressed from an elevation. The Johnsonian periods, the long, rolling words and scraps of Latin, were to them as salvoes of artillery

fired in their honour; and, after all, it was far less trouble than the understanding what they were being talked to about.

The excellent farmer who waited on his new incumbent with the complaint that the congregation was defrauded of the tit-bits of Latin and Greek with which the late clergyman had favoured them, is a case in point. Said the pastor, most likely an M.A. of Oxford, "But, my friend, if I were to quote Latin and Greek, you would not understand it." Quoth the farmer, sturdily, "We pays for the best, and we'll have the best." Could the rev. gentleman's *alma mater* furnish him with a rejoinder to that statement? Indeed, we think not.

But now, save in our common literature and amongst our uneducated preachers, those who address us stand on the same level with ourselves, and the more elegant writer, and the more effective preacher, may be he who chooses simple, nay, austere language. If the man were amongst us who "his mouth did scarce ope, but out flew a trope," he would find the *Mirandas* and *Belindas* of this day, as well as their swains, scarcely disposed to listen to him, and he would be fain to address himself to some very indiscriminating audience, who, as Mr. Carlyle truly says, "value ornament more than clothing," and to whom the jingle-jangle of words comes sweet, "like bells upon the wind," pleasing their sense, and not taxing their reason.

Unconsciously we are moving in the eternal cycles; the aged man is only going down that he may ascend on the other side. Let this thought console him. Let it not be a melancholy idea with any of us that we are moving on, if only we know where we are moving to.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XXII.

SAVED.



"H, mamma! mamma! Where is my dear mamma?" cried Freddy.

"My poor dear mistress!" shrieked Becky, rushing forward. "The Lord preserve her!"

At this moment Becky remembered the back windows; and calling aloud for a ladder, caught Freddy in her arms, and rushed round to the back of the house.

The quaint old house in which Mrs. Moore resided was, as we have said, in the market-place at Evertown. It was a corner house, one side of which looked into Quiet Street; and the little garden behind Ben Blore's house had an outlet into that street.

Becky bethought her of this garden-door, when she cried aloud for a ladder.

In a minute or two a ladder was brought, and several men and women followed Becky, who led the way, carrying Freddy in her arms, to the back of the old houses.

Freddy, who understood his dear mother's peril, was in a state of terror and anguish not to be described. The flames, like huge tongues of fire, were bursting out of the front windows, and the light was so brilliant that every pale face in the crowd, and every stone of the rugged pavement, was distinctly visible as by day.

"There she is! there she is! The Lord be praised!" cried Becky, as the slender figure of her mistress appeared at the bed-room window.

"Oh, Thou!" cried Becky, aloud, "Thou who went with Daniel in the den of lions, and with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, be with my poor dear mistress in this great peril, and bring her safe and unscorched out of the flames and the smoke that are following her to devour her."

"Amen!" said some one, in a loud voice.

It was Ben Blore, the blacksmith. And "Amen!" repeated Nat Neate, who had joined the crowd.

Ben Blore had brought a ladder, and placing it against the bed-room window, he ascended it, forced open the casement, and entered the room.

"Why doesn't he bring mamma down?" cried Freddy, clasping his hands, and with tears coursing each other rapidly down his pale cheeks. "Oh, Becky, let me go up the ladder, I am certain I could; and then she would come down directly—I know she would. Look, the flames are coming in at the door! Oh, why does she not come?"

The cause of the delay soon became apparent to Becky.

Ben Blore and her mistress had disappeared for a moment, and then the former came to the window and let down the portrait of Faulkner-Moore; after this Mrs. Moore, with the blacksmith's help, got out at the window and descended the ladder, when Freddy sprang

into her arms in a transport of joy. Ben Blore then came down himself; and a slow, old, rickety engine having arrived, efforts were made to extinguish the fire, which at last was got under.

Some kind neighbours received Mrs. Moore, Freddy, and Becky, and as they were in the habit of letting lodgings, and their apartments at this time happened to be vacant, the little family suffered no very great inconvenience from the disaster, as far as accommodation went.

Ben Blore had placed the invaluable portrait in a small arbour, while he went to direct those who were trying to extinguish the flames.

Becky, when her mistress thankfully accepted her kind neighbour's offer of shelter, seeing her cast a very wistful look at the portrait, hurried to the arbour, and valiantly bending down, contrived to carry it on her back out of the garden, and into the next house. This done, she at once deposited it in the bed-room which was placed at the disposal of Mrs. Moore.

And when that unhappy lady entered the room, and closed the door, in order to return thanks on her bended knees to Him who had brought her unscathed out of the fiery danger, she found herself face to face with her husband's picture, lighted up, as it was, by the soft moonbeams alone, for Eva had not brought any light with her into the apartment.

Of course, as soon as the flames were extinguished, and it was possible, without great risk, to ascertain the amount of injury done, Eva, whose little all had been stowed away at Ben Blore's, was intensely anxious to know what she had lost, and what she had left. The house itself was not so much damaged as had been at first imagined.

The beams and rafters were of oak, so thick and so solid, that they resisted the flames that licked up with their tongues of fire the lighter and more combustible articles of furniture which belonged to poor Eva.

The origin of the fire could not be exactly ascertained, but the account Eva gave of it was as follows.

She said she was seated in her arm-chair, entirely absorbed by the perusal of some letters, when the sound of something popping or bursting out of the fire-place was followed by a smell of fire that alarmed her.

She started up, and perceived that the muslin window curtains were in a blaze.

Probably, some small red-hot combustible had burst from the fire, and fallen among the folds of the curtains, where a draft from the window (which was not perfectly closed) speedily fanned the flames.

They instantly communicated with some drawings of Eva's, which lay on an adjoining table; and she, alone in the house, and for a few moments paralysed by terror, shrieked aloud for help, but, of course, quite in vain.

Becky and Freddy, as the reader knows, were gone to the love-feast, and so was Ben Blore.

The neighbours on both sides happened also not to be at home; and Eva saw the flames spreading and closing in upon her; and believing that her hour was come, and that a hideous and torturing death was at hand, sank on her knees, and prayed fervently that if her body must perish in the flames, her soul might be saved alive, through the blood of her Redeemer, and that she might be re-united in a better land to her husband and her child, whom she implored the Father in heaven to bless and to comfort.

It was just at this moment that the people returning from the love-feast perceived the fire, and shouts for "water," "help," "the engines," &c., reached Eva's ears. The flames were already dancing wildly, like evil spirits, across that part of the room which divided her from her chamber-door. But the consciousness of help at

hand restored power to Eva's limbs, and revived her nervous energy and presence of mind. She caught up the hearth-rug, and throwing it over her head and shoulders, made a sudden rush through the flames—which, however, pursued like an infuriated foe—and darted into her own room.

It was full of smoke, but the flames had not yet reached it.

Eva hurried to the window, to see if it would be possible to jump out, when, to her great joy, she saw Ben Blore in the act of planting a ladder against it.

At this moment a sudden gust of wind threw open the door of the dressing-closet, and blew aside the curtain that hung before the portrait of Faulkner-Moore.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HUSBAND'S PICTURE.

THE flames had crept under the chamber door, and were advancing upon her; but Eva, by this time, had quite recovered her self-possession; and when Ben Blore entered at the window, she pointed to the dear form and face, glowing in the red light of the advancing flames, and said, "Save him, too—he is my husband!"

The blacksmith—a fine, stalwart old fellow, brave as a lion, and who might have asked with Nelson, "What is fear?" so ignorant was he of that paralysing emotion—nodded by way of reply, and with his strong hands pulling down the picture, carried it, as he might have done a baby, to the window, and dropped it gently down into the garden.

He then assisted Eva to descend by the ladder, and very calmly made his own escape, just as the foremost flame touched his feet.

"I have no fear," he said to himself; "why should I fear? He who was with the three in the fire is with me now!"

Strong in this faith, the old blacksmith descended the ladder, and joined those who required his strong sense and ever ready presence of mind to direct them in the use of the means which had been obtained to put out the fire. The terrible element had been very capricious during its brief career. Some articles of furniture it had entirely consumed, while others it had as entirely spared.

The inlaid cabinet, with its silver mouldings and corners, claws, hinges, and bands—in which Eva had replaced her husband's miniature and his letters—was uninjured; but her writing-table and desk, in which she kept the sum of money she had realised by the sale of her wardrobe, was entirely consumed.

Unfortunately, she had been paid in bank-notes.

Every day, for weeks past, she had intended to put this money (or the greater part of it) into a savings bank, or some other place of safety; and every day a fatal spirit of procrastination had prevented her doing so. This was, indeed, a terrible calamity.

Her whole capital, which (economical as she was) would have supplied the little household with necessities for a year, was destroyed in a few moments.

Eva was now without a pound in the world. But her own life, so invaluable to her child, and so unspeakably dear and precious (as she still loved to believe) to him whose return she yet looked for confidently, and in whose entire justification she still firmly believed, had been mercifully spared. The dear picture, to which it had become her habit to pay a visit at morning, at night, at noon-day, and in every hour of tribulation—that was saved!

She had her darling Freddy and her faithful Becky left. She had talents, which a favourable opportunity would enable her to turn to account; and, above all, she had *faith*—an ever-growing *faith* in her Maker's mercy, and her Redeemer's love.

And so she bore this heavy loss with great resignation, and determined, in order not to be without funds, to part with every little article of jewellery she possessed, except those endeared to her heart by some peculiar claim: her husband's first love-pledge (a locket with his hair); a keeper ring in emeralds, given by him on her wedding-day; her dear old father's watch and signet ring; and a few old-fashioned ornaments, which had been her mother's. Everything else Eva resolved to sell—especially the snake brooch, which had played so unpleasant a part on the first day of distress, and which, since her late maid Janet had taken it from the lace collar of her white silk dress, to put it back into its case, the day after she had worn it, had remained coiled up in its white velvet bed, and had never once glared on her with its bright evil eye since then. It so happened that Eva had nothing in the way of ornament, of any great value, at Evertown, although her husband had presented her with a set of very fine diamonds on her presentation, and with one of sapphires (his favourite stone) on the birth of Freddy. By the crafty advice of Mr. Mostyn, these valuables were placed in the iron safe of the bank in Lombard Street; and so was a quantity of valuable old plate which Mr. Faulkner-Moore had inherited from his cousin, old Mrs. Moore.

When the smash occurred, neither Eva's jewels nor the plate were to be found in the iron safe. The creditors, of course, accused Faulkner-Moore of withdrawing them. Eva felt certain that Mostyn had done it, without his knowledge or sanction; but they were lost to Eva for ever; and the diamonds and sapphires, which might have been a little fortune to herself and Freddy, in their altered circumstances, were thus made away with. Still Eva had some pretty trinkets and rings, which had been given her by friends, for she had never purchased an ornament for herself in her life. By far the most valuable object Eva could dispose of was the snake brooch, and of this she really longed to be relieved. She had forgotten it in the absorbing and painful events that had succeeded her husband's departure and the breaking of the bank; but now she had again met its evil eye, and it seemed to haunt her, and she longed to be rid of it.

The day after the fire, Ben Blore, who had what he called "a tidy bit of money put by against a rainy day," set resolutely to work to repair the damage done by the fire.

He told Becky to hint, as delicately as she could, to her mistress that he had a few pounds at her service if, owing to the burning of her desk and her money in it, she was run aground.

Becky, who had a sort of Caleb Balderstone pride about the dignity of the family she served, replied she could not mention his offer, albeit a kindly one, to her mistress, for fear it might savour, in her lady's opinion, of a freedom; but that if he would advance to herself a couple of pounds, she would take it kind and cousinly of him; and then, if anything were wanting before her mistress's purse was replenished, she could supply it without troubling her dear lady, whose burden was already quite as much as she could bear.

Upon this, Ben Blore took out from a well-concealed hole in the wall an old canvas bag, and desired Becky to help herself.

It ended by her borrowing five sovereigns of the old blacksmith, and this she did, though fully impressed with the wisdom of the old saying, "Go a borrowing go a sorrowing," solely in order to be able to supply the wants of the little household without having to apply to her mistress.

Not that Becky's own savings were quite exhausted; but the old worsted stocking, once standing upright by itself, and corpulent in its rotundity, was fast collapsing; and several pounds that Becky kept in her work-box,

ready for daily expenditure and occasional exigencies, had perished in the fire.

While the blacksmith's house was under repair, Mrs. Moore, Freddy, and Becky remained where they were, at a grocer's, next door. The rooms they occupied were neatly furnished, and very clean and comfortable.

There was a private entrance, so that they were not obliged to go through the shop.

Freddy, child-like, was pleased with the change. He had his dear mamma, his papa's picture, and old Becky safe; and it was very pleasant, in his opinion, to be at the very fountain-head of good things.

Freddy, being a very pretty, pleasing child, was a general favourite, and the grocer and all his family delighted in giving him small tokens of their friendly feeling towards him, in the shape of a lump of sugarcandy, or a fine fig from the top of the drum, or a bunch of raisins, or two or three French plums.

Freddy had been taught never to eat anything that was given to him without first asking his mamma's permission, and he gained immensely in the opinion of the grocer and his family when they found that, however tempting the sweetmeats or fruit they gave him, he never ate them up at once, as most boys would have done, but put them in his pocket, saying—

"Thank you; I am sure mamma will let me have them, but I must ask her first."

Mrs. Moore wasted no time or energy in useless regrets about the property consumed in the fire.

Instead of perpetually dwelling on what she had lost, she determined to look only on the bright side of this disaster, and to ponder with fervent gratitude on what she had left.

Freddy, of course—imitative as children always are—took his tone from his mother; and his charred and smoked toys, many of which had been partly consumed by the flames, seemed to afford him a degree of satisfaction which he had not always derived from them when in a perfect state.

It was amusing to see him caressing the long-waisted, long-backed wife of Noah, although one of her legs was burnt off; and a headless horse, a hoofless cow, and a trunkless elephant were made a great deal of by Freddy, as chief sufferers in the late conflagration.

Of course, in so quiet and uneventful a life as that led by the people of Evertown, the fire that had broken out at Ben Blore's, the oldest house in the market-place, was a nine days' wonder. The *Evertown Gazette* and the *County Chronicle* were positively inspired by the theme; and the ravages of the devouring element lost nothing of terror and grandeur in their pages.

As old Nat Neate was one of the proprietors of the *Evertown Gazette*, he kindly bethought himself of the opportunity that offered itself of mentioning that the person who had suffered most severely by the accident was a young widow lady of the name of Moore. He had taken it into his head that she was a widow, although Becky, of course, like her mistress, abhorring every kind of falsehood, had never said so. Still, neither seeing Mr. Moore nor hearing any mention of such a person, it was no marvel that the old picture-dealer decided in his own mind that his protégée was a widow. He therefore caused to be inserted, in the highly-coloured account of the raging element and the devouring flames, a statement to the effect that a great amount of valuable property had been consumed belonging to a young widow lady, of greatly reduced circumstances, of the name of "More." He had asked Becky how her lady's name was spelt, and orthography not being in reality Becky's strong point, although she was a very daring speller, she had unintentionally misled him. He went on to say that the young widow lady in question had, owing to a sudden reverse of fortune, determined to turn to

account, as a means of support for herself and her only child, a talent for painting, which in happier times she had cultivated merely as a recreation; and that, as her paintings were of a very high order of merit, she had already secured the cordial assistance of Mr. Neate, the well-known picture-dealer in North Street, who had entrusted an important commission to her. He wound up by regretting that a young female artist of so much merit, and so deserving in every way, should, at the very outset of her praiseworthy career, have met with a disaster so ruinous, and he touched very delicately upon the fact, that a small capital which she kept in her writing-desk had, as it was in bank-notes, been entirely consumed.

Nat Neate, who never lost an opportunity of saying a "word in season," wound up a very well-written and interesting article, which had taken him many days, and of which he had made a dozen rough copies, with a few remarks on the uncertainty of life, the necessity of being always prepared, and the solemn text, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Eva, located in the lodgings of the Evertown grocer, Mr. Hall, was hard at work at her "Holy Family," the easel having fortunately been placed out of reach of the flames, when a very handsome carriage and pair drove up to the private door; and Freddy, who was demurely learning one of Dr. Watt's hymns in the window-seat, cried out, "Oh, mamma, the old gentleman that we saw at the inn at —, and the beautiful little girl who was with him, are getting out of the carriage; and such a funny man, with a great book under his arm, is with him."

Mrs. Moore turned very pale, but rallying, she said, "I dare say, Freddy, they are come to make some purchases at Mr. Hall's; it is not very likely they are coming to see us."

She had scarcely uttered these words, when Becky, flushed and triumphant, came in with a card.

Mrs. Moore glanced at it with a feeling almost of terror, and read—

SIR GREGORY GREVILLE,

GREVILLE PARK.

"The gentleman knows you are at home, ma'am—I told him so," said Becky. "He's waiting at the bottom of the stairs, to be asked up."

There was no help for it.

Mrs. Moore faltered out, "Very well, Becky," with white lips; and the next minute a fine, portly, florid old gentleman, with a noble head, soft silver hair, curling on his collar, and eyes beaming with benevolence, entered the room, holding a beautiful little girl by the hand, and followed by a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man, with a huge folio under his arm, and a pair of green goggles, through which his red eyes seemed rather to peer than to look.

Sir Gregory Greville bowed as courteously and as deeply to Mrs. Moore, the grocer's lodger, the burnt-out copyist of pictures, old Nat Neate's *protégée*, as if she had been a countess in her own right. Poor Mrs. Moore, all guiltless as she really was, yet being perfectly aware that her visitor was the uncle of her husband's ward, felt ready to sink at his feet with overwhelming shame and sorrow.

She could not force herself to raise her eyes to the kindly face that smiled so benignly upon her; but, with instinctive courtesy and innate grace, she motioned Sir Gregory and Violet to be seated, and sunk herself into an arm-chair that luckily was close at hand.

"I feel I ought to apologise for this intrusion, Mrs. Moore," said Sir Gregory; "but I am a very great lover

of the art in which you excel, and knowing, or rather, reading in the *Evertown Gazette* of the disastrous accident by which you have been so great a sufferer, I ventured to pay you a visit, in order to express my sympathy, and to say that if there is anything in my power that I could do to mitigate the discomfort or repair the losses you have sustained, you have only to command me."

Mrs. Moore, still overcome by painful emotions, and the bitter consciousness of her own identity, could only falter out her thanks in a low, hesitating voice, and still without raising her eyes to those of her visitor's.

He was, however, a man of the world, as far as experience of good society goes, although, in most respects, the very reverse of that hollow and artificial character called a man of the world. He liked and admired Eva all the more for her timidity, which he attributed to a bashfulness which he had never before encountered in a creature so elegant as Eva.

"Allow me," he said, "to introduce to you my little niece, Violet Vivian. Violet, my love, go and shake hands with Mrs. Moore, and tell her you hope she will give you a speedy opportunity of showing how you have learned to do the honours of old uncle's house, and how glad you will be to have a game of romps with her dear little boy."

Violet Vivian, upon this, went very prettily up to Mrs. Moore, who of course could not refuse the proffered hand of the little girl, but who felt like a treacherous and guilty thing as the little one, who had taken a great fancy to her, kissed her pale cheek, and said—

"I hope, Mrs. Moore, you'll come to our house, and bring your little boy" (little boy! he was a head taller than herself); "and I'm so sorry about the fire, and so glad you and the little boy were not burnt."

"I have yet another presentation to make to you, madam," said Sir Gregory, turning to the quaint, tall wearer of the green goggles, who had taken the nearest chair, and, with his heels on the bar, making a sort of table of his large bony knees, was deep in his folio edition of "Plato."

Mrs. Moore looked up as Sir Gregory went over to his old friend—who was not only rather hard of hearing, but almost as absent as the Dominie of blessed memory—and intimated, by some pantomime which the old tutor understood, that he was about to present him to Mrs. Moore.

Upon this, the quaint old fellow—who was about six feet three in height, but who was very loosely slung together, so that none of his limbs seemed quite to belong to him, or to be under his own control, marshalled his long legs and arms as well as he could, walked slowly, and with his huge feet well turned out, to a vacant space in the middle of the room, and there made a solemn, deep, and very low bow, with his hand on his heart, to Mrs. Moore.

It was a bow which, forty years before, the French dancing-master had taught him (when he was tutor at a school in Bath), in return for his having saved him from the practical jokes of the older boys, who had meanly resolved to toss the "*parlez vous*" in a blanket.

Even Mrs. Moore (seriously tried as she was at that moment by the presence of the little victim of Faulkner and Moslyn, and her uncle) had too keen a sense of the ludicrous not to find a smile play upon her white lips during the old tutor's protracted bow.

Seeing this, and inspired by a sudden interest in so fair and elegant a woman, he stepped deliberately backwards, made another bow similar to his first, and then striding back to his chair, took up his folio copy of "Plato," and was soon completely lost in the mazes of its abstruse but enthralling philosophy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OLD USHER.

SIR GREGORY then, drawing near Mrs. Moore, told her that the learned and very absent gentleman whom he had just had the honour of presenting to her, had been his own holiday tutor in his boyhood. "For," added the baronet, smiling, but with a tear in his intelligent, blue eyes, "my dear parents would not let me be idle, even during the vacations, and I bless them for it now, though I thought it hard then. He was chosen as my holiday tutor because he was an usher in the school where I was prepared for Eton. And now," he added, in a low voice (glancing at the distant window, to which Freddy had adjourned with Violet, and the charred, blackened remains of the Noah's Ark), "now he is kindly engaged in conducting the education of that dear child, who, though she is my only niece, and the darling of my heart, will probably be one day dependent on her talents for her support."

Mrs. Moore here turned a shade paler than before, and forced herself to say, "Is it possible?"

"It is indeed," continued Sir Gregory, "for though my poor sister's fortune was entailed upon herself, and her father, Harry Vivian, who survived her, and who was one of the bravest and best of men, never spent a penny of it, but left the whole to their only child, his mistaken confidence in a—a scoundrel, madam, a mean, treacherous scoundrel—whom I would give all I possess to bring to justice and punishment, a brother officer, too, of Harry's—has beggared that poor child."

"Greville Park, and everything it contains, are strictly entailed on the male heirs, and Violet Vivian will have to earn her own livelihood, on account of the vile breach of trust committed by her father's fellow-officer and supposed friend, afterwards the head of the great Lombard Street banking-house of Faulkner and Mostyn. Faulkner, madam (of course, you have heard of him)—Faulkner, the fraudulent and absconded bankrupt—that is the scoundrel who has ruined and beggared that child, and destroyed the worldly prospects of that dear little girl! Fifteen thousand pounds—the child's whole fortune—was sold out of the Three per Cents., and embezzled by him, madam; yes, by the man whose hypocrisy had made him the trusted, chosen friend of my poor sister's husband—noble, Christian, generous Harry Vivian—who made that man not merely his only child's trustee, but her guardian."

Sir Gregory was a man born with strong passions, and they were always excited to the utmost by any wrong done to the innocent and the helpless. He was so wrought upon by his subject, that he did not perceive that Mrs. Moore's brow was contracted as by extreme pain, that a livid pallor was overspreading her face, and that she trembled violently.

"That Faulkner, madam," he continued, "Faulkner-Moore, just before the smash, he was, indeed, one who could smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain! I knew him, madam; I knew him as what I believed to be the *beau-ideal* of a Christian soldier. I knew him as the *beau-ideal* of a Christian banker. Why, old Elton ('Forlorn Hope Elton,' as he was called, from his having led three forlorn hopes), was so taken in by him, that he gave him his daughter in marriage. Captain Elton gave his only daughter in marriage to that unprincipled, hypocritical scamp. I never saw her, but I have heard she was a paragon of beauty and virtue. Well, madam, I know it is unchristian to be angry and vindictive; but can you wonder at my feelings towards that child's treacherous and swindling guardian, when I tell you that on one occasion, seeing me (I am ashamed to own it), when first I was convinced of the fact of his guilt, wholly bent on pursuing the robber and bringing him to condign punishment, she took her seat on my knee, put her arms round my neck, and whispered in my ear,

'Uncle, who was it said, "Forgive, as you would be forgiven?"' And she does forgive him. She is a wonderful child; at five she has the intellect of a girl of twelve or fourteen. She understands the full extent of the wrong done her, and its result on her future life, and yet she prays, madam—yes, in her infant prayer she lisps out the name of her false guardian."

"She was very fond of him, and she is so still, and believes that he has been cheated. She cannot explain how, for she knows nothing of business matters, of course. She will not believe that her guardian has acted like a swindler and a rogue. But, good gracious! what's the matter? You are ill, madam!" cried Sir Gregory, darting to the bell, and pulling it violently.

In rushed Becky, and up started the old tutor, who, seizing a glass of water that stood on the table, was about to dash it in Mrs. Moore's face, when he was forcibly prevented by Sir Gregory.

Freddy and Violet left their window-seat and Noah's Ark; and Freddy, seeing his mother leaning back in her chair, white, cold, motionless, and with pinched features and blue lips, threw himself upon her, weeping bitterly.

Becky, who had seen her mistress similarly affected before, muttered something about her never having got over the "upset" and fright she had had on the night of the fire; and, lifting her up in her strong arms, carried her into her bedroom, whither she was followed by Freddy, who forgot even his little playfellow, Violet Vivian, when his mother was ill.

Sir Gregory resolved to wait till he heard that Mrs. Moore was better.

After a few minutes, Becky came in with her mistress's compliments and apologies, and an assurance that she would soon be quite well; but begged to be excused re-appearing, as she still felt weak and giddy.

Upon this, Sir Gregory took his leave, followed by the old tutor and little Violet, who glanced wistfully at the closed door of the bedroom, from which at that moment Freddy issued, to wish his new friends good-bye, and to tell Violet, with great satisfaction, that his dear mamma looked rather better, and was going to try to get a little sleep.

"Oh, I hope she will soon be better, Freddy," said the little girl. "I quite love your mamma."

"And I love you for loving her," said Freddy, kissing the pretty coral lips the child offered to his salute.

"I hope you will soon come to Greville Hall, Freddy," said Violet, "and then I will show you my birds, and my flowers, and my dear old cat, Snowball—quite white; and my pony, Jim Crow—quite black; and my curly, white poodle, and my old black raven. Oh, how nice it will be!"

Freddy thought so too, and, with another kiss, they parted.

There was, however, a delay of a few minutes at the carriage door; for when the old tutor at length made his appearance, everybody burst into fits of laughter. He had caught up Mrs. Moore's garden hat in lieu of his own; and there he was, looking very wise and serious, with a grey beaver and feather to match, hind part foremost, cocked on his large head.

This little mistake, which greatly amused the children—having been rectified, the carriage drove away with Sir Gregory, his little niece, and the old tutor; and Freddy crept noiselessly back to his mother's side, climbed up into the arm chair, and took his post there as head nurse; and while Mrs. Moore, with her face to the wall, was weeping bitterly over what she felt was Sir Gregory's false judgment of her absent beloved, another kindly Christian gentleman, who also had read the article in the *Everton Gazette*, was on his way to pay a first visit to Mrs. Moore.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

A SOMEWHAT tiresome fashion obtains in literature now-a-days, both in England and abroad—a fashion for unrolling and making public the contents of what we may well term literary mummies—books whose only value consists in their obscurity. The consequence is, that they emerge from the receptacles in which they have long lain hid—the dust of ages is shaken off their covers, and they re-appear to enjoy an insect-like existence of a day, to sink before long into deeper oblivion than before.

But side by side with this, which may be termed the cant of re-publication, there is happily a strong and growing taste not only for the standard works of our best writers, but for others who were great, but little known—or who would have been great, had it pleased Providence to spare them—and whose productions, dear hitherto to a small circle only, are now eagerly welcomed by the public at large.

To this latter class belongs Winthrop Mackworth Praed. In his own day, among his own intimate friends, it was believed that a great future in politics lay before him. But it was otherwise decreed. Few who have done so little have left behind them such a reputation for literary power; few have borne a character "so marked and individual, so full both in its moral and intellectual endowments, so fine in modification, so peculiar in the interchange and play of light and shade."

When he went to Eton, in 1814, the boys seem to have been as fond as they are now of publishing magazines, and it was in this field that Praed won his first laurels. The famous "Etonian," which is still read and admired, was the chief result of the exertions of himself and his friends. This magazine was in some respects the forerunner of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," one of the first of the attempts—then thought ridiculous—to spread a pure literature abroad amongst the people.

Praed was fortunate in going to Cambridge at a time when the working, thoughtful portion of the students was more brilliant than usual; and to the circle in which he moved there belonged many who became subsequently among the most distinguished men of their time. With these he read, and talked, and reasoned; conspicuous for the jovial gaiety, and the bright, sarcastic wit with which he could enliven the dullest of subjects, or parry the hardest thrusts in argument. At the debating society he was a constant and effective speaker, at a time when party feeling ran high, and when the youthful debaters brought talents of no mean order to their task.

But it is by his poetry that he will be remembered now, and to that we must hasten.* A prize poem is not usually considered to be the best vehicle for the expression of poetical sentiment, but we think there are few finer passages than the following address to Australia:—

Beautiful land, within whose quiet shore
Lost spirits may forget the stain they bore;
Beautiful land, with all thy blended shades
Of waste and wood, rude rocks and level glades!
On thee, on thee I gaze, as Moslems look
To the blest Island of their Prophet's Book;
And oft I deem that, linked by magic spell,
Pardon and Peace upon thy valleys dwell,
Like two sweet Hours beckoning o'er the deep
The souls that tremble and the eyes that weep!
Therefore on thee undying sunbeams throw
Their clearest radiance and their warmest glow,
And tranquil nights, cool gales, and gentle showers
Make bloom eternal in thy sinless bowers.
Green is thy turf; stern Winter doth not dare
To breathe his blast, and leave a ruin there;

* "The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed." With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. In Two Volumes. W. Moxon. 1884.

And the charmed ocean roams thy rocks around
With softer motion and with sweeter sound;
Among thy blooming flowers and blushing fruit
The whispering of young birds is never mute;
And never doth the streamlet cease to well
Through its old channel in the hidden dell.—Vol. ii., p. 284.

The mixture of seriousness and playfulness that was his characteristic in life was reflected in his verse. Take, as a specimen of the first, his description of the country vicar:—

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbar'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.
Vol. i., p. 138.

And of the second, a stanza jesting on a flirt:—

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I heard that there was nothing in it;
I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase that was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and, oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!
Vol. i., p. 148.

Verse-writing was with him a delight. Perhaps it was more usual then than it is now to propose in a mixed company a subject for a poem, on which all present are to write; but in Praed's time this was a common practice, and some of his happiest effusions were so composed. Of course, in most hands, such productions would be

"Rhymes devoid of reasoning,
As silly and insipid as a goose without the seasoning;"

but he could make the most trivial of subjects a vehicle for true poetry. To this class belong his famous charades, of which we commit one to the ingenuity of our readers:—

I graced Don Pedro's revelry,
All drest in fine and feather,
Where loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together;
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of manvedis,—
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me, and for the Ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
Before he went to table,
To make his only sport the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had drenched, as he was bid,
Five score of Turks to Cadiz,—
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me, and for the Ladies.

To ride through mountains, where my first
A banquet would be reckoned,—
Through deserts where, to quench their thirst,
Men vainly turn my second;
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
To dare the gates of Hades,—
And this that gallant Spaniard did
For me, and for the Ladies.

Before we conclude, we must say a word on Praed's parliamentary career. He was returned as member for Yarmouth in 1834; and when Sir Robert Peel came into office in December of that year, he was made Secretary of the Board of Control. Subsequently he became member for Aylesbury. In the House, where he was a Conservative, he distinguished himself more as a debater than as an orator; but perhaps any parliamentary failure, or seeming failure, may have been due to his gradually failing health. He died of consumption in July, 1839.

THE REASONABLENESS OF REVELATION.



IN a former paper we considered the sources of religious knowledge which are open to man through the unaided exercise of his own powers, and endeavoured to point out the inadequacy of them all. We propose in this paper to illustrate the place and office of Revelation with reference to Natural Religion.

Revelation denotes *unveiling—uncovering*. It implies the previous existence of that which is uncovered, or made known. It excludes the idea of newness, of invention, of recent creation. Watt *invented* the steam-engine, and Arkwright the spinning-jenny, which had no previous existence; Galileo *revealed* the satellites of Jupiter, which are as

old as the planet in its present form, and, according to the nebular hypothesis, older; Harvey *revealed* the circulation of the blood, which had been an unrevealed fact through all the antecedent ages of human history. Joseph Smith, his associates and successors, *created* what is peculiar to Mormonism; Mahomet *created* those portions of Mahometanism that he did not borrow, which are not truth, because they are the product of his own mind: we Christians believe that Jesus Christ *revealed* what is peculiar to Christianity, which is truth, because it was not the offspring of his own mind or age, but the disclosure of what was in the beginning in the mind of God, and in the nature, duty, and destiny of man.

We thus see that it is only natural religion which can furnish the material for revelation. The distinction between natural and revealed religion is not essential, but modal—referring not to the substance, but to the means, and therefore to the extent of our knowledge. The clown on the hill-top and the astronomer in his observatory see the same heavens; but where the former beholds only glittering points, the latter can trace the diversified disc of every planet, and can measure spaces and motions as if he trod the celestial paths with his chain and compass. In like manner, we can with the naked eye of reason and self-spun philosophy discern and know little of the spiritual universe, little even of our own nature, relations, and destiny; but when Christ puts the telescope to our eyes, and the measuring-rod in our hands, we can see and measure the things of which we had before been dimly cognisant or wholly ignorant. The revealed religion of the earth is the natural religion of heaven—would be our natural religion, had we sufficiently comprehensive and penetrating minds to make it so—will be our natural religion when the scales shall fall from our eyes in death. Christianity, if true, is the fundamental law of spiritual being, as constant as the laws of Nature, as unchangeable as the circuits of the stars. It is the physiology of the Divine and the human spirit, the geography of the world of probation, duty, and accountability in which we live, the astronomy of

those upper heavens where are the everlasting mansions of the redeemed. This physiology it is of immeasurable importance for man to know, that he may act worthily of his nature—that he may not dwarf it, or debase it, or leave it undeveloped. This geography it profoundly concerns him to learn, that he may use the world as not abusing it—that he may walk circumspectly. With this astronomy it is for his highest interest and happiness that he become conversant, so that when the whole lower firmament is darkened, he may lift his eyes from disappointment, and sorrow, and the death-shadow, to those unfading lights that burn around the eternal throne. But, as we have shown, this is a department in which man has not at his own command the requisite means of research and sources of knowledge. We therefore maintain that the fact of revelation belongs to natural religion; that is, that revelation is not only an historical fact, but a fact that was to have been reasonably anticipated on a *priori* grounds—on grounds connected with the nature of man and of God.

I. For, first, revelation is a postulate of human nature. Its subjects are such as necessarily command the curiosity of the mind only a little raised above a mere animal existence. Religion comprises a department in which every thoughtful man perceives that there is something to be known—real, objective truth. There comes up from the earliest ages that have left us their record the cry of the inquiring, longing soul, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! Wherewith shall I approach Him, and how shall I order my ways before Him? If a man die, shall he live again?" And with this cry comes the thought of a revelation, as the only means by which it can be answered. The sense of this need found voice repeatedly among the philosophers of classic antiquity. Iamblichus, in describing the religious belief of Pythagoras and his followers, writes: "It is manifest that those things are to be done which are pleasing to God; but what they are it is not easy to know, except man were taught them by God himself, or by some person who had received them from God, or obtained the knowledge of them through some Divine means." There is a very striking passage in one of Plato's Dialogues, from which it would appear that he, or Socrates, in whose name he writes, anticipated a revelation as near at hand. Socrates meets one of his disciples going to a temple to pray, tries to convince him that he knows neither how to pray nor what to pray for, and then adds: "It seems best to me that we keep quiet. . . . It is absolutely necessary that we wait with patience, till we know certainly how we ought to behave toward God and man. . . . Till that time arrives, it may be safer to avoid offering sacrifices, of which you know not whether they are acceptable to God or not." Similar expressions might be multiplied, showing that the religion of Nature is throughout an interrogative religion, which yearns for an answer to its questions from a more than human wisdom.

In accordance with this view, we find a universal

appetency for revelation. Sacred books, oracles, prophets, have always been received with a ready faith.

We know, indeed, that modern deists have disclaimed revelation as a postulate of the human soul. But why? Because they have enriched their naturalism with the spoils of Christianity. Were we carefully to explore a vast and curiously furnished subterranean chamber by the light of a torch, we might on a second visit discern the shape and size of every object by the few and straggling rays of light from the cave's mouth. But let another party enter for the first time without a torch, they would stumble at every step, and would be able to distinguish nothing by the same light by which we had seen everything. Modern deists in Christian countries had the light of the torch, before they deemed themselves independent of it. The ancients, groping from the first in darkness, longed for the torch, and despaired of finding their way without it.

II. There is antecedent reason in the nature of things to suppose that the requirement of the human soul for Divine revelation would be satisfied. Unless the religious craving be an exception, there is no demand of man that has not its answer, no want for which there is not a supply provided, no yearning that does not find its response. Hunger levies contributions on every department of Nature, and there is no zone or climate that yields not food fit for its inhabitants. For thirst there are springs even in the desert, and reservoirs in the arid rock. For man's social cravings provision is made in the essential laws and conditions of birth and nurture, and in the necessities and mutual dependences of even the lowest types of savage life. For the still profounder need of loving and being loved, there is no relation between human beings which has not its instinctive and spontaneous action upon the emotional nature, so that in the whole commerce of domestic and social life there is a perpetual interweaving of finer and more delicate fibres of sympathy and fellow-feeling. The same correlation of demand and supply pervades the entire realm of science and knowledge. No class of objects or phenomena, however recondite, is presented to our curiosity, without means of ascertaining its nature, laws, sources, and causes. Among things observed and experienced no question is ever asked, and asked persistently, for which the answer is not lodged within the seeker's reach. How profound are the researches, how severely accurate the discoveries, constantly made as to objects that might seem too vast for comprehension, or too minute for cognisance, or too remote for precise measurement and analysis! We mark the perturbations of Uranus, detect the metallic particles in the atmosphere of the sun, trace organic life back to its infinitesimal type and outbudding. Meanwhile, here is our instinct of reverence, which has no definite object—our inquiry into supersensual truth, which returns to us as void, as unsatisfied, as in the infancy of the race—our earnest onlooking, before which hangs death, no less than ever a dense, impenetrable veil.

Not only are the soul's religious wants profound and intense, but mere mental progress and cultivation, so far from meeting them, only render them more utterly hopeless. Thus, in the ruder days of Athens and Rome there was doubtless a sincere,

and to a certain extent a satisfying, faith in the gods of the popular mythology and in the fables about Elysium; while with the growth of knowledge, religion on the one hand rationalised itself into pantheism, and on the other attenuated itself into atheism.

These religious wants of man, we have already proved, are not susceptible of satisfaction through the agency of the human mind, with the instruments of inquiry that natively belong to it. But their very existence authorises the assurance that they are to be satisfied somehow or somewhere. Now, revelation is to the religious wants what food is to hunger, water to thirst, kindred to the loving heart, scientific truth to the inquiring intellect.

III. There is, also, in the nature of God antecedent reason to suppose that he would have made a revelation. We will for the present exclude from our argument those fatherly attributes of the Divine character, for which we are indebted to revelation, and which, therefore, we cannot employ in proof of a revelation without reasoning in a circle. We will simply assume, what the marks of contrivance in the universe certainly demonstrate—creative design, that is, creative intelligence; and we will suppose that this intelligence belongs to a single Divine mind, though our argument would remain unaffected on the hypothesis of dualism, or even of polytheism.

God made man; made him not mere brute existence, but mind, soul, will, affection. He has made each human mind capable of communion with other created minds, so that it can take cognisance of their thoughts and emotions, and can receive from them knowledge, sentiment, and impulse. Is it conceivable that he should have shut out from himself the very avenues of communion which he has opened to created spirits—that he should have put into the hands of his creatures keys with which they can unlock every chamber of intellect, fancy, and feeling, and can with intimate consciousness pervade, as it were, the whole of one another's inward being—and that, as regards himself, he should have locked every door, and thrown away the keys? The power to open every soul to the direct communion of every other soul, includes and implies the power to open every soul to his own direct communion. The fact that he has thus established communion between soul and soul, renders it probable that he has also established communion between himself and the souls of men.

Still further, we can hardly conceive of God's having created intelligent minds, without the will to become himself an object of their intelligence—to be distinctly recognised and known by them. So far is the idea of revelation from being unnatural, that any mode of communication would seem more natural than eternal silence. To our mind, the literal sense of some of the early scriptural narratives—according to which the voice of the Almighty was heard in the garden in the cool of the day, was listened and replied to by the first-born among men, was made audible to the patriarch in his tent, and to Samuel in his bed hard by the ark of the covenant—has a naturalness, a reality, a life-likeness, immeasurably greater than the heartless theory according to which the Creator has abandoned his offspring to perpetual orphanhood, has cut himself off for ever from their conscious intercourse with him, has given them no

certain tokens of his being, his nature, and his love!

Again, man must have been created with some definite design or purpose on the part of the Creator, as to the development and exercise of his moral and active powers. It is impossible that God should not have a will as to the dispositions and deeds of his intelligent offspring, and laws which he would have them obey. On all the rest of creation he has impressed his will and law, and all things are obedient thereunto. Inanimate Nature is bound by adamant chains of immutable law. The fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," throbs in every pulse of air and ocean, in the waves of light and sound, in growth, vicissitude, catastrophe, and disintegration. Instinct in animals attends and attests design, and not one of them can transcend or fall short of his manifest place, office, and purpose in the universe. Man alone has an autonomic will, the power of choice between good and evil, between parallel courses of seeming good, between like, diverse, or opposite aims. Man alone is capable of obeying or disobeying law. And no one doubts that there are laws in obeying which he fulfils the purpose, works out the destiny, for which he was created. But he is capable of attaining to the knowledge of those laws only approximately and imperfectly. He had a fair opportunity and an open field, room for the trial of all kinds of moral experiments, ample time for ascertaining the right and the good, in the thousands of years that preceded the Christian era. He had all the lights of prolonged experience, profound philosophy, high and varied civilisation. And with what results? As we have seen, there had been attained nothing that can now be regarded as a perfect system of ethics. There was no vice which had not its apologists, no virtue which had not its detractors, among the wisest and best men of their day.

If we further assume the Divine benignity and

mercy, which most writers on natural theology regard as proved independently of revelation, our argument becomes still stronger. Benignity, in its very essence, craves recognition and communion. Love does not conceal itself from those whom it blesses.

If God be a father, his paternal attributes of necessity involve self-revelation. That he should have left his being to be inferred or surmised; that he should have given his children neither instruction, warning, assurance, nor hope; that he should have wrapt them in impenetrable and invincible ignorance, as to the greater part of what they yearn to know concerning him; that he should have suffered those of them who would gladly do his will to be bewildered and doubtful as regards that will; that he should have abandoned the less dutiful to waywardness and guilt, without a single appeal to that filial feeling which often lies deep in the very worst heart, and becomes an efficient means of repentance and reformation; this is so atrociously unfatherly—so utterly opposed to what our own natural affection renders probable, that we must set it aside as an untenable hypothesis. The fatherhood of God and revelation, then, suppose and imply each other. If the former be a doctrine, the latter is equally a postulate, of natural religion. If God has withdrawn himself for ever from direct communication with men, then, whatever else may be his relation to them—Creator, Sovereign, Judge—he is not their Father.

On these grounds we claim that revelation rests for its probability on the basis of natural religion. The denial of revelation rejects the fatherhood of God, casts doubt on his benignity, negatives the inferences that flow from intelligent design, and, if it does not land us in atheism, plunges us into the hardly less dreary mist and rayless gloom of pantheism, of a self-energising and self-organising Nature—an intelligence which can be the object of neither trust, reverence, nor love.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF THE BIBLE.

THE BEAR.



THE bear frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures is by some people supposed to be distinct from the common brown bear of Northern Europe, and has received the name of *Ursus Syriacus*, to distinguish the species. But there can be no doubt that the Syrian bear is merely a variety of the *Ursus Arctos*, being its Palestine representative.

When Hushai the Archite gave his counsel to Absalom, he represented David and his warriors to "be chafed in their minds as a bear robbed of her whelps in the field" (2 Sam. xvii. 8). A similar allusion to the fierce nature of the bear when she has cubs is made by King Solomon: "Let a bear

robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly" (Prov. xvii. 12); and by the prophet Hosea: "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart" (xiii. 8).

Bears were great enemies to the flocks, as we are told in the history of David, who, when a young man, is said to have combated successfully with one of these animals. "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock" (1 Sam. xvii. 34). These words, at first sight, do not seem very clear; it would appear that only one transaction is here recorded, and that these two animals came simultaneously to the attack. The Hebrew words, however, there can be no doubt, point to two different transactions. At one time, as David was keeping the flock, a lion came, at another time a bear; both of which animals he slew. Amos, who was a herdsman, was well aware that the bear was a dangerous

enemy both to flocks and to men; he alludes to this in chap. v. 19. The plaintive, groaning noise which the bear utters is alluded to by the prophet Isaiah: "We roar like bears;" where the original word would have been much better rendered "moan." In 2 Kings ii. 23, 24, it is related that, as Elisha went from Jericho to Bethel, little children out of the city came forth and ridiculed the

duct of Elisha in this particular is certainly not to be our pattern now. One greater than Elisha has bidden us "not to resist evil," and "to love our enemies," "to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us" (Matt. v. 39, 44).

The Syrian bear (*Ursus Arctos*, var. *Syriacus*) was known to the ancient Hebrews by the term *Dôb*, from a root meaning to "go slowly," in allusion to



prophet on account of his baldness at the back of his head, and that he turned back and cursed them in the name of the Lord; whereupon came forth "two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them." Some writers have endeavoured to show that these children were no children at all, but profane young men. Beyond a shadow of doubt, however, the narrative speaks of "little children," and not young men. The con-

duct of Elisha in this particular is certainly not to be our pattern now. One greater than Elisha has bidden us "not to resist evil," and "to love our enemies," "to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us" (Matt. v. 39, 44). The Syrian bear (*Ursus Arctos*, var. *Syriacus*) was known to the ancient Hebrews by the term *Dôb*, from a root meaning to "go slowly," in allusion to

the higher mountains of Palestine. Strange stories are told, by the inhabitants of Hermon, of the fierce nature of this bear, and of his wonderful doings; they believe that "when he is chased up the mountain he will cast back large stones upon his pursuers with terrible force and unerring aim; so that the stoutest hunter will not venture to attack him alone, nor without being thoroughly armed for the deadly strife."

The skin of the Syrian bear is of great value, and a preparation of the animal's excrement, *bar ed dub*, is supposed to be a remedy in cases of ophthalmia. Wonderful, indeed, are the agents formerly employed in medicine to which therapeutic properties were attributed. Not a single part of any animal but was supposed to possess healing powers. Bones, blood, fat, skin, loins, kidneys, bile—all were once used as remedies in divers forms of diseases, and credited with preservative or curative powers. In the Middle Ages these things formed part of the *materia medica*. Happily, the progress of medical science has long since released us from such extravagances; but in the East it is otherwise. Mummies' brains, bats' dung, vipers and millepedes, crabs' eyes, and various other animal substances, enter into the *materia medica* of Cairo. It is still, however, to be regretted that even in our own land, amongst the poorer classes in the country, most absurd and injurious opinions prevail with respect to the healing properties ascribed to certain animals or portions of animals. Old women still recommend the swallowing of wood-lice and a draught of bullocks' blood!

The Syrian bear is said to be more of a vegetarian in his diet than other kinds; though all kinds of bears are omnivorous. He commits great devastation amongst the crops of chick pea (*Cicer arietinum*), which the inhabitants of Northern Palestine are in the habit of cultivating, chiefly for the sake of the seeds. I may mention that this leguminous plant, which derives its specific name from the resemblance of its seeds to a ram's head—*arietinum* being the adjective from *aries*, a ram—is remarkable for a glandular secretion, which is yielded by the leaves and stem during the heats of summer: after the liquid portion is evaporated, small crystals are left behind. These are crystals of oxalic acid, the agreeable and refreshing properties of which are, it is probable, fully approved of by Mr. Bear. Not, however, that he is a decided vegetarian; for, as we have seen, he is not at all averse to a little lamb, either with or after his chick-pea salad. Some short time ago, there was a Syrian bear to be seen in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens; I am not aware that any difference in diet was observed with respect to him. A young Syrian bear, from Mount Lebanon, was, some years ago, kept by a resident at Oxford, and obtained a noted celebrity. He is described as having been a most social animal; giving vent to grievous expressions of dissatisfaction on being left alone, refusing to eat, and at length dying of absolute grief.

Bears, Sir G. Wilkinson tells us, "are altogether unknown in Egypt; and if they occur much in the

paintings of the Theban tombs, the manner in which they are introduced sufficiently proves them not to have been among the animals of Egypt, since they are brought by foreigners, together with the productions of their country which were deemed rare and curious to the Egyptians." The colour of the Syrian bear's skin is generally of a light yellowish brown; the animal grows to a large size.

Bears inhabit Europe, Asia, America, and some of the islands of Malaya. The existence of any bear in Africa has been long denied; but, according to the testimony of Ehrenberg, it would seem that some kind of bear has been observed by the Prussian naturalist, in the mountains of Abyssinia. This creature, called by the natives *kurrai*, had been often hunted by Ehrenberg, but in vain.

The brown bear of Europe appears to have been an inhabitant of these islands in times gone by; and the celebrated naturalist, Ray, states that it was once one of the wild beasts of the chase. The horrible spectacle of bear-baiting, formerly a favourite amusement, has long since ceased to demoralise the minds of the people. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, these revolting scenes were common, and were patronised by royalty. "Sir Thomas Pope entertained Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, at Hatfield, with 'a grand exhibition of bear-baiting, with which,' adds the historian, 'their highnesses were right well content.' We cannot be surprised, therefore, that bear-baiting should be described as among 'the princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle.' Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, then in her sixty-seventh year, Rowland White says: 'Her Majesty is very well. This day she appoints a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope, in the Conduit-court. To-morrow she has commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the Tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have solemn dauncing.'"

The grisly bear (*Ursus ferax*) of North America, is one of the fiercest of the family. He is more than a match for the wild and furious bison. The sloth bear (*U. labiatus*), an inhabitant of some of the mountainous parts of India, is frequently seen in menageries. It seems to be an animal of unhappy disposition in confinement, continually uttering a low, whining noise. The Malayan bear (*U. malayanus*) is a small, but very strongly made animal. I remember how a specimen in the Zoological Gardens used to bully his cage-companions, though much larger than himself. Of the Polar bear, the most splendid of the ursine family, there is no space to speak on the present occasion.

Bones of bears (fossil remains) have been found in various parts of England; Kent's Hole, near Torquay, is famous for the numerous fossils it has yielded. The *Ursus spelæus*, or great cave bear, long ago extinct, was once an inhabitant of England; how long ago, it is impossible to say. An idea of the immense size which male specimens attained may be formed from the canine teeth that have been found in Kirkdale and Kent's Hole caves. Cuvier estimated the great cave bear to have equalled in size a large horse.

* "Cassell's Natural History," vol. i., p. 327.

ABOUT CONTENTMENT.

"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."
1 Tim. vi. 8.



ONCE paid a visit," writes Caroline Fry, "to an aged saint, up three pair of stairs, in the neighbourhood of Rathbone Place. She was past work, and was supported by an allowance from the Aged Pilgrims' Society, and other doles of charity. I found her at dinner on a mess of turnip-greens. There was no snow-white damask on the table, but it was well scoured; and the greens had not time to cool, between the fire and the clean white plate, to which, without rising, she neatly and carefully transferred them, assuring me that she understood cooking very well. She told me turnip-tops were very dear in London; they used to be cheap in the country, where she lived when she was young, and she had been very fond of them; so, having money that day, she thought she would treat herself for once to a good dinner.

"And very fine they are," she added, with a look of satisfaction, as she proceeded with her feast—"nobody need wish for a better dinner. They only want a little pepper; but then," she added, with a contented smile, 'one cannot have everything.'"

"One cannot have everything," said this submissive and contented follower of Him who "had not where to lay his head." Compare this happy pensioner, "having nothing, and yet possessing all things," with a crowned king:—"Ahab laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. And his wife said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread? And he said unto her, Because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, saying, Give me thy vineyard for money; or, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it: and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard."

What was the essential difference between the peaceful, contented pensioner, and the angry and fretful king? It was that the monarch looked only at externals—at that which was near and visible; while the poor pensioner had a stronger sight, and looked beyond the outside, into the distant, the unseen, and the eternal. He was already a king, and for a few short years would remain so; and of what was to follow, or of how his eternity was to be spent, he neither thought nor cared anything. She, too, had a crown laid up for her in heaven—a crown which was to endure for ever; but it was still future. The present life, which to her would be only a few more months or years, was merely a journey, a pilgrimage, and its attendant circumstances troubled her little. She seldom asked the trivial questions, "What shall I eat? what shall I drink? or wherewithal shall I be clothed?" Her heavenly Father, she was conscious, "knew that she had need of these things," and in his hands she left them. The really important part of her existence was the future. It was near, it was

blessed, it was to be eternal. In the contemplation of its approach, how insignificant were the petty troubles of the way! How could she be otherwise than content, singing ever, with Richard Baxter—

"Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

"Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?"

Christian contentment, therefore, is no forced or unnatural thing, no violent constraint put upon the soul. It is simply a seeing things as they really are. Cecil remarks, in one of his forcible and sagacious meditations—"What if you saw a man hastening to take possession of a large estate, whose carriage had broken down by the way, and who was walking about, wringing his hands and lamenting—not the delay—but the loss of his carriage? Would you not say, 'Never mind the carriage; get another, and push on—think of what awaits you at the end of the journey?'" So, if a man has "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven" for him, and if he properly realise the fact, the trifling incidents of a little more or a little less money, a little more or a little less comfort by the way, will scarcely affect his equanimity.

But when this life is ALL—when a man has no hope beyond the grave; and when, to get as much enjoyment as possible in the few years that remain, is all that he can do, then, indeed, things assume quite another aspect. He is a complex and wonderful machine, fitted to receive enjoyment in a hundred ways, and capable also of suffering anguish. And if the future be to him a blank—if he know nothing, and care nothing, about it—then the present is to him everything. How can he help being agitated and perturbed by every wind that blows? To gain delight of some kind now, is the only object he can have in view. To lose it, and to suffer pain and loss, is to forfeit the main object of a portion of his butterfly existence. How, then, can he be calm and resigned amidst losses and sorrows? To recommend to him stolidity and impassiveness is to counsel a thing unnatural and unreasonable. When delight comes, he will rejoice with a madman's joy—when disappointment meets him, he will throw himself on his bed, like Ahab, and refuse all comfort.

The whole art of contentment, therefore, consists in two things—the having a future, and the realising it. A very large portion of mankind, although a dark and dreary future is before them, make as though they had none. They dislike all reference to it; they shut out, as far as they can, all thought of it. They would fain believe there is none, or that it is alike to all. Practically, they have no future: none, the hopes or fears of which exert any influence upon them.

Another class, however, have, we hope, "an inheritance reserved for them," but they scarcely realise

it. Remaining sinful and infirmity bow them down, and they seldom "lift up their eyes to the hills, whence cometh their help." Naturally and necessarily, a weak and halting faith teaches only a timorous, half-unbelieving hope; and with these, content can hardly dwell. The only solid foundation and source of contentment is that which a poet of our own day has so feelingly expressed, in a few most touching stanzas:—

"I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see:

The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

• • • • •

"My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.

"Thou art my portion," saith my soul—
'Amen,' sweet voices say.
The music of that glad Amen
Will never die away."

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

III.—BENARES.



IF we take our stand at Benares, we shall be at the very heart of heathenism in India. It is the Rome of Hindustan; the sacred city around which cluster all the devotions and superstitions of the people. According to Hindoo notions, Benares is the centre of the earth, and 80,000 steps nearer heaven than any other place in the world. The district, for ten miles all around, is called the Panch Kosi, and esteemed so holy that the greatest sinner who dies within it is considered sure of going to paradise. No less than 30,000 Brahmins, who may be regarded as the priests of India, reside in the city. Upwards of eighty schools, in which their religion is taught, may be said to constitute the University of Hindooism.

Along the banks of the Ganges, on which it stands, are the steep ghâts, or landing places, on the steps of which may be seen the countless votaries of superstition performing their ablutions. Here, too, until the interference of the British Government abated the awful nuisance, might be seen the sick and dying left by relatives and friends to die beside the sacred stream. There, in the crowd, might be witnessed the sad spectacle of children bringing their aged parents to the bank, and suffocating them by pouring the mud and water of the turbid river down their throats. Yonder might be seen the deluded parents drowning the cries of their own children with the exclamation, "It is blessed to die by the Gunga, my son."

An officer has recorded that, wandering one evening beside the Ganges, he saw a Hindoo mother place her infant child in a little raft of reeds which she had constructed for it, and having dedicated her offspring as a gift to the river, pushed out the ark and its precious burden upon the stream. A little way down the river the branch of an overhanging tree arrested the progress of the raft. In a moment the mother had clambered along the bough, reached the raft, and seized the infant. Had her maternal heart relented? Was she about to reclaim and save her child? Alas for the tender

mercies of idolatry! She wrung the neck of the innocent babe, and then dashed the body into the darksome flood! "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? *Yea, they may forget.*" Heathenism can tear the last fibre of feeling from the human heart, and leave it, as the apostle declares, "without natural affection." Such scenes, it is true, are now infrequent, because the strong arm of the law prevents them; but the spirit that dictates them remains unchanged.

But what is that squalid and miserable figure around which the crowd are gathering with such expressions of admiration and respect? His hair is matted with clay, his forehead smeared with dirt, his whole appearance hideous in the extreme. This is one of the fakirs, or holy beggars, of India. Half fanatic, half rogue, he wanders about gossiping, deceiving, and making mischief wherever he goes. But in the opinion of the Hindoos he is one of the holiest of men, although stained with every vice, and receives large donations in food and money from those who hope to gain his interest with the gods.

Not far off we observe a man stretched at full length upon the ground, and with extended arm measuring the space which he has covered on the earth. He rises, and placing his feet on the spot to which his hand had reached, lies down again and measures his length once more; and he has been doing this for many weeks and months, and it may be years, and over a space of hundreds of miles. He is a devotee on pilgrimage to one of the holy shrines at Benares, and has chosen this painful method of progression as a penance or a virtue. When he reaches a river he will measure the breadth of it with his body along the bank before he crosses the stream by swimming or in a boat. And he, too, is esteemed a saint by the admiring crowd.

If we had visited Benares before the year 1829, when Lord Bentinck abolished the dreadful custom of suttee, we might have seen sadder sights than any we have described; and, indeed, they have been witnessed at a much later period in several parts of India. According to the rite of suttee, when a Hindoo died, a number of his wives were selected by the Brahmins to be burnt upon his funeral pile. Thus, at the obsequies of Runjeet Singh, the

Maharajah of the Punjaub, in 1839, four queens sumptuously attired, two of them being only sixteen years of age, and of extraordinary beauty and five Cashmerean slave-girls, were immolated in the flames which consumed the living and the dead. It is calculated that 70,000 widows have been thus cruelly sacrificed in India since the year 1756; and

past; so, too, we may speak of the Churruck Puja, or Swinging Festival, which, until very recently, was so common in various parts of Hindustan. A tall pole was fixed in the ground, and a transverse one made to revolve on the top of it. From this ropes were suspended, and iron hooks attached to them. These latter were inserted into the backs



Benares, as being "the holy city," was a principal scene of these rites. In the division of Calcutta not less than 365 were thus annually sacrificed.

The subjoined illustration of a Suttie is taken from a Hindoo picture, and is intended to convey an idea of entire acquiescence on the part of the victim, and of admiration and delight on the part of the spectators.

We have spoken of suttie as a thing of the

of the wretched men, who either presented themselves as victims, or were paid by others for enduring the torture, and who were then lifted up from the ground, and swung round and round in the air, whilst the tom-toms and the shouts of the multitude drowned their cries and groans.

It is a matter of congratulation that British law no longer permits such scenes to take place in our Indian possessions; but we have had a very

striking proof that the spirit of idolatry is not dead, and that mere power cannot extinguish it. An attempt was recently made to revive the horrid orgies of Juggernaut, and human life has once more been publicly sacrificed beneath the wheels of the monster's car.

When the rites of this idol were at their height in Orissa, the numbers who perished by self-immolation, fever, and fatigue, in the pilgrimages to this single shrine, could not be less than 120,000 in the year! And yet this is the worship which the benighted people of India have attempted to revive. The strong arm of law will, doubtless, prevent their efforts from being successful; but we must look to the spread of the Gospel as the only means to eradicate the terrible superstition from their hearts.

We have looked on the dark side of things at Benares; but there is a bright side to the picture. On the western side of the city once stood a jungle, which was the resort of thieves and robbers. Here the Thugs, who are the professional murderers of India, and whose very religion enjoins bloodshed, were accustomed to congregate. It was a place shunned by all, and many an unwary traveller there met his untimely end. On this very spot was planted a missionary settlement, and from it went forth the word of life and peace to the whole neighbourhood. Where once the shrieks of the murdered and the curses of the murderers went up to heaven, the voice of prayer and praise has ascended before God from converted heathens, who have found peace through the blood of Christ. Sagra became a home of holiness and love, and realised the fulfilment of the promise that the wilderness should "blossom as the rose."

There are many missionary schools in the villages about Benares, but in the city itself stands Jay Narain's College. The founder, after whom it is called, was a rich native gentleman, who built it for his countrymen at an expense of £5,000; but having received kind medical assistance from the missionaries during a severe illness, was led, in gratitude, to make over the college and its endowments for Christian purposes. It is said to reflect that he never embraced the Gospel himself, and assigned as his reason that, if the British Government believed in it themselves, they would have taken more pains to make it known to their subjects in India. In this college some 400 youths are instructed in the Word of God, and several of them have been baptised into the faith of Christ.

A new and interesting feature of missionary work has presented itself at Benares—Christian ladies of influence and station are devoting themselves to the instruction of the female members of Hindoo families of rank, who have hitherto been excluded, by the seclusion of the zenanas and the customs of the country, from all intercourse with the male missionary. We ourselves know three sisters who have gone forth at their own expense, and are devoting themselves with much success to this important work of evangelising and educating the women of rank in and around Benares. Would that many of our Christian ladies followed their example!

As you pass through the streets of Benares you may meet a missionary, who has taken up his post in the bazaar, or some frequented place, and hear

him preach the Word of Life to the people; and when he has ceased, through fatigue, you may observe his native catechist, in the crowd, following up his exhortations. Then follow questions, cavils, and often blasphemies, on the part of the crowd, and answers and arguments on the part of the preachers. And thus, amidst objections and opposition, the good work proceeds. Let us take an instance:—

Ram Ruttan was a Hindoo of respectable caste, and received his first religious impressions from a tract on "The Immortality of the Soul." He was fond of arguing, and often opposed the missionaries, but still seemed ardent in the search for truth. At length he could no longer resist his convictions, and was baptised by the name of Nathanael. This man became an Apollos in eloquence and zeal, and travelled from one mela, or fair, to another, proclaiming salvation to his countrymen. He had three sons, who, at his request, were baptised as Abel, Noah, and Moses. His wife was still a heathen, and he prayed and laboured for her conversion; but when he spoke to her of Christ she used to reply, "Do I not live in Benares? and if I die, I will die in the Panch Kosi; from thence I shall be sure of going to heaven. I will not be a Christian. I will not be baptised." Her husband died rejoicing in the Lord. A native, speaking of him, said—"It was impossible for a Hindoo to die as he died; with them there is weeping and wailing, but with him there was joy and peace in believing." His widow mourned his loss, but the bereavement did not bring her to Christ. Her second son was taken ill, and died; but still her heart was closed. Her third son was taken ill, and, in the bitterness of her grief, she carried him and laid him at the missionary's feet, exclaiming—"Make my son well, or he will die also." The missionary, seeing death in the boy's face, pointed her to the Great Physician, saying, "Good woman, human aid is of no avail; none can help your son but the Good Physician. When he was on earth he raised the dead; apply, therefore, to him." She made no reply, and went away, leaving the dying child at the missionary's feet. In two days she returned to fetch her son, and just as she laid him on her bed, he died. It was the last blow. Affliction had been blessed, and the rod was removed. "It is enough, Lord," she exclaimed, "it is enough; I will humble myself; I will bow unto thee. I will bow unto the foot of thy cross." When asked at her baptism by what name she wished to be called, she replied, "Call me Naomi, for the Lord has dealt with me as he dealt with her." Her husband's relatives came a distance of 500 miles to induce her to go back to her people and her gods; but she answered, "If they would give me a golden conveyance to travel in, and a golden house to live in, still I would not go." She was afterwards employed in the Female Orphan Institution at Benares, and continued to be an ornament of that faith of which she had become so eminent a trophy.

Just four months before the mutiny, a conference of missionaries belonging to various Christian churches met at Benares. They felt that, though it was the head-quarters of heathenism, it possessed peculiar attractions for those who were engaged in spreading the Gospel. The question that presented itself to their faith was this: Why should not Benares become for Christianity in India the same

focus which it has long been for Hindooism? Such is the spirit in which their work is carried on in India; and may not we, imitating their faith, inquire, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" There is an ancient temple at Benares, on the bank of the river, the foundation of which has given way, and some of the towers have already fallen into the river. We may take it as an illustration of what is taking place in respect to heathenism. Silently but surely its foundations are being sapped by the progress of the truth, and even now the gigantic fabric is tottering to its fall. One of our missionaries informs us that the Hindoos frequently confess—"We know that you will succeed, and that we shall all become Christians. If you would

only attack us in our rites and ceremonies, by preaching against our bathings, ablutions, and idols—if you would commence pulling down the house from the top—it would be all well, for we should build up as fast as you could pull down. But, instead of this, you come daily to the same spot, and preach nothing but your Gospel, and again your Gospel, and again your Gospel, and thereby you undermine the foundation of our building; and when you have once fairly succeeded in doing that, the whole will come down with one tremendous crash."

"So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

SHIPWRECKED HOPES.



SEE them sinking, sinking slowly,
Those shipwrecked hopes
so high and holy:
Far in a deep abyss they
lie,
And the surf of sorrow
rolls wildly by.

I see, by memory's fitful
gleaming,

The long lost visions of childhood's
dreaming;

When earth had always a sunny sky,
And beauty always a laughing eye.

I behold hope's sweetest dawn arise,
Winning a welcome of glad surprise;
One bud we grasp from its glorious crown,
And in earth or heaven there seems no frown.

Ah me! that halcyon days of brightness,
And hearts attuned to a joyous lightness,
Should fleet, like the sweetness of hawthorn spray,
When June has withered the gentle May.

Oh, I see them sinking, sinking slowly,
Those olden dreams so pure and holy;
And the bud of hope when it came to bloom,
Was nought but ashes from love's dead tomb.

The darling child, or the friend we cherish,
Seems only given to fade and perish.
And the good ship, Hope, rings many a knell
To arouse the ghouls in despair's dark cell.

And still o'er life's wide, tumultuous ocean,
And the inner tumult of emotion,
Silently sink, amid awful shocks,
A thousand wrecks on the sunken rocks.

Cold waves close o'er a dazzling glory;
Now they swallow life's noblest story—
Now they creep over friends and fame—
Till happiness is a mocking name.

And thus around us slowly, slowly,
Sink and perish our hopes most holy;
Leaving us on the strand of pain,
Buried in sand-heaps of woe and shame.

And all is cheerless, exclaim we, weeping,
Where the cruel waves a dirge are keeping—
A weary, unceasing dirge and moan
For the joys that leave us alone, alone.

But pause a moment—be still, O sorrow!
For the darkest night, there must dawn a
morrow.

And daybreak cometh for thee, for me,
To land us over this troubled sea.

There is a glorious Sun, whose beaming
Over this waste of waters streaming,
Shall wake again to a hallowed birth
Each perished love from the deeps of earth.

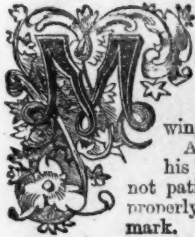
For our treasures are not lost, but taken
To a shelter strong, until we awaken
Beyond the shipwrecks of hope, to see
Their faces bright in eternity.



"Oh, I see them sinking, sinking slowly,
Those olden dreams so pure and holy."

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE TWO SORROWS.



My old grandfather used to compare sorrow to an angel. "You may know the good from the bad," he said, "by the silver on the wings." A little boy I knew learned his lessons very well, but he had not patience enough to do his sums properly, and yet he wanted a good mark.

What was to be done? He knew where the master kept the "Key," the little white-covered book where the sums were all added up and proved.

"There can be no very great harm," he said, "in getting hold of this 'Key,' and copying out the answers. It will save me a world of trouble."

He did so; and for some time he was not discovered, and got praise that was not his due.

At last the boys found him out, and told the master, who talked to him very seriously, and said that he had lost all confidence in him; and the boys laughed at him, and jeered him, and called him "Old Key." So Andrew was very sorry he had not managed his deception more skillfully.

The dove was brooding near him, but its wings were dull and heavy—not a streak of light on its plumage. The sorrow was genuine, but it was an evil sorrow working death.

The next time he was more careful. He bought a "Key," which he kept at home, and copying out his sums, brought them all correct to school.

I believe he was never discovered, but he went on from bad to worse, and I heard years after that he had been transported for some embezzlement of money.

A little boy, a great favourite of mine, was very fond of skating. He was always first in the skating matches, and one day, just as he was at the head of a dozen boys or more, his strap broke. Oh, he was so sorry, so vexed! He swore, and took God's name in vain. He must lose the game; it was no good trying now.

The dove was near him, but very ugly and dingy was its plumage.

"Eddy!" exclaimed a little fellow near him, "what would your mother say, if she heard you using those wicked words?"

Eddy looked softened, and hung down his head.

A little streak of light fringed the dove's wing. "And," continued the little boy, bravely, "what would Jesus say? You know he does not hold them guiltless who take his name in vain."

Oh, how the dove's wings brightened and glowed, till they seemed like shining silver all over.

"I am very sorry," Eddy said, "that I have grieved my Saviour."

He slung his skates over his shoulders, and went off the ice for that day.

This was the good angel, the godly sorrow not to be repented of.

One night, after Ellen was in bed, her mamma thought she heard her crying. She hurried to her, and found the little maiden with her face buried in the pillow, trying to stifle her sobs.

"What is the matter, my darling?" exclaimed mamma.

"I am so very sorry for my sins," faltered out Ellen.

The mother's tears were soon flowing with those of her child. They were tears of sympathy, tears of gratitude to God for her little girl's sweet spirit of penitence.

Many persons would have said, "That child is nervous and excited, a little medicine would do her more good than anything else." But the mother knew better. It is true she gave her child of the balm of Gilead, for she whispered into her ear, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The dove was nestling by the side of that dear child, sparkling and glowing in silvery radiance, and mamma knew those sobs and tears were caused by the tender, contrite spirit so precious in the Redeemer's sight.

SWIMMING FOR HIS LIFE.

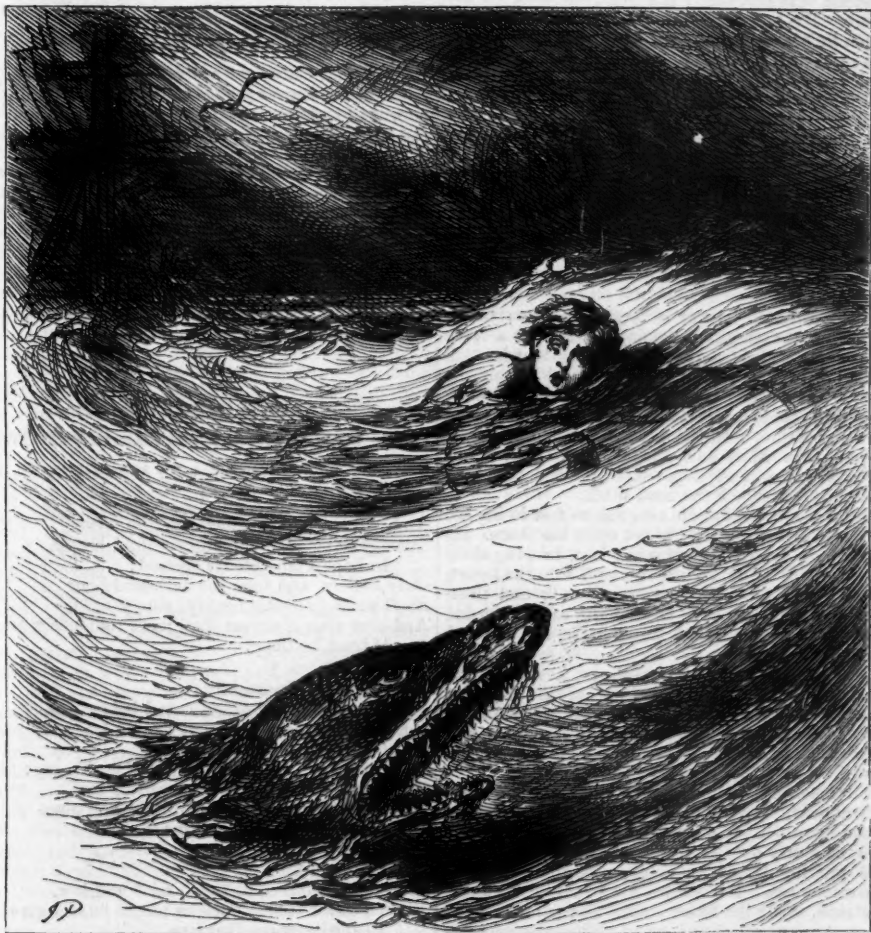
JULLIAN EAST was a great pet at home—much too great a pet for his own good or real happiness: for his mother gave him all his own way; and when, by any chance, his father, getting provoked at the boy's tricks, threatened to punish him, she always begged him off: so it happened that by the time Jullian was ten years old, they could do nothing with him at home, and he was sent to a public school.

Now, to most boys, school is a very jolly place; and the lessons, by being so regular, come very easily to any moderately careful boy. But it was not so with Jullian: he had learnt little or nothing at home, and found himself in a class with boys much younger. This offended his pride. Then he had never been used to restraint of any kind; so the regularity and discipline were dreadful to him. He would not obey, or try to learn; so was continually getting punished; and at last he would stand it no longer, and ran away—not to go home, however; he thought he might be sent to another school; and, besides, he thought he would like to get upon a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, and never have any one to tease him, or oblige him to do what did not please him. So he made his way down to Portsmouth, and got on board one of the men-of-war just fitting out for the West Indies. Here he was hired as a message-boy, giving another name instead of his own. Some of the men looked rather suspiciously at him; but they were too busy just then to take much notice; and by the time Jullian had been on board a few days they had forgotten all about him.

Jullian soon found out that the discipline on

board Her Majesty's ship was much stricter than at school; still, he had no lessons to learn, and they were to sail very soon, when he fondly hoped they would either be wrecked upon a desert island or go so near one that he could jump overboard and swim to shore. So he bore his kicks and knocks manfully, comforting himself that he would soon get away.

So the very day they anchored he tied his clothes together in a bundle, to be ready. All the first afternoon the boats were to bring tents, &c., on shore; and, as Jullian went backward and forward, he had an opportunity of seeing that the water was swarming with sharks—great, long, ugly fellows, who came lazily after the boats, turning up their white stomachs now and then to show their dread-



"He knew it was a shark."—p. 154.

Well, the ship went to Port Royal, in Jamaica; and, very soon after she got there, yellow fever broke out badly on board; several of the crew died, and as the rest were more or less ill, the doctor advised the captain to take the ship across to the coast of Panama, and, anchoring there, send the sick, and as many of the crew as they could spare, into tents upon the shore.

Jullian thought, "Now is my time; I'll run off easily now."

ful-looking mouths. Yet, horrible as these were, even they were nothing compared to the great, slimy, lazy-looking alligators, dozens of which they roused, among the swampy ground at the mouth of a small stream, near which the boats' landing-place was.

As evening drew near, the sharks grew more impudent. Jullian's heart failed him as he thought of swimming in such a place; and perhaps he would have given up his plan for the present, had

he not got into disgrace with one of the men, and got a beating. That decided his fate. As soon as the hands were turned in for the night, and the lights out, Jullian crept softly on deck, and got over the side, holding on by a rope. He did not venture into the water directly, but hung looking at it, wondering where the sharks were, and whether he should be able to reach the shore. He hung there until his hands grew weary, and he dropped into the water, and began to swim for the shore. He had not gone above a hundred yards when he heard something behind him. He did not see it, or turn his head to look; but he knew it was a shark; and his head grew dizzy as he struck out with desperate energy.

He was a good swimmer, and was swimming for his life; so you may be sure he swam as fast as he could. He heard another *swish* in the water, and then a couple of sharks shot past him, as if they had made a dart and missed him. They swam on, and turning, passed him so close that he felt one; and a long cry broke from him; and the words that rang over the sea that night were the same that the night winds have so often carried along—"Oh, my God, save me!"

Poor Jullian! he was in terrible danger; yet he swam on, the sharks following; and then a fresh terror was added: a great black thing that he took for a log of wood, sank as he touched it, and he saw it was nothing less than an enormous alligator. Again the same cry came from his heart, and again new strength seemed given him. The shore was close at hand, the white surf was foaming round, a few strokes more, and then—oh! joy and delight—Jullian's feet struck the hard sand.

I don't suppose Jullian ever ran so fast in his life as he did directly he felt his feet upon the shore. He never once looked behind him; but, keeping clear of the white tents, struck right off into the forest, running on until he sank exhausted; and then, perfectly happy, and, as he thought, safe, he curled himself up upon the soft mossy grass, and fell fast asleep.

His sleep was not a pleasant one, however. He dreamt of being flogged; then of the alligator and sharks; and, lastly, that a tiger was standing over him. He felt the warm breath on his face so distinctly that it awoke him, and starting up as he did so, a panther ran hastily back. The beast had been smelling him; and now, startled, crouched down near, uttering a low growl. The cold sweat stood upon Jullian's face as he lay there, watching the red angry eyes of the panther, and listening to the purring sound he made, something like an enormous cat. Presently a loud roar, at no great distance, made the forest ring. The panther stood up and answered with a growl. Then the roar was repeated, and the panther bounded off, crashing through the branches. You can have no idea of the relief experienced by Jullian when the panther took himself off, or of the haste he made to climb the tree under which he had been lying.

When he was up the tree he heard the wild beasts growling and roaring, sometimes just under the tree, sometimes far off; and that night seemed the longest he had ever passed; he thought daylight was never coming; and when it did, he was sick and giddy; and, unable to hold on by the branches, actually fell to the ground, where he was found by some of the sailors, stunned and senseless.

The first thing the captain did on hearing that a boy who had run away had been found and brought back, was to order him to be flogged; but Jullian went to him and told him his story, and how the sharks and alligator followed him.

"So the sharks did not hurt you, or the alligator and panther either?" said the captain.

"No, sir, the panther sat and watched me; but so did God."

"You are a queer boy," said the captain. "I'll not flog you this time—Hullo! what's the matter with the boy? Hey! here! bring the doctor; the child's fainting."

The doctor came, and pronounced Jullian ill with the fever; so he was packed off on shore. And while he was ill and delirious, he told the story of how he ran away from school, and his real name. So the captain wrote off to his father; and when Jullian began to get better, he was not sorry to hear what had been done; nor was he sorry either when, about six months afterwards, the captain showed him a paper, which gave him a right to wear the blue jacket as a cadet, on board the same ship in which he had gone through so much; and, accordingly, by the time Jullian was in England again, he had seen a good deal of sailing and the world, and learnt to be a much wiser and better boy.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Prov. xvi. 20

TRUST in the Lord, dear child,
And you shall have a never-fading flower,
Sweetly to place upon your youthful breast,
In hope's fair colours dressed;
Only believe, and then the darkened hour
Shall smile in gentle beauty, starry-mild,
And e'en your gladness shall more radiance wear,
If trust be there.

In great despondency
Put forth the shield of faith, and boldly say,
"My God hath told me that I must fear not,"
Despair will turn, I wot,
All trembling from the glimmer of faith's ray;
And you shall surely in your sorrow see
What comfort Jesus gives to those who place
Their trust in his dear grace.

I knew a little child
Who, on the bed of suffering faint and low,
Wore a sweet smile—such as bright fancies give
To spirits, those that live
As children's angels live, in the full glow
Of the great Father's face—e'en thus she smiled;
She saw through grief, that lived a little while,
Christ's answering smile.

And happiness will shine
In sweet benignity upon your way,
If you will lean on Christ without a fear,
On him, unseen, yet near.
When round you troubles rise in foamy spray,
Look up in trust to Jesus the Divine,
E'en though he slay you, still hold fast your faith,
And with a smile greet death.

AFTER-HARVEST THOUGHTS.



I were wont, in childhood, to sow the seeds of certain flowers and vegetables in the shape of letters and words, so that our little gardens became legible and illuminated manuscripts as the spring wore on. Methinks God for higher ends has sowed the earth with meaning. That harvest-field in summer is a yellow page, and even now, as I look forth upon it—the harvest past and the summer ended—from my study window, this Sabbath afternoon, I read a better sermon than was preached in one church at least to-day. Let me give the heads of its discourse.

The first lesson which it teaches is one of warning to ourselves. The scene of summer ripeness and ingathering is the symbol of our life. Now is the sunshine of God upon our heads. The sickle is in our hands. Salvation is at our right hand and on our left. The voice of the Spirit, like the gentle summer wind, comes rippling and rustling over the ripened opportunities and hopes that stand thick as wheat-stalks about us. We are starving. All we need for present sustenance, all for an eternal supply, is waiting to be gathered by the energies of faith. And yet I shudder to think how many will perish in the very harvest-field, ploughed and sown and ripened for them, and every root of which has fattened upon the blood of God's own Son! I dread to think how widespread throughout the fields of earth will go up that lamentable cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

The harvest-field breathes also of hope. It tells us how the farmer has toiled through the rainy spring-time, following the plough from sunrise to sunset, with weary footsteps, and carefully sowing his seed, patiently and trustingly, yet oftentimes anxiously watching the clouds, and fighting off the fly and the caterpillar; and how he is now rewarded for all his work and waiting by the sheaves which stand about him, as the sheaves of Joseph's brethren, and own him for their lord. Hard is his work and wearing still, as, beneath the hot sun and over the blistering soil, he reaps, and binds, and rakes, and loads—the weariest work through the longest days of all the long and weary year. But he thinks not of that. No anxious care is in his eye now, save when, perhaps, a gathering shower warns him that his grass is still unstacked. His mouth is full of laughter and his lips of singing. The yoke of toil is easy, and the burden of the heated day is light. For is not this the fruit—smiling, and plentiful, and safe—of all his year's hard toil? Shame on the face that wears a frown on such a day. Laugh, ye maidens, as ye trip across the stubble. Tumble, little lads, among the wind-rows. Gaily let us pitch the heavy sheaves upon the load, and shout the harvest home, as we follow the broadly-laden wagons to the barn.

Good Christian, whose delight it is to sow beside all waters, dropping everywhere the seed of the kingdom, is there not a gleaning of encouragement

and hope to be gathered from such a field? Pastor, from your vantage-ground of office—Sunday-school teacher, in the little garden-bed assigned you—tract-distributor, patiently plodding from month to month your blessed round of duty—parent, neighbour, friend, employer, associate in business or in pleasure, who nobly feelest that life is not given for idle dreaming or selfish toil, and art making it your grand mission to do good to the poor and the oppressed, to the ignorant and the vicious, to the lost and perishing—are not the fields fragrant with promise and bright with hope? Remember the gracious word whereon the Lord of the harvest hast caused thee to trust—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

In the hieroglyphics of the harvest we read also a lesson of duty. "Lift up your eyes," said the Great Teacher, as he sat by the well of Samaria, weighed down with the thought and toil of a world's salvation,—“lift up your eyes” (up above these fenced enclosures, where the perishable grain is waving), and “behold the fields,” yea, that one great field which is the world, where the crop is one of human souls, and the fruits are acts and lives that have eternity in them. See how close, rank on rank and field on field, they stand; each diverse in itself, as the corn differs from the rye, and the grass differs from the buckwheat, but all alike precious in the sight of the Great Husbandman, and all exposed through our neglect to eternal ruin. See how darkly the shadows lie upon those further fields, and how the tempest of beating hail impends over the whole world. Behold the fields and see how they are white already with the harvest. Souls are heavy with sin, and ripe with years. If not gathered, they must soon fall, or even now the corn sheaves have fallen. Shall they be garnered for Jesus as precious sheaves, or shall they be cast into the oven as worthless things, fit only to be burned? Why stand you all the day idle, Christian disciple? If you love Christ, you will keep his commandments. And the latest and greatest of his commandments was this: “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Let none feebly and disingenuously plead for his excuse, “Because no man has hired us.” The fact of your not being a minister, with a stated salary, shall be no excuse to God for idleness in the great world-harvest of souls. And ye are hired: Christ has hired, nay, bought you with his own blood to do his work. The inviting field hires you. “He that reapeth receiveth wages.” The work itself, the joy of harvest, is richly worth the labour. And every sheaf you gather shall be scored to your account, shall be a crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, shall be repaid a hundred-fold in this life by the sweet consciousness of duty done and of growing graces, and in the world to come the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant,” coming from those lips, shall contain in themselves, as well as eternally ensure to the soul, a share of God's own joy and glory.

Written all over the harvest-field is one lesson more, a lesson taught us not by the waving fields

of last autumn, but by the bare fields, now that the crops have been stored, and this loss—however much we may close our eyes to it—we cannot avoid. Like the thunder-clouds that are wont to gather and burst upon our fields in these summer days, I read the lessons of Doom and Destiny. "The harvest," says Christ, "is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels;" and I who write, and they who read these words, and all our race, are the crop to be gathered in. There are but two varieties growing here, the wheat and the tares. We shall grow together until the harvest, side by side, in the same village, the same Sabbath-school, the same church, the same family. When the end shall come, the Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all that are tares—shall sever the husband from the wife and the child from the parent. Two shall be working at the same workbench, or selling at the same counter, or eating at the same table: the one shall be taken and the other left. Two friends shall be walking hand-in-hand through the flowery paths of youth, or tottering down the hill together: the one shall be taken, and the other left. Then, when the tares are all weeded out, and bound in bundles, and cast into the furnace of fire, shall the righteous—the true harvest for which Christ died and for which the earth has lasted—stand forth as stands

the golden grain in the rich and ripened field, nay, as the all-glorious sun which ripens it, in the kingdom of their Father.

He that hath eyes to see, let him see these mighty truths when next he walks our fields, and so long as the recurring seasons, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall still find him in these scenes of trial and probation; ere the reaper becomes the reaped, and the husbandman shall be in turn the living harvest; until the sublime vision of the Apocalypse is fulfilled.

"And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped.

"And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over fire; and cried with a loud cry to him who had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe. And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God."

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOOD PASTOR.



HIS individual was a very intimate friend of Sir Gregory's; he was the Rev. Henry Harland, Vicar of Evertown. He was a man learned, eloquent, and pious, but simple and earnest; he was of a very affectionate disposition, and extremely gentle and courteous in his manners. The vicar, who, some months back, had caught the typhus fever, while attending a poor woman who was forsaken in her utmost peril, even by her own relatives, on account of the terrible nature of the disease and the dread of infection, had, in order to recruit his health, been a good deal away from Evertown during the week, and had been staying at Greville Hall, coming into the town only for his Sunday duty, unless his presence were expressly required. It was owing to this circumstance that he had not paid an earlier visit to Mrs. Moore. For though the pew which belonged to Ben Blore's house was a gallery pew, and rather out of his sight, when in the pulpit or the reading desk, still, his kind bright eye had several times, as he entered the church, caught sight of the pale, graceful young mother and her little boy, who were always in their pew at least ten minutes before the service began.

He had heard, too, of the kindly Christian charities of Mrs. Moore; for hers was that holy catholic spirit which beholds a brother or a sister in every member of the great human family, and all who were cold, naked, or hungry, were made welcome at her kitchen fireside in winter, and were warmed by her soup, and had a share of her knitted woollen garments, and she often sought out from the free seats at Evertown Church those good old men and women whom

she saw most regularly there, and whom she met most frequently at the Lord's supper.

Eva's praises had, therefore, been sounded in the vicar's ears when he drove into Evertown, in Sir Gregory's carriage, to visit his sick and poor; and the comforters, the stockings, and the jerseys, which she and Becky (aided by well-to-do sisters of the class) had distributed, were displayed by their grateful recipients alike to the Vicar of Evertown and to the superintendent Wesleyan preacher.

However, Mr. Harland had intended to postpone his first visit to Eva until his return to the vicarage; and it was solely owing to Nat Neate's paragraph in the *Evertown Gazette*, which he saw at the house of a brother clergyman with whom he was spending a day or two at his rectory, a few miles from Greville Hall, that he decided on immediately driving into Evertown to wait on Mrs. Moore.

Becky, who had been a good deal flushed and excited by the arrival of Sir Gregory and his little niece in a handsome equipage, was again in an inward tumult, made up of joy and triumph, when a dark green brougham and pair, with coachman and footman in grand liveries, stopped at the grocer's, in the marketplace; and the footman asked Ben Blore, who was superintending repairs at his own house, whither Mrs. Moore was gone. Becky's pride and pleasure, however, sprang from no vulgar worldly source: she did not care for the vanities of life—in fact, in one sense, she condemned them; but she did feel an affectionate exultation, and an honest pride in what she considered a convincing proof that her beloved mistress had not sunk, after all, in the social scale—that people equal in rank and importance to any she had known in her prosperity were still eager to know her in her fallen fortunes, and that, though living at a grocer's, she was still con-

sidered a lady, and was called upon as ceremoniously as when she had an equipage of her own, and lived at Beech Park.

Becky, having heard the footman inquire for Mrs. Moore, ran up-stairs, before the carriage stopped at the private entrance, and softly entering her mistress's room, motioned to Freddy to come with her.

"I'm not asleep, Becky," said Mrs. Moore, who, hearing the door open, had glanced towards it, and seen Becky's big mob cap, and her long face screwed up into a thousand wrinkles, while, with her large bony hand, she beckoned Freddy. "I'm not asleep; what do you want with Freddy?"

"There's a gentleman, ma'am—a clergyman, I know, by his white tie—he's in a close carriage, and he's asking for you—I'm expecting him to knock every minute, (hark! there is a knock); and I wanted Master Freddy, ma'am, as you're not well enough to see him, to come down and answer his questions—Master Freddy knows so much better than I do, ma'am, what to say."

"Go, Freddy," said Mrs. Moore, "and tell the gentleman I'm lying down, and am not well enough to see any visitor to-day; but that I am much obliged to him for calling—I have no doubt it is the dear, earnest, pious Vicar of Evertown."

Freddy was rather sorry to leave his snug arm-chair, where he was lying coiled up like a kitten, and dreaming, between sleeping and waking, of all the pets belonging to Violet, to which he was to be introduced at Greville Park. But though an only child and a great darling, he had been trained, by both his parents and Becky, in habits of unquestioning and cheerful obedience. He started up the moment his mother spoke, and, while Becky smoothed his hair and his collar, he kissed the white, wan hand that lay on the coverlid, and saying, "I shall be back directly, dear mamma," he went down-stairs with Becky.

Becky opened the street-door, in answer to the repeated knock and ring.

The vicar, seeing the child, ordered the footman to open the carriage door and let down the steps. He then, with a sweet smile and a tender courtesy, invited Freddy to come into the carriage and speak to him.

"I suppose you are Master Moore?" said the vicar.

"Yes, sir," said Freddy, "and I think I know who you are."

"Whom do you think I am, my dear?" said Mr. Harland.

"The Vicar of Evertown," replied Freddy; "and I like you very much."

"Indeed, what do you know of me, my boy?" asked the vicar.

"I know mamma likes you—she says you are very good; and I heard her say to Becky that, after she has been to your church, she feels comforted; and I love anybody who comforts mamma."

The vicar blushed. He was not indifferent to the praise and appreciation of the good. He put his hand affectionately on Freddy's head, and patting him kindly, inquired—

"And do you like to go to church, my little man?"

"Yes, I like to hear you preach, because I can understand what you say."

"Can you remember the text of my last sermon?"

"Oh, yes," said Freddy; "'A sower went forth to sow.' I did not go to sleep once last Sunday."

"Should you like to take a little drive with me?" said the vicar.

"I should like it very much, but mamma is not well; she is on her bed, and I should not like to leave her; and I think she would miss me—she might want something."

"But what can you do for your dear mamma?" asked the vicar.

"Oh, a great many things. I can get her a glass of

water; and I can rub her hands, if they are cold; and I can cover her feet up, and get her her salts; and I can call Becky; and when Becky brings mamma her broth, or her tea, I can hold it for her, till she is ready to take it. Mamma says I am her head nurse when she is ill."

"Well, give my best respects to your dear mamma, and tell her I will call again in a few days; and that I hope we shall be very good friends; and that I like her little boy very much indeed."

Freddy then got out of the carriage, and hurried back to his mother's bedside.

She was very much cheered by the account he gave her of the Vicar of Evertown, and his affectionate manners and words of kindly interest; and yet the vicar had not, as yet, even given the cup of cold water spoken of in the Bible. He had only lent his countenance, and a few words of friendly, cheering import, to the afflicted. We have all (the poorest among us) as much, and more than this, in our power. A few kind, Christian words, spoken in season, have often cheered a brother or a sister in sorrow. And yet how many who lavish words in vain and idle talk—in

"Flatteries paid to fellow worms,"

and in fruitless discussions and hopeless arguments, are chary of one word in season to a wandering sister—one expression of cheering sympathy to a desponding and afflicted brother. Let us look to these things, and ponder on the value of words, not as etymologists, but as Christians, answerable, in some degree, for the safety of the souls we can so easily influence for good and evil—an eternity of happiness, or an eternity of misery.

It was a profane man who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" A Christian knows that he *is* his brother's keeper.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EVA'S DREAM.

Mrs. MOORE continued very unwell for more than a week. She had fought bravely against an ever-increasing dependency of spirit and languor of body until the visit of Sir Gregory Greville. His remarks about Vivian, and the ruin of her fortune, and the unutterable scorn and indignation with which he had spoken of her guardian (Eva's husband) as the base destroyer of the worldly prospects of the child left to his care by his brother officer on his deathbed, had, indeed, not in the least shaken Eva's faith in her beloved one—nothing could do that—but they had compelled her to realise, more vividly than she had done of late, the execration in which he was held by honourable and Christian gentlemen. She felt that Sir Gregory, naturally passionate, although enabled by strong Christian principles to control his impetuosity, would have spoken much more scornfully, and much more bitterly of her husband, but for his anxiously subduing of his naturally choleric temper to the Divine teaching of Him who advocated that charity which suffereth long and is kind; and was "not extreme to mark what was done amiss."

Eva felt her hot blushes burn her cheeks, even in the midnight darkness and solitude of her own chamber, when she thought of all Sir Gregory had said. Her utter helplessness, and the impossibility of ascertaining anything of the real history of the infamous wrong done to little Violet, and her entire incapacity to remedy it in any way, agitated and tortured her sensitive conscience so unbearably, that she could often scarcely suppress the tears that rose to her eyes. Sometimes she thought upon this subject until she began to fear the extreme agony and perplexity of her spirit would end in madness. Then she would rise from her bed, and kneel

down in deep humility, and pray fervently—oh, so fervently! and such a heartfelt, persevering, passionate prayer, would bring down, as it always does, the dove of peace from heaven to the breast of the tempest-tossed child of earth.

One night, after hours of shame, misery, and anguish, connected with Violet Vivian and her ruined fortunes, succeeded by such prayers as we have tried to describe. Eva, having again her head on her pillow, fell asleep, and a vivid dream, or rather vision, was vouchsafed her.

She saw a beautiful maiden in bridal attire, whose form was womanly, but whose face was that of Violet Vivian. At her feet, knelt a young man, and one, apparently, much older, for his form was bent. She could not see the face of either, for their backs were turned to her.

They were pouring out gold coin at her feet, and she heard a voice counting out the piles of sovereigns until the sum of fifteen thousand pounds was reached. Then the two kneeling forms rose, and Violet was clasped alternately in the arms of each; and Eva, as their faces met her view, recognised her husband and her son. With the rapture of this recognition, and the conviction that Violet's fortune was restored to her, Eva awoke. That dream had taken "a weight from off her waking hours," and her heart was comforted and her spirit cheered.

Sir Gregory Greville's visit was followed by a present of hothouse grapes and flowers, such as Eva had never expected to see on her table again.

A very kind and courteous note accompanied this thoughtful offering.

Becky and Freddy were in high glee at this welcome attention; but not only the amethystine clusters and the rare exotics reminded Eva very painfully of Beech Park, but the question which would arise in her own mind—"Would Sir Gregory Greville do this if he knew whose wife I am?"—damped the pleasure she would else have taken in his beautiful tribute.

Mr. Harland called several times while Eva kept her room, and took Freddy, with his mother's full sanction, to drive about the beautiful country. He never lost an opportunity of planting the good seed in the soft, fresh soil of that young heart.

Freddy always came home with some gem of thought or feeling added to his store, and Mrs. Moore was very grateful that her boy had such a friend.

About this time Mrs. Moore, who was not aware that Becky had borrowed £5 of Ben Blore, and who began to be haunted by the prospect of the wolf—or, rather, hordes of wolves—at the door, determined to send Becky to town, in order that she might dispose of the small collection of ornaments, particularly the snake brooch, to the best advantage.

There was no jeweller at Evertown, and Eva had read in the *Times* an advertisement, stating that the highest price was given by Messrs. Isaacs and Co., Cheapside, for jewellery of all kinds.

Mrs. Moore felt a great inclination to get rid, with the red-eyed diamond snake, of the gold watch and chain which Mostyn had sent Freddy on his birthday, but, after pondering the matter over for some time, she decided she had no right to dispose of a valuable given to Freddy until he was old enough to appreciate it, and to sanction its sale.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BECKY IN TROUBLE.

BECKY having made up her mind that it was her duty to go to town, and try to do her best to dispose of the diamond snake brooch, and the other trinkets with which Mrs. Moore had resolved to part, would not indulge even in one murmur.

It was a great trial to this faithful creature to leave her mistress and Freddy, even for a day; but she could be better spared while they were in furnished apartments, than she could have been when they were located at Ben Blore's, because the grocer's wife and daughters were accustomed to cook for and wait on their lodgers; and they would, as far as mere attendance went, supply Becky's place.

With a heavy heart, but a firm resolve and an indomitable will when an act of duty was concerned, Becky got up one morning (a cold and wintry morning) at five; and, without disturbing any one in the house, she let herself out at the street door, and walked off to the Evertown station. Mrs. Moore had given her full directions, and the articles to be disposed of, the night before; and Becky, well wrapped up, and in her coal-scuttle bonnet and warm cloak, with a huge muff and fur tippet (which had been her mother's), and in a pair of pattens, trudged through Evertown, where all the shutters were still shut, and all the inhabitants in bed, and reached the station in time for the parliamentary, which started at six a.m. It was one o'clock when Becky reached London. She refreshed herself with a cup of tea and some bread-and-butter, at the Euston station, and then she took a cab (her mistress had insisted on her doing so), and drove at once to the shop of Messrs. Isaacs and Co., Cheapside.

What a gorgeous establishment it was!—what a range of thick plate glass, behind which glittered, gleamed, and sparkled, every beautiful variety of jewelled ornament! one-half of the shop was devoted to gold and silver plate. Whether it was all real sterling ore and argent, we know not, but it all looked very massive and gorgeous, and it reminded one of pictures of Dutch, Flemish, or Italian banquets, at which might have sat nobles and fair ladies, or rich burgomasters and plump, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired dames, who would have shown off to advantage the diamonds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, turquoises, garnets, pearls, and coral, that, formed into beautiful sets, reposed on the white satin, or black velvet cushions of the dark morocco cases.

The vanities of life had no great charm for Becky, and no inordinate influence on her simple, faithful heart; but even she, as she emerged from the little shabby street-cab, and found herself in the centre of this brilliant scene, reflected and refracted as it was by pier-glasses on all sides, felt a little overpowered and dazzled; and as her second-best coal-scuttle bonnet, of a rusty black, her hard features, parchment skin, and tall form, arrayed in her grey cloth travelling cloak and black stuff dress, rather short and very scanty, and which showed her black worsted stockings and double-soled boots, met her view, repeated *ad infinitum* in the glasses around, she could not but feel that she was very much out of keeping with so brilliant a scene; nor did her Gamp-like cotton umbrella, and her large travelling basket, improve the effect of her *tout ensemble*.

Very smart young men, curled, scented, and dressed in the height of the fashion, lounged behind the counters, whispered, giggled, and looked very impudently at old Becky through their eye-glasses.

Becky was a little abashed, for a moment, by the magnificence of the enchanted palace in which she stood, and the fashionable graces of the young shopmen—but in a moment the thought struck her that all these brilliant jewels, and these piles of gold and silver, were made by Him whose servant she was, and in whose sight one immortal soul was far more precious than all the gold of Brazil, the gems of Golconda, or "the wealth of either Ind."

Having made up her mind upon this point, she strode boldly, and somewhat sternly, up to one of the young men who seemed to be amusing the others at her expense, as he eyed her through his glass, and played with his watch-chain and bunch of charms.

"Young man," she said, in her broad Yorkshire dialect, "I would e'en speak with your master."

Mr. Fripp, the gentleman in question, turned very red at being accosted as "young man," and talked to about "his master," before those whom he had ridiculed and bullied into considering him as a very fine gentleman indeed.

"I have no master, my good old woman," at length replied Mr. Fripp. "My employer is too busy to see you, or any one like you—although you're an old curiosity well worth seeing."

"Young man," said Becky, very calmly, "I'm sorry I canno' return the compliment; but just as plentiful as butterflies on a summer day are the likes of you in this great haunt of the vain and worldly, which ye call Lunnun town: but I warn ye, and a' the idlers about you, that life is short, and eternity long—I bid ye think o' the time that must come for you, as for a' man-kind, when, if you cannot give a good account o' the small talent confided to ye, you shall be cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

As Becky spoke in a loud, authoritative tone, the young men were, for a moment, awed into silence; but when she had done, they burst into a chorus of laughter and jeers; and the sound of their boisterous mirth reaching the little back parlour where Mr. Isaacs sat, like a gnome, amid his golden hoards. He opened the glass door, and an old face, of the unmistakable Jewish type, appeared, startling the young men, and sending them all, instantaneously and simultaneously, back to their posts behind their respective counters.

Mr. Isaacs was a very short, thin old man, slightly deformed; he had grey hair, falling on his coat collar, and a long beard and moustachios to match; his eyes were dark, bright, quick, and evidently Jewish—so was his long nose—in fact, in form and face, he would have made an excellent Shylock.

"Whats all this mishbehaving and breaking of rules?" he asked. "Why do I find you hurrying back to your plashes? Why doesh the shound of your laughter dishurb me in my counting-hous? Let me hear and shee no more of this. I'll shend away the first amongst you that sho offendsh me again."

Very much humbled and ashamed looked the young fellows who had been so saucy a moment before.

Upon this, Becky strode up to Mr. Isaacs, and said, "If you are Mr. Isaacs, I ha' business with you, sir."

"Who hash shent you to me, my good lady?" said Mr. Isaacs, bowing low, and rubbing his hands.

"I come from my mistress, sir," said Becky. "She has some ornaments she wishes to sell, and she sent me to you with them."

"Let'sh look at them, my good lady," said the Jew, rubbing his hands quietly, but gleefully, for he anticipated a bargain. "Of course, such an antediluvian country bumpkin," he said to himself, "cannot be a match for me."

Becky produced, in the first instance, sundry rings, lockets, brooches, bracelets, and earrings, presents that had been made to Mrs. Moore by friends and acquaintances, who were indebted to her for handsome keepsakes or great hospitality.

The Jew ran them all down most unmercifully. Some he declared to be "plated trash, with bits of glassh for shtones;" some he said were "shilver gilt; but all of very shmall real value."

The sum he offered for the whole lot was so insignificant, that Becky thought she had better not close with him without her mistress' consent.

Upon her declaring this to be her determination, he doubled his offer, and went on, indeed, until he had quadrupled it, when Becky agreed, and he handed her a bank-note.

She then, with rather an important air, drew out the snake-brooch. As Becky opened the case, and the brilliant diamond snake lay coiled up before him, he pounced upon it with his long claw-like fingers, and exclaimed—

"Father Abraham! what do I shee! One of the diamond brooches, of great coshtliness and high prishes, that I shent on approval to that rogue and shwindler, Moshtyn, of the firm of Fau'kner and Moshtyn. Where did you get this, you shwindling old woman?" he shouted, addressing Becky; "and where are the five othersh, and all the gold watchesh, I shent at the shame time?"

Becky turned deadly pale, and trembled in every limb.

She had already conceived a very bad opinion of Mr. Moshtyn, and the truth flashed upon her mind. He had sent for several brooches and watches to select from, had presented one brooch to Mrs. Moore, and a watch and chain to Freddy, and had carried off the rest.

"That brooch belongs to my mistress," said Becky. "It was presented to her on the birthday of her only child."

"Who is your mishtress, you old shinner?" said the Jew, much excited; "and where doesh she live?"

Becky was silent.

"Who gave her this brooch, this shplendid, coshtly brooch?" cried the Jew.

Becky made no reply.

"Where are all the othersh?" he shrieked, getting wild with rage and excitement. "Shee here," he cried, taking out the brooch and the white satin bed, and showing Becky his name and address at the bottom of the case; "this brooch, with five othersh, and six gold watchesh with chainsh and sheals, were shent to Mr. Moshtyn on approval. He wash a very old cushtomer, and a very gay man, who made many coshtly pre-shents to ladiesh. I wash in the habit of shending him any thingh he askshd for to sheselect from. Alwaysh before, he shent them back shafe by my fore-man, and paid honourably for what he kept. This time he shent nothing back. You bring me my own property, my losht, shstolen property, to shell it to me. You refushe to anshwer any questions. The reshiever is as bad as the thief. I vill give you in scharge."

Before making this long speech, which he did to keep Becky quiet in the shop, he had exchanged a glance with his foreman, who immediately took his hat and went out.

He soon reappeared with two policemen.

It was in vain that poor Becky asserted the fact that the brooch had been presented to her mistress, and that she solemnly asserted that lady's innocence and her own. She refused to say who that mistress was, and where she lived; and the policemen in consequence—one of whom was an inspector—were obliged, of course, to take her in charge.

By this time the — police-court was closed. It was Saturday; and poor Becky, who could not be taken before the magistrate till Monday morning, was shut up in the cold, bare, wretched station till Monday morning.

"My poor dear mistress, and my darling Master Freddy!" sobbed poor Becky. "What will you think when the last train comes in to-night, and I not come by it? Lack-a-day, I'm sartain sure I'm the first o' the Blore family that ever seed the inside o' a house o' bondage; but the Lord will deliver me in his own good time; so I'll e'en trust in him," and Becky was soon busy reading her Bible.

(To be continued.)

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet;
A little foundling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest.
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms, with bitter tears,
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know nought of passion, grief or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint;
He claimed *another* lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another!—she, who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain!

Aghast I turned away;
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt to pray.

"Is it thy child?
My Father, say, *must* this pet lamb be given?
Oh, thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven!"
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven,
But—peace, be still!"

Oh, how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love! my lamb, my pleasant child,
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
And *slept*.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry—
"Touch not my lamb! for him, oh, let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, *I could not see my darling go*.
He had not bidden me farewell, but oh!
I *felt* farewell,

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame,
Though could I but have heard him call my name
"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought; for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done—
My heart would break.

Oh, with what thrill
I heard him enter! but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
Oh, heart, be still!

Came morning; can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine; I sleeping wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "farewell!"

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too sometime,
How it will seem when in that happier clime;
It will never ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

PRE-CALVARY MARTYRS.

"From the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias."—Matt. xxiii. 35.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

ABEL.



THE Lord had respect unto Abel, for "they that honour me, I will honour." The frequent recurrence of his name in the designation of places, exhibits the esteem in which the Jews held his memory. It was at Abel the Philistines set up the ark; and the towns of Abel-Meholah, Abel-Mizraim, and others, were probably so many memorials of the eldest soldier of the noble army of martyrs.

Abel appears to have been the twin-brother of Cain. Man's first crime against man had, in its perpetration, every element of aggravated atrocity. More than ordinary brothers, the victim and his murderer were probably twins. Genesis iv. 2, in the literal Hebrew, is: "She added to bear his brother;" i.e., she bore Abel in the same travail with Cain. Successive parturitions of children of the same parents, in scripture narrative, always specify the conception and birth of each. But in this instance, it is simply stated, that Eve "conceived, and bare Cain, . . . and added to bear his brother Abel." The former envied and hated the latter; as Esau, for a like reason, hated his twin-brother Jacob—because God accepted the one, and rejected the other. Both Cain and Abel brought the same devotions, so far as thank-offerings went; but Abel *also* brought a sin-offering. Hence, Heb. xi. 4 asserts that, "By faith Abel offered *καλοῦσα θυσιαν*, i.e., a more, or greater sacrifice than Cain, God testifying of his gifts;" the plural obviously implying, not a repetition of the same sacrifice, but the two parts of the same sacrifice—viz., the thank-offering and the sin-offering, both which Abel brought. Cain's offering was right enough as far as it went; his fault was in stopping short of the piacular blood, without which there was no remission of sin. The sin-offering "lay" as near to his door, i.e., as near at hand, as the thank-offering to the door of Abel. If he was wroth with any one for Abel's acceptance, it should have been with God, whose righteous act it was, not his brother's. The real anger *was* against God, as the enmity of our fallen nature always is, though it is visited on his children; as Satan avenged his loss of heaven by the ruin of paradise. Cain should have been dissatisfied with himself; and then a sanctified revenge against himself, like that of the Corinthian converts, would have issued in repentance and newness of life. There was nothing in his brother's harmless life and temper to challenge resentment. He was no Pharisee, parading his supposed virtues with self-complacency before their common altar, intimating invidious comparisons between his brother and himself. On the contrary, Abel's sacrifice acknowledged at once his guilt as a sinner, and its appointed way of ex-

piation by faith in the symbolised blood of the Saviour. Abel, humbling himself in the dust before God, should rather have disarmed, than provoked envy and malevolence. But God's endowments of personal character, however benignant, seldom conciliate the carnal mind. The graces of the saints are so many affronts to them, as the precious light of the sun annoys the eyes of an owl.

We can only judge of Abel's character by his acts, for there are no words recorded, though there are of Cain. But, if his life were thus quiet, devout, and contemplative, his death has been a voice, crying up to God against the crime of homicide, yet speaking of the efficacy of faith in Christ, from the first age of human kind to the last record of our race. True, the blood of Jesus speaketh better things than that of Abel; and those better things Abel had learned to trust in, for his own soul. Nor is it beyond the analogy of his gracious character to suppose he might, and would, have interceded for the application of that blood to wash away even the stain of fratricide from his unhappy slayer, had he known his cruel purpose. His was the spirit to have sighed, with his brother martyr of the New Testament, "Lord, lay not this sin to his charge;" though his blood, the unconscious witness against him, involuntarily condemned him. We think of him as the gentle shepherd, passing an equable and simple life among flocks, not of angry men or ferocious beasts, but of gentle creatures like himself, whose natures never provoked nor terrified each other, nor their common keeper. A kind of mutual attachment between sheep and shepherd would thus spring up, which would inevitably involve no mean degree of personal sacrifice and self-denial in his offering up an innocent firstling at the appointed season on the Divine altar. One can imagine his entertaining some such feeling as that of the royal shepherd, when he mourned over the slaughter of his people: "Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheep, what have they done?" It would enhance, in a mind like his, deeper love and loyalty to the holy, harmless seed of the Promise, who should be "led as a lamb to the slaughter," as his living emblems were, when the Lord should lay upon him the iniquities of us all.

Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that the true gist of Abel's offence in his brother's eyes, was not so much the Divine favour, as the temporal inheritance involved in it. Though they were twins, Cain was the firstborn, and, naturally, the estate and prerogatives of primogeniture would be his; but, in the event of rejection, on account of his forfeiture of the Divine favour, the rights of the firstborn would devolve upon his brother. Hence, the Lord's expostulation includes that contingency, when he reminds Cain of the opposite result, in the event of his resorting to Abel's piety, that "unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him;" i.e., Cain's rights of primogeniture

should be secured to him, and that with his righteous brother's perfect acquiescence. Abel shall "desire" it, as Eve is said to "desire," i.e., to be lovingly and willingly subject to her husband. The term "desire," in such a connection, implies the brotherly, unambitious tone of Abel's mind, as an example to other younger brothers, heartily, and contentedly, to yield the palm of family position to their seniors, in accordance with the act and rule of Providence. In the case of Cain and Abel, the heir-apparent slew the heir-presumptive. The stake was high—nay, the highest ever possible in earthly genealogies—being nothing less than the primogeniture of the human race—the firstborn of all. It was the prospect of this loss, infinitely more than of God's favour in the abstract, which goaded Cain to jealousy. Has it not been always so, in some shape or other, ever since? Prophets have been slain, not from any absolute dislike of prophecy, but because their predictions jeopardised some possession or reversion of power, estate, or estimation, on the part of their destroyers. It was because the world, for its season, went after Jesus, that its then present possessors agreed, "Come let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." The fear of losing some form of ascendancy, or position of primacy, of themselves or of their opinions, has prompted every persecution and slaughter of the martyrs, from Abel to Zacharias, from Zacharias to the victims of Domitian, and from Domitian to the Eve of St. Bartholomew. It has not been simply an honest, however ignorant, shibboleth cry of orthodoxy against innovation; but underneath every dogma, or other pretence, the silver shrine of Diana, has tinkled the selfish tocsin—"By this craft we have our wealth." Zeal for what the persecutors deemed to be their God was always the professed motive; but some temporal ulterior was the real incentive. The cry might be, "The temple of the Lord!" or "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but the substantial inducement was, and is, in all cases, identical, "By this craft we have our wealth."

It may be wealth of money, or of power, or of state, or of hierarchical prerogative, but the material interest of the worshipper, in some shape or other, was the real, though seldom the ostensible, cause. All partisans have not been so candid as to admit, like Demetrius of Ephesus, that the peril to "the craft" was the substantial argument of the persecution. Thus Cain, as the forerunner in the bad race of human covetousness, swept out of his path the innocent and unconscious obstacle to his cupidity. The expiring cry of Abel wakes its echo in every age, and finds its formula in the passage—"The Pharisees, who were covetous, derided him."

Nevertheless, Cain's device was a miserable failure, as all persecutions ever were, and ever will be. It only drove Abel to heaven, by the very act for which the assassin was himself "driven out from the presence of the Lord." Society sees many great differences of development in the character and fortune of sons of the same family, the same moral training, and equal advantages at starting in life, but never so huge a contrast as between the two first brothers: the one a saint in glory, the other "a fugitive and vagabond in the earth"—the one the first martyr, the other the first murderer—the one a child of God, the other of "that evil

one"—the one a pattern of the blessedness of suffering for righteousness' sake, the other the finger-post of warning, the synonym of all the ungodly, pursuing all manner of evil with greediness, "going in the way of Cain."

In the meek and unresisting spirit of Abel, viewed in relation to his standing to our race, as at once the twin-brother and contemporary of the firstborn of Adam, his slaughter bears a large amount of analogy to the sacrifice of Him, one of whose precious titles is "the firstborn of every creature." Abel's blood is used in the way of contrast to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. For, however meek and forgiving the martyr was himself, the voice of blood cried up against his destroyer; but the voice of the blood of Jesus pleaded—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "In all things he hath the pre-eminence." There is no merit, no virtue, no efficacy, no atonement of any kind in the blood of the martyrs. Lest it should be thought so—lest their brave heroic deaths should be exalted into idolatrous competition with the merit and effect of Christ's "one perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world"—the cry "under the altar" of the souls who were there sacrificed on the altar of their faith and love for Jesus, perpetuates, not the mediating, but the avenging note of Abel's blood, ringing through every age alike the doom of the persecutor, and the condemnation of the martyr-worshipper who rests upon their supposed merits and intercessions, in the deprecating echo—"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" (Rev. vi. 10.)

Hence it would be an ill honour done to Abel's memory to set his name, where Cain laid his first-fruits, in the place of the only sacrifice of God's appointment. Had there been an inscription on Abel's primitive altar, it would have simply read—"Jesus Christ and him crucified." To ascribe justifying merit, whether applicable to himself or others, to any martyr of Jesus, "from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias," would falsify the very faith for which they suffered, and substitute in its stead the anomalous dogma which contradicts their testimony. It would be "going in the way of Cain" by a posthumous onslaught on his brother's memory, compelling the dead to speak a fallacy, which in life and death they loyally to the last ignored.

If, in contemplating the holy lives and deaths of the servants of God, we uniformly called to mind St. Paul's dictum—"What hast thou, O man, which thou didst not receive?" we should be less tempted to idolatrous elevation of receivers into the place of the Giver; and God, not man, "in all things would be glorified through Jesus Christ." We might call temples and churches by the saints' names, as being themselves monuments of sovereign mercy; but every "top-stone would be brought out with rejoicings, crying grace, grace unto it." There would be no "glorying in man," but the lealty of filial piety would comprehensively honour the commandment—"Thou shalt have none other gods but me." Its lute, like David's, might be of ten strings, but its single hallelujah would chant, with angels, "Glory to God in the highest."

Bitter, under the calmest and holiest conditions, is the natural anachronism of death to the young and lovely. His coming, like his who "by means of death destroyed death, and him that had the power of death," "hath no beauty that we should desire him;" but no death was ever more appalling than the first. Eve realised what Rebecca deprecated—the loss of both her sons in one day; and the horror of the living lost one was infinitely greater than even the bloody exodus of the dead. Awful was the earliest fulfilment of the doom—"dying thou shalt die." As the parents of mankind wept over the murdered body of one son, and the terrible fiat of exile pronounced against the other, they could not choose but taste the bitter fruit of the forbidden tree, overwhelmed with remorse that it was their own rash hands that plucked it. Like a second loss of paradise, the catastrophe recalled that never-forgotten day of mortal anguish, when the banished pair, "with lingering steps and slow, through Eden bent their solitary way."

The death of Abel, probably in his prime of youth and vigour, an infant in comparison of the centuries men lived in the primeval world, is the eldest type of the young and beautiful among men, cut off in the budding spring of loveliness and attraction, and bequeathing their involuntary legacies of desolate homes and broken hearts to those who loved them. But the sorrow even of Adam and Eve was not necessarily without hope. By the side of Abel's mangled corpse might have lain the rude altar, which, with its sprinkled stains of recent sacrifice, scarcely dried upon its cairns, of that typical blood, proclaiming remission of sins, and a believing soul at rest in the peace of God which passeth understanding, was equal even to the consolation of the world's earliest funeral. It whispered over the first grave of faith tidings of a life beyond, with its covenant of redeeming grace,

pledging "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

"Sleep on," righteous Abel, "and take thy rest" in a long slumber through all earthly history. Infinitely longer shall thy waking be, when "them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

That is the practical moral of the first martyr's story. Believe as he believed, live as he lived, and no death, however terrible and untimely, shall have terror enough to hide from the disciple's dying eye what Stephen saw as "the heavens opened" to receive his parting spirit into the bosom of "Jesus standing at the right hand of God." It marks the sacred identity and invariableness of all true religion, that its Divine revealing Spirit wrought the same issue in the life and death of the firstborn of Adam, as it will effect in the last believer of his race, who shall be "caught up" in the glorious and deathless martyrdoms of the second advent saints, "to meet the Lord in the air."

The first death in the bills of mortality was a young one. There will be "ten thousand times ten thousand" early deaths when the Lord God of Abel reappears in this world of his, to claim his own, to receive all his saints, young and old, to himself—in that day when, as with Cain and Abel, "two men shall be in the field together, and the one shall be taken and the other left"—when the family separations of that crisis shall be final and eternal.

Young brethren of Abel, are you disciples of "the field," or of "the altar?" You must honour God alike on field and altar, as Abel did. Faith and works are both incumbent. Are your offerings indices of a moral pride, or of a spiritual creed which "evidently sets forth Jesus Christ crucified among you?" This is the only momentous question, for it is the only one of life or death.

"WHERE THE MANY MANSIONS BE"

"If I die before the light comes,
Will the angels take me home?
Will they know it's me they're seeking?
Will they not forget to come?
If I thought they could forget us!
God can send them down for me;—
They could take me on their pinions,
Where the many mansions be.
"Mother, dear, they can't forget me,
For a sparrow cannot fall
Without Jesus knowing of it,
For his eye is over all.

If the moon would only kiss me,
As I lie so still and white,
Then they would be sure to see me,
And would clasp me close and tight."

As she spoke, the silver moonbeams
Fell across the dying face,
And a look of joy came o'er it,
That death's hand could not erase.
Softly then the dear one whispered,
"Now I know they'll surely see,
And they'll take me on their pinions
Where the many mansions be."

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

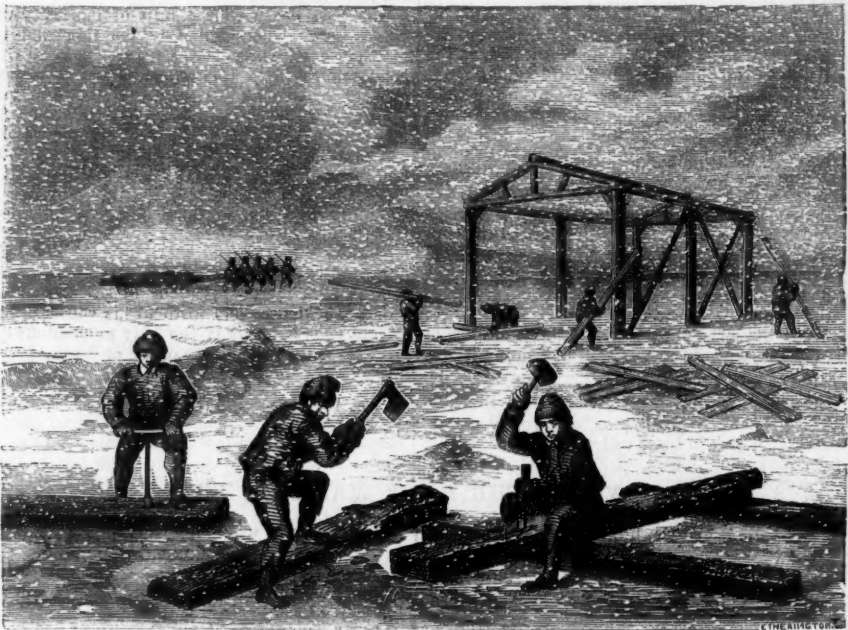
IV.—HANS EGEDE, AND THE GREENLAND MISSION.



O a King of Denmark belongs the honour of having been the first monarch who directly espoused the work of Protestant missions. Connected as that nation is once more with our own by matrimonial ties, it will deepen the admiration and sympathy which we feel for a brave and religious people, if we recall some of its early and noble contributions to the missionary cause.

ceased, and the fate of the settlers remained unknown. Several attempts were made in succeeding centuries, by Danish traders, to re-establish intercourse with the country; but they all ended in failure, and the hope of ascertaining the fate of their countrymen at length died out in Denmark.

About the commencement of the last century a Norwegian pastor, who was himself a Dane, conceived the thought of searching out the fate of a people who had a common ancestry with himself, and of converting the Esquimaux, who inhabited those inhospitable shores. In his childhood he had listened to the legends of his fatherland, and one of them had taken possession of his whole soul. It was



ERECTING THE FIRST HOUSE.

Frederick IV. was a monarch who was fired with the noble ambition of extending the Gospel of Christ, not only in his empire, but throughout the world. Through his efforts and those of his successor, the Word of Life was first proclaimed in India (1705), in Greenland (1720), and the West India Islands (1732). The commencement and progress of each of these missions constitute a thrilling story in the records of Christian chivalry. Let us sketch the history of one of them.

A colony of Northmen, consisting of Norwegians and Danes, had settled in Greenland in the eleventh century, when it became tributary to Norway; but very soon all intercourse between the countries

to the effect that, some centuries before, two noble Venetians had embarked on a distant voyage, and were driven by storms to the coast of Greenland, where they found flourishing colonies of Christians. When he became a man the story haunted him, and gradually it became the settled purpose of his heart to investigate its truth, and become, in any case, the bearer of the Gospel to those frozen regions. For thirteen years he revolved the plan in the secret of his own mind, and then resolved to memorialise the King of Denmark on the subject. He repaired to Copenhagen, and had an interview with Frederick IV., to whom he eloquently unburdened the yearnings of his soul.

But difficulties presented themselves on all hands. The king was at war with Sweden, and it was difficult to spare funds for the mission. The sailors engaged in the whale fishery, and who had previously given encouraging accounts as to the facilities for reaching the Esquimaux, retracted their statements, in the fear of being employed in the perilous adventure. Rumours spread that a ship had been wrecked on the coast of Greenland, and that all the crew had been murdered and eaten by the cannibal inhabitants! Hans Egede's family, and more especially his wife, opposed what they considered to be the dream of an enthusiast; and others uncharitably charged him with ambitious and sinister designs.

ship, and caused a leak. The captain rushed into the cabin, and told Hans Egede they must all prepare for immediate death. But prayer and effort were combined. The leak was stopped with their clothes. The missionary party engaged in supplication, and when a thick fog, which had gained upon them, had cleared away, they were out of danger.

At the end of eight weeks they reached their destination, and began to erect a house on the solitary shore. Some idea of the desolation that reigned around them will be formed from the illustration on the opposite page. The natives at first aided them, under the impression that they were building a ship; but when they saw that it was a house they were filled



CROSSING THE ICE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

But Hans Egede was not the man to be deterred by difficulties. Many waters could not quench his love, neither could the floods drown it; and at length his faith and perseverance was to be rewarded. The death of Charles XII. brought peace to Denmark. The pastor's wife was led to throw her whole heart into her husband's project. A sum of 6,000 rix-dollars was contributed by friendly hands, as an addition to the 300 which the missionary had subscribed from his own narrow means. The king granted him a salary of 300 dollars a year, and 200 more for his outfit, and gave a warm and public approval to the noble enterprise.

It was on a bright May morning in 1721 that a vessel, appropriately named *The Hope*, left the shores of Denmark on her perilous voyage. On the way they met with icebergs, one of which struck the

with alarm, and thought that the mission was one of vengeance. By degrees, however, confidence was established, and a kind of communication effected by means of signs. One of the first words which Hans Egede discovered the meaning of was *Kina*—what is this? and by the use of it he gained an acquaintance with the names by which the Greenlanders called all the ordinary objects around them. Meantime he endeavoured, by means of pictures, to acquaint them with the leading facts of Gospel history; and they soon came to look upon the stranger as an *Angekot*, the designation for their own conjurers or priests.

But fresh trials awaited the devoted man. The Danes could not succeed in inducing the people to traffic. The vessels of supply which were expected from home did not arrive. A small supply of

biscuits and oatmeal, and three barrels of peas, were all that was left to support their little colony, which numbered thirty souls. The colonists resolved to return: but then, Egede was sustained by his own faith, and the noble devotedness of his wife, who still kept looking to God, that their fears would be dissipated. The missionary party had often to wander far in search of food, drawing their sledges after them (as represented in the accompanying wood-cut), and were sometimes obliged, through sheer weakness, to abandon them in the snow, and make their weary way, as best they could, to their rude and comfortless dwelling. When hope was almost exhausted, two vessels, sent out by the Christian king, arrived with a large stock of provisions, and with the pleasing intelligence that a company had been formed at Bergen to prosecute the trade with Greenland.

The habits of the natives were rude and repulsive; but, although even the rough sailors could not endure their filth and misconduct, the undaunted missionary patiently prosecuted his labours, visiting them in their squalid huts, receiving a number of youths into his own house, and inducing them to learn, by the promise of a fishhook for every letter that they mastered. He endeavoured also, amidst great discouragement, to promote their temporal prosperity. Amongst other efforts, he tried to introduce husbandry, and, with this view, he set fire to the long grass, in order to thaw the frozen ground, and then sowed the seed which he had received from Denmark for the purpose. He was cheered to see it spring up and form into ear; but was again disheartened when, on account of the frost, he had to cut it down before it was ripe. Often had this devoted man, and his faithful but delicate wife, with their four children, to exist on the coarse and distasteful food of the Greenlanders. Fish dried in the wind, but often raw, was their frequent diet; whilst the indifference of the natives to their teaching, afforded a still deeper source of trial.

In 1728 the good King of Denmark took measures to extend the work of the mission, and sent out several ships, with a large number of colonists, and two missionaries. They erected a fort; and the new colony of Gotthaab (or Good Hope) was scarcely founded, when a new trial fell upon the mission by the breaking out of a malignant distemper, which carried off forty of the colonists. One trial followed close upon another: Frederick IV. died, and his successor, Christian VI., resolved that the enterprise should be abandoned, and that the settlers should return. Nearly all the colonists, and his two colleagues, resolved to return home; and then the missionary and his wife had to weigh the difficult question, whether they would return to their happy home, or remain almost alone in that Arctic desert.

Two things decided them. They could not think of abandoning the hundred and fifty children who had been baptised and instructed; and they could not resist the entreaties of several of the natives, who earnestly besought them to remain. With a devotion which must challenge our admiration, the heroic couple beheld the ships and colonists depart,

and returned from the beach to pursue, with renewed zeal and energy, their "work of faith and labour of love."

Again the horizon brightened. Christian VI. was induced by the urgent representations of the solitary missionary, to renew the traffic, and assigned 2,000 rix-dollars to the support of the mission. But another cloud was lowering in the distance. A young Greenland who had visited Denmark, returned, and brought back the small-pox with him. The disease spread fearfully, and for twelve months committed awful havoc amongst the population. About 2,000 fell beneath its ravages, and many committed suicide in the panic which it produced; and yet out of this terrible evil the Almighty Ruler was educating good. Hans Egede and his wife were so unceasing in their ministrations and kindness to the sick and dying, that even the savages of that icy coast were thawed into love and admiration, and soon afterwards the arrival of the Moravian missionaries, who came to aid him, laid the foundation of new hopes, which resulted in the most encouraging success. The history of Moravian missions in Greenland must form a chapter to itself. But we must draw our sketch of "the apostle of Greenland" to a close.

In 1735 that angel wife, who had been so often and so long the support of her husband's heart, was called to her eternal home, and he laid her in a lonely but not unhonoured grave, upon the shores of her adopted land. The missionary's health, which had been long impaired by anxiety and hardships, suffered still more under this sad bereavement. Stripped of this earthly support, his spirits often drooped, and bordered on despair, and in the year following her death he returned to Denmark, but not to inactivity. His zeal and energy gave a new impulse to the missionary spirit at home, and he persuaded the king to found a seminary at Copenhagen for training missionaries, and was himself appointed superintendent of it. Full of years and full of honour, the pioneer of Greenland missions entered into rest, but not until he had witnessed the success of his favourite scheme, and seen his own children following in his steps.

His son Paul, who had shared the toil of his early labours, subsequently succeeded his father as superintendent of the missionary college at Copenhagen, and published a grammar and dictionary of the Greenland language, besides translating the New Testament into the same tongue.

Niels, another son of Hans Egede, went forth as a labourer to the same field in 1736, and a grandson of Paul's, named Hans Egede Saabye, followed in the same steps, and materially contributed to the social and religious elevation of the natives.

Such was "the apostle of Greenland." We cannot approve of all the measures by which he sought to civilise and convert the benighted people of that land; but so long as zeal and faith are held in honour, we must assign a high place in the missionary calendar to the pastor of Vagen, who renounced the comforts of his Norwegian home for the dangers and anxieties of a savage land, and who, in disaster as well as success, held fast his purpose and his love of souls.

FALLING LEAVES.



OLD-TINTED in the Autumn sun, the Autumn leaves are glowing,
Silently falling, one by one, while Autumn winds are blowing;
More beautiful than in their birth, as Christians are in dying,
They softly rustle down to earth, while the forest boughs are sighing.

And yet 'tis sad to watch them go, those whisperers of the wood,
That our own hearts had learnt to know and almost understood,—
To see them tremulously leap, as, driven by, they pass,
Like gentle billows o'er the deep of the dark green Autumn grass.

A little while ago 'twas Spring, and we loitered by the way,
Where the hawthorn bush was minist'ring to the glories of the May;
And now in the new-furrowed ridge the hawthorn flowers are sleeping,
And hawthorn leaflets make a bridge where the canker-worm is creeping.

Some on the silent river drift, bound none of us know where;
Some in a hospitable rift, hide from the frosty air;
Ah! sad the thought! their many hues now rudely mixed together,
Were once the care of Summer dews, the pride of the sunny weather.

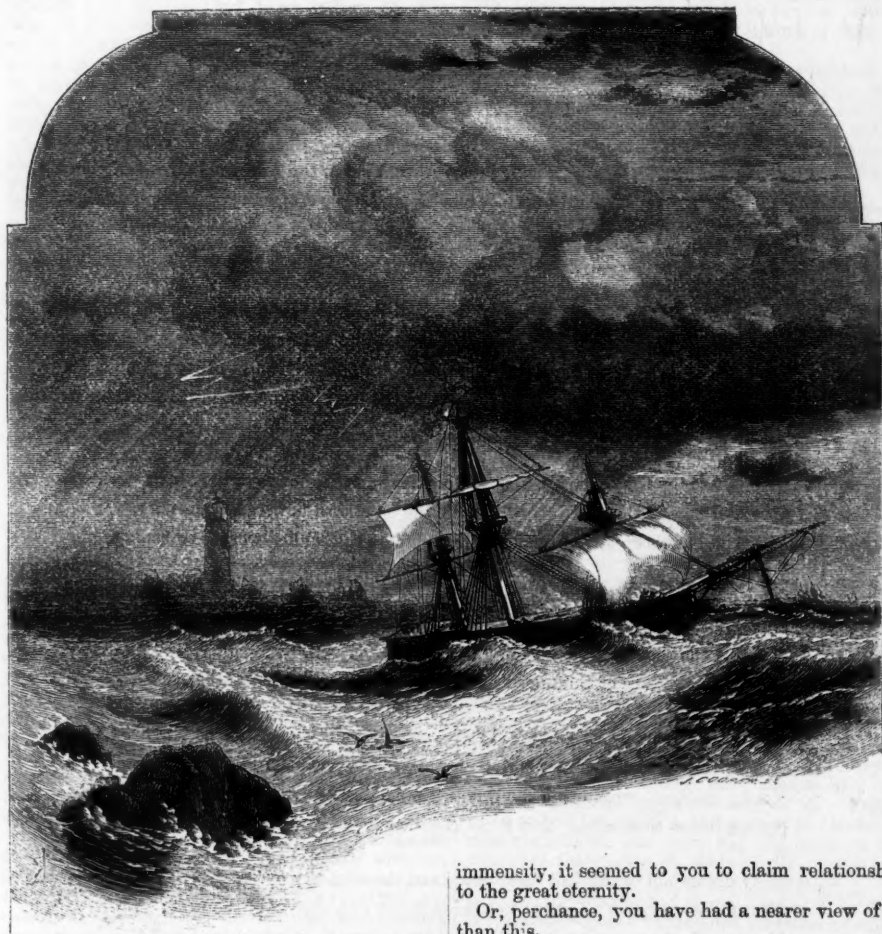
And while the elm-tree's ambered store, chestnut and red-brown beech,
Are writing thus the solemn lore their fading beauties teach,
Young children, winnowing the leaves, the fallen nuts are seeking,—
Spring leaves themselves, they little know what the Autumn leaves are speaking!

They dream not of the dull heart-beat, and the soul-sky overcast,
That follow memory's restless feet through the dead leaves of the past;
Nor how fond hope our toil employs, as we seek, and seek in vain,
To winnow from our withered joys one that shall live again.

But, stay—methinks a voice I hear from the amber-gold and brown
Of the dying leaves, that in the clear, cold air are rustling down;
Are rustling down while the soft breeze prays, or in recesses dim
Of the cloistered wood, doth sweetly raise the notes of a parting hymn.

They say those leaves so beautiful, those leaves in death so fair,
Like us, live ever dutiful; like us, expire in prayer;
And then the sun that sees your fall shall be that Father's eye,
Whose winds of heaven delight to call his children to the sky.

A. W. B.



LIGHT THROUGH THE STORM.

MOST of you have seen the sea. You have looked on it, perhaps, from some far height, as it spread out its broad arms to the horizon. You have seen vessels like tiny specks flitting over it, and as you gazed you have felt its influence on your heart: solemnising—soothing. You have seen it calmly sleeping, and you have watched its great bosom swelling and heaving with indignation when the winds assailed it, till at length it burst into fury, and dashed its wild spray into the very face of the sullen clouds.

You thought it vast and boundless; and, in its

immensity, it seemed to you to claim relationship to the great eternity.

Or, perchance, you have had a nearer view of it than this.

You have sat on the very verge of the shore on a fragrant autumn evening, when the western clouds, all mellowed and deepened into those brilliant hues which are produced by the moisture of the atmosphere, looked down drowsily on the deep.

Pale stars came slowly forth, the first mild gems on the brow of twilight. The little town on the opposite line of shore, whose spires had a short time ago so sparkled in the twilight, seemed, like a fairy city, to be suddenly melting away in the darkness, and you felt that the Spirit of God was moving on the face of the waters.

You have sat there till the silvery chain of moonlight has been thrown across its gently undulating bosom. Then the evening breeze kissed those whispering billows, and you felt that life and love and blessing were around you, worldly cares and anxieties all grew still; it seemed as if Jesus was walking on your heart's great sea, saying, "Peace, be still."

But some amongst you may have gone down to the sea in ships; some of you may have crossed

the restless ocean, and seen the works of the Lord as he raised the stormy wind or hushed the proud billows by a look. You have felt his goodness on the great deep, and your heart has bounded with gratitude when the lighthouse has sparkled from the distant shore, a guiding-star to your gallant ship amidst the intricate waters of the rocky coast.

More than once I have seen the lighthouse on my return from a long voyage. I have seen it when the sullen night spread its dark wings over the distant land, and when a heavy mist was settling down on the deep.

Oh, how welcome it was then!

Some years ago, when we were on a visit in Cornwall, spending part of the summer with Captain B.'s family, he took us to see the lighthouse.

It was one of those balmy, fragrant mornings, not all sunshine, but a day when the clouds themselves are beautiful, softening the light and sending their noiseless shadows like spirits over the waving meadows.

That chase of shadows! Something like the chase of life, when we miss the substance. Fairy insects flitted by us, and birds fluttered amongst the stirring boughs. The spirit of summer was strong that day. At length we reached the lighthouse of which we had had several glimpses through the trees during our walk.

I did not see much beauty in it. It stood by itself on rather a bleak spot. With the sparkling sun above us, and joy and brightness everywhere, it seemed to lose all character of interest.

It had, I thought, a stiff and formal appearance; but still, to gratify my curiosity, I peeped into every part of the grey old place. Up the narrow staircase I went, and when I looked down on the world below, I was struck by the advantage of my elevated position. The very path we had taken seemed invested with greater beauty. But the lighthouse on that summer's day stood darkly in the sunshine, and gave me no idea of light in gloom.

It was a glorious morning. The sunbeams were positively holding a gala on the deep, lighting it up occasionally into a radiance so intense that we could not look on it, and sporting so with the shadows that the lighthouse itself seemed to break out into a smile. Soft green mosses were clinging to its stones, and one of the men keeping vigil there had been trying to make a garden. He had some vegetables green and fresh enough, but he could not do much with the flowers; they were afraid, he said, of the vicinity of the great sea, with its voice of many waters.

Some time afterwards we sailed with Captain B. to the far West. Many of the wonders of the deep we saw. The raging storm and the sultry calm became familiar to us. On to far tropic shores we went, where the sun-hues are bright and gorgeous, and where perpetual summer burns.

During our homeward voyage we had some terrific storms.

In the Gulf of Mexico we were on the very borders of a hurricane.

No lighthouse was there. The dense black clouds, gathering in companies all round the horizon, brought with them twilight before its time, and there was something terrific in so much darkness whilst the sun was actually in the heavens.

We passengers looked at each other as the captain and the mate talked of our being "in for the worst of it," saying that the ladies must soon go below.

One sailor there was, a weather-beaten yet bright-looking old man, who seemed a favourite with all.

In consideration of his age he was given light work to do, and had during our voyage been continually employed in sail-mending, so that, from sometimes conversing with him, a kindliness of feeling had sprung up between us.

"Is there a great deal of danger in this approaching storm, May?" I said, for that was his name, though time had carried him far into winter.

"Yes, miss," he replied, looking round at me with one of those bright, trustful smiles so peculiar to the aged whose hope is sure. "Yes, miss, indeed there is danger; but remember who says—'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

"He is with you, May," I said; "pray that he may be with me."

The sailor was called hastily away, and we ladies were hurried down below.

The spirit of the storm seemed silently to have approached us, for the ocean rolled and heaved as if in anticipation of the battle it must have with the winds.

In the hurry of preparation—for the approach of these hurricanes is very sudden—they had neglected to put up the dead-light in the corner of the after-cabin, so I sat there on the locker, watching the low line of shore, which was partially concealed in a white mist, and the dense clouds streaked here and there with silver grey, and hanging in dark masses on the waters.

I had heard—I had read of hurricanes. Often as a child had I listened to my grandmother's account of the fearful desolation wrought, while she was in the tropics, by one of these raging tempests.

Now, still worse, we were to meet it on the waters.

Again those words, "I will be with thee," rose up in my heart, sending indescribable calm through my whole frame.

Just in the west those silvery lines on the clouds, of which I have before spoken, became brighter. It was evident the vapour was thinner. Suddenly the chambers of the sunset opened, and a triumphal arch, glowing with amber and amethyst and ruby light, was erected in the heavens, through which so bright a flood of golden radiance poured that the spirit of the hurricane cowered before it.

"All will be right now, May." It was the captain's cheerful voice. "We have had but the shadow of the storm, though we were within a hair's breadth of it, and with that ugly shore to leeward, it would have been tough work."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied May; "but look at our lighthouse now," pointing to the golden sun; "we need no better."

Onward we went, and before night had fairly set in a gentle breeze steadily bore us farther and farther from the region of the hurricane.

My dreams that night were of the lighthouse and the Christian's hope.

After five weeks of what may be called a pleasant and prosperous voyage, we approached old England.

It was evening when we drew near land; gusty and misty, and none of us could discern it.

"It should lie just there," the captain said, as, through the lingering twilight, he peered out into the darkness.

The wind was increasing every moment, and I saw he was uneasy.

"We shall have a heavy storm before midnight," I heard him say. "Look out, boys, for the lighthouse: there is a purse of money, subscribed by the ladies, for the first who discovers it."

"We must heave to," said the captain.

And there we lay, pitching and tumbling, fearing very much the night before us.

I remembered my summer's walk to the lighthouse, and I thought how far more precious it now appeared in my eyes.

While we were all eager and anxious, looking out on our danger, and watching and waiting for the first glimpse of the lighthouse, "Light ahead!" we heard May shout, whilst a look of honest joy brightened over his face.

All was excitement.

"Look there, miss," said the old man; and I saw a large bright star gleaming on us one moment, and completely disappearing the next.

It was the revolving light.

What did we care for mists and shores now that we saw the danger which that light revealed to us?

Dear reader, whilst running over these lines, has it occurred to you, that you would like to have a ray of living light to cheer your soul's darkness? If so, I bid you be of good cheer. Only lift up your eyes to the hills from whence cometh your help—only look upwards, trustfully, in the spirit of the little child—look to Jesus as your guide,

and from that moment life will wear a different aspect.

He will be as the lighthouse to your soul, showing you the dangers of the way. He will fill your heart with such confidence in his guiding love and wisdom, that the intricate passage will become plain before you, and your hopes shall grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Though all may be smooth and fair with you now, and you may think as little of the lighthouse as I did on that summer's day, remember—the night cometh; night, with perhaps storm and darkness—bereavements, ay, the swellings of Jordan—the dim valley of the shadow of death.

See to it that you look out for the lighthouse now! The Saviour's smile on the dreary way will change the darkness into light, and you will bless the very gloom which revealed him to you as your Father and your Friend.

And, on the waters of this dangerous life, with shoals of difficulty around you, and dark rocks of worldliness and passion and trouble before you, how welcome the lighthouse—how welcome the Saviour's promise that he will be with you always, even to the end! Believe me, sorrow itself wears a different aspect when once God's love in Christ is revealed to us. It puts off its dingy garb, and becomes the messenger of mercy.

The voyage of life is dangerous; the dark rock-shore of difficulty is near at hand. Cast all your care on God, for he careth for you. Only look upwards, and you will see Jesus waiting to pilot you through the dark waters. Be strong and of good courage; fear not, neither be dismayed, and through gloom, and storm, and darkness, rays from the lighthouse shall guide you on, till at length—the haven reached—in the blissful light of eternity you shall see Jesus as he is.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

A POEM BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

— A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad,
Her eyes were fair and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell:"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."



"WE ARE SEVEN."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven;—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green—they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them."

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,

I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was sister Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I;
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven;"

"Twas throwing words away, for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BLUE SKY BEYOND THE SWALLOWS.



LILIAN MORTON was a very sweet-looking girl. She was just a pretty picture of the meeting of the brook and river. She was a tall girl for her age, and womanhood seemed to be pausing regretfully, ere she threw her graver beauty over her.

She set off with her younger brother Ernest to join in a pic-nic, which was to be held on the other side of Lord Carlton's park. It was rather late in the year for a pic-nic, to be sure; but the weather was summery still, though the wind was high, and Mr. Oxley, the young curate, who had lately come to the neighbourhood, was to be there. He was a great favourite with all the boys of Lilian's family, and Ernest said, patting Lilian on the shoulder, and assuming that mock patronising manner which

boys often use towards their elder sisters, "And my little sister likes him as well as any of us."

"I am sure I don't," Lilian answered. She did not mean to say what was untrue, for she was very fond of her friend and companion, Mr. Oxley, but she did not like to be bantered about it, and grew angry whenever her brother made a joke of it; and he was not there now to take her part, and stand up for his favourite, so while she said, "I'm sure I don't," she was longing to be at the park, joining in his merry laugh, and trying to make out his fine charades.

That brother and sister were walking along, not very slowly, I can tell you. Sometimes they would break out into a run, and at other times they would turn and skip about, till I question if they did not make the way longer in their glee.

Suddenly the sunlight was obscured, and a dim purple shade, so peculiarly belonging to that season of the year, fell on their way. Ernest looked up anxiously at the sky, but the clouds were so soft and pleasant in their appearance, that he could not connect them with rain and disappointment.

They were just entering Farmer's Wood, and the

wind had by this time risen so much, that the boughs of the old trees were swaying about, and they seemed to be grumbling and murmuring one to another.

"It is getting very stormy," Lillian said; "and it does not feel half so much like summer as when we set out."

"Oh," replied Ernest, "the wind only makes all this noise because it is among the trees. When we get out on the meadow again, it will be quite calm."

But the September day was not thinking of those children and their pic-nic, and real rain-drops fell fast and thick on the fragrant earth.

Lillian said they must stay under the shelter of the trees awhile, for that if her things were very wet, mamma would not let her remain at the park.

So they sat down on a projection of broken ground, under the shelter of a fine old beech-tree. Not a very prudent thing to do, by the by. However, the rain was not falling very fast; so they got on gradually until they came in sight of John Somers, the woodman, who was hard at work chopping the stump of an old tree.

But when they got up to where he was, the sky became dark as ever again, and they had to shelter under the tree, close to where he was at work. When they were there, Lillian asked John Somers, "Do you think it will be fine soon?"

Her impatience quite got the better of her usual diffidence.

"How tired you must get, John Somers," she said, "of hammering away at that round, rough tree-stump! Do you ever go to pic-nics? and are you ever disappointed?"

John looked up merrily at the young inquirer, and said, "I don't go to pic-nics, Miss Lillian; but I have plenty to do with disappointment—who has not?"

Heavily, heavily fell the rain, and Lillian and Ernest were beginning to get very wet, for they had neither cloaks nor umbrellas; so John Somers put down his axe, and, as if a sudden bright thought had struck him, "I can give you shelter, young lady and young gentleman," he said, "if you will go with me to my father's cot; it stands just beyond those trees, underneath the shelving ground where the earth has been broken away by those large roots. I will help you, Miss Lillian, down the steep."

John Somers seemed to rise quite above the working man as thus he spoke; for the spirit of kindness and goodwill, when in exercise, always invests its possessor with a certain degree of refinement.

The children were very glad to accept his kind offer, and they were soon in the little cottage, drying their boots at the bright wood fire.

John's father was a very old man. He wore drab gaiters, that were buttoned up to the knee with great horn buttons. His hair and beard were silvery white, and his mouth was all sunken in, for he had no teeth; but his voice was very pleasant, and he welcomed the little lady as courteously as if his cottage were a palace, and he a real grand duke.

These were the very words Lillian used, when she told Mr. Oxley in the evening the story of her cottage shelter. And what do you think was Mr. Oxley's answer?

"Just as I would say," he exclaimed, looking down on Lillian with a smile; "just as I would say, 'Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain,' &c., so would I say, 'Martin Somers, by the grace of God, a gentleman.'"

Martin Somers had not lived fourscore years in the world without learning to read the mind a little from the face. He saw that Ernest was merely longing, with the impatience so common to a boy, for the storm to cease, but that Lillian's disappointment at the loss of the pic-nic amounted to real sorrow.

"Oh, it is such a pity!" she said; "this dreadful rain has spoiled all our fun. I do wish those horrid clouds would go away!"

"Young lady," the old man said, "you must not call the rain dreadful, nor the clouds horrid, neither must you call disappointment an evil, as it sometimes proves a great blessing. If we wait patiently, and look out in the right quarter, we shall generally find a bit of blue sky;" then Martin Somers went to the cottage door, and looking out towards the north-west, he saw the heavens pale and blue, and very beautiful, and before this little patch of brightness the swallows were flying about right merrily.

"There it is!" he exclaimed, while his eyes danced with delight.

"Many long years ago," the old man said, seating himself again in his high-backed wooden chair, "when my little Alice lay dead in the house, I thought my heart would break. I called the clouds horrid, and the storm dreadful. I did not care even to look for the blue sky. My poor wife, bowed down by her own grief, yet tried to comfort me. She bade me look up to the blue sky beyond the rain, but I would not heed her. I did not trip to the door, as you have done now, young lady, and shake off trouble with a smile. 'No, no,' I cried, refusing to be comforted; 'our pet, our darling is gone, and I shall look at the cloud only.' I was sullen and miserable, but the heavenly hope, the blue sky, on which my wife so constantly kept her eyes, seemed to enlarge and spread around her, and her soul was filled with peace. Then the crowning sorrow came, I lost my dear old woman, who had borne with me through all my waywardness and petulance, and I was stricken down. I lay on my bed for days with something they said like brain-fever. Death had walked so familiarly into our cottage and taken my good woman out of the arm-chair, that I could not realise she was gone home. I used to watch from my bed the soft blue sky, that ever and anon peeped mildly and lovingly through the clouds, then all my wife had said to me came back into my mind. The blue sky as I looked at it was like her smile; and, at last, some of her own sweet hope seemed to settle in my heart.

"I have had many troubles since that time, many disappointments, but I have been comforted through all by looking up at the blue sky beyond the clouds. It is true I have had sometimes to wait for a sight of it; but watching, and waiting, and trusting, it has always come at last."

"Oh, how you have cheered me!" Lillian said. "Look, the clouds are clearing away; we shall have a lovely afternoon!"

As Lillian journeyed on through life, she had

many more disappointments than the loss of a pic-nic; but I am happy to say she learned in everything to wait and patiently hope.

Some years afterwards, when the woodman's axe was still, for John Somers had left that part of the country, and the old man had been long dead, Mr. and Mrs. Oxley paid a visit to Farmer's Wood. They were one in faith and hope, and lived together in holy love and peace. They looked at the old beech-tree, and the broken ground above the old man's cottage. Beyond, through the trees, they saw the blue sky, running like an azure river from east to west. The young wife was affected even to tears; turning to her husband, she said, "Have we not ever through life seen the heavenly hope beyond the sorrow?"

I did not hear his answer, but from the tones of the lady's voice, I knew in an instant that the speaker was no other than my fair friend Lillian.

THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

THIS man is making his spring removal. He has the whole furniture of his cottage, or rather of his dairy, about his person. The sides of the mountain begin to look green in the spring sunshine, and he is going up there with his flock to spend the summer. When he comes back he will bring a goodly harvest of butter and cheese, the result of his summer labours.

You do not think he looks forward very eagerly to his task? No, he is thinking just now of the little people that call him papa. He is looking down on the spreading roof that covers them in one of the cottages below. It will be a long time before he sees them again, and he will be very lonely up on the mountain-side without them. But he will not think of them much longer now. He will soon be out of sight of the cottage, and be thinking of the hut which he built some years ago in his mountain pasture. His path is steep, but with that iron-pointed stick in his hand he will soon climb the rocks.

When he reaches the cottage on the mountain-side he will put the big kettle in the fireplace, the cheese-mould and the churn on one side, and spread the milk-pans out upon the shelves. Then, with the milk-pail, or tub, that he carried up the mountain-side in his hand, he will go out to milk the cows. When they are milked he gives them a handful of salt, and lets them go. When milking-

time comes again they will be there for another taste of salt. This saves him the trouble of "bringing up the cows" every night and morning.

Then, if butter is to be made, the milk is set in the pans for the cream to rise. If cheese is wanted, the milk is all poured into the big kettle and warmed and curded, and the curds are drained and pressed.

When night comes he will spread a little straw in the loft for his bed, and this is nearly all that he brought for his own accommodation. If he wants ladles, or spoons, or cups, he carves them out cleverly with his knife from the wood of the maple, the linden, or the fragrant pine. The Swiss are most skilful in the carving with a small knife. Many little carved Swiss cottages, ivory brooches, and little toys are brought to England from the mountains of Switzerland.

The Swiss herdsman leads rather a lonely life in the mountains. He cannot well leave his flock even for a visit to a brother herdsman, and he never gets a newspaper. If a traveller chance to pass his way, he will detain him as long as possible to talk with him.

Many of these herdsmen are religious men, and in the middle of the day they have time to read the Word of God; and by night they watch the stars in the heavens, as did David of old. And it is said that when the sun is going out of sight in the evening, the pious herdsman takes his Alpine horn, through which he can call so loud as to be heard a long distance, and he shouts, "Praise

ye the Lord!" and a brother herdsman on some distant peak takes up the echo, "Praise the Lord!" Soon another answers, still higher up the mountain, and thus hill shouts to hill, and peak echoes to peak, until, amid these anthems of praise, the last sunbeams leave the mountain-tops. But though all human voices are hushed, and earthly sounds have died away, and all the shepherds are asleep, there is One who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, and he guards the sleeping herds and men until again the glad morning light awakes them to their work.

"Brothers! the day declines;
Above the glacier brightens;
And red through Hundweyl pines
The vesper halo lightens.
From hamlet, rock, and chalet,
Your grateful songs be poured,
Till mountain, lakes, and valley
Re-echo, 'Praise the Lord!'"



THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—Romans xiii. 10.

DUR God is love! how sweetly
The words from heaven fall!
They flow down softly, tenderly,
For you, for me, for all;
I hear them in the chiming
Of the bells so musical.

And it is His will that loving,
You journey on your way,
Forgiving, soothing, blessing
Your playmates every day;
And wearing sweet humility
As your costliest array!

For think how much, dear children,
Your Saviour loveth you,
With holy love unchanging,
Eternal, steadfast, true;
Leading your lives with mercies,
Each morning fresh and new.

And on the just and unjust
He sends the cooling shower,
And the sunbeams of his mercy bright,
To cheer the cloudy hour,
And we to all around must give
Soft, loving thoughts as dower.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. III.

"Micah."—Judg. xvii. 10.

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|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. M oses | Numb. xii. 3. |
| 2. I vory | 1 Kings x. 18, 19. |
| 3. C ornelius | Acts x. |
| 4. A jalon..... | Josh. x. 12, 13. |
| 5. H or | Numb. xx. 22—29. |

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. What man succeeded Aaron as high priest?
2. A queen who bade her women to a feast.
3. For whom did Abram also warmly plead?
4. A man who told his wives his wicked deed.
5. A king who, nine times spared, mocked God again.
6. A man whom David ordered to be slain.
7. The father of the man who killed Pekahiah.
8. A city smitten by the Lord with fire.
9. A man whose sacrilege cost him his life.
10. The father of the Hittite, Esau's wife.
11. By what great orator was Paul accused?
12. What valley was for rites of Moloch used?
13. A mighty captain by a woman slain.
14. What son of Saul did Abner make to reign?
15. Of whom did Jesus say he had no sin?
16. One who to Abraham was near of kin.
17. What man by Paul was raised to life again?
18. Within what town did Paul two years remain?
19. Whose host was all slain by the deadly blast,
Breathed by th' avenging angel as he passed?
Sinners may pass awhile,
And sin on undismayed;
But God sleeps not, and in his time
Their sin will be repaid.

UNFADING MEMORIES.

IT is often a melancholy thought to the sensitive heart that the dead are so soon forgotten.

"They that have loved thee most
Will soon forget thee and their weeping,
And earth to them be bright as now;
Whilst thou alone art sleeping."

We even chide ourselves sometimes, when a familiar friend has fallen, that we do not feel a keener grief at the bereavement.

A woman died a great many years ago for whom a great mourning was made. She was not a woman high in rank or social position, yet distinguished men stood around her bedside, and a crowd of weeping mourners bowed in most sincere anguish over her lifeless form. Her history has gone down the line of centuries, and will roll on until time shall be swallowed up in eternity. She will never be forgotten. And what, think you, was the foundation of this remembrance? What may seem a very humble work indeed. "And all the widows stood by weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them."

Did it ever occur to you that when engaged in such a humble labour, out of pity for God's poor,

you were performing a work greater in His eyes and more pleasing to Him than the discovery of continents or the conquering of nations? Ah! this is the way to be remembered when we are gone—by our good works and alms deeds; not by the showy, costly robes we wore, not by the intellectual stores we managed to gather for our selfish enjoyment alone. The King will never delight to honour these. Have we fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." The world is much more likely to honour one who has made orphans and widows by the thousand, who has gathered together gold, and gems, and costly raiment for personal display. "But God seeth not as man seeth," and it is little matter what man's judgment is, so that we have this testimony, that we have "pleased God." The world may forget us, but He will never forget. The little beloved circle of those to whom we have shown kindness will not forget us. Our names may be made household words under many roofs; and for our sakes, prayers and kindly offices will follow those dear ones we have left behind us. What a precious legacy to leave for those who survive us—a widow's prayer, and an orphan's blessing!

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INSPECTOR ROCK.



HE inspector, whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over the unhappy and often guilty creatures shut up in the station-house from Saturday night till Monday morning, was a brave, humane, and intelligent man.

His family name was Rock; and though the proverb says that surnames always go by contraries, yet his seemed appropriate enough, for he was a man who had narrowly escaped being a giant.

He was six feet four, and without any tendency to obesity; but he was so muscular, and of so huge a frame, that he seemed broad in proportion to his height.

He was a remarkably pleasant-looking, handsome man, about thirty-eight; his fine head was covered with closely curling black hair; his dark eyes, bushy whiskers, and rosy complexion, gave him a great reputation for good looks; and his expression and manners were as gentle to the good and oppressed, as they were stern to the wicked and the bold.

Inspector Rock had been nearly twenty years in the force, and during that time he had seen a good deal of the dark side of human nature, and had acquired a wonderful power of judging accurately of the natures and dispositions of those confided to his care.

Now it so happened that he did not see poor Becky when first she was brought to the station-house; but hearing some of the young policemen joking about an old woman whom they called a ranter, and whose coal-scuttle bonnet they were ridiculing, Inspector Rock felt a lively curiosity to see the old woman in question.

His own mother, his dead mother, of whom he could never think or speak without tears filling his eyes, had been what the ribald call a ranter, and she, too, had always worn a black coal-scuttle bonnet.

Inspector Rock, then, softly opened the door of the ward in which the women were confined.

The other females were lying about on the benches and the floor, sleeping off the effects of the alcohol they had imbibed, but Becky sat alone and apart near the window; a bright stream of afternoon sunshine lighting up her tall, bony, gaunt, old-fashioned figure, her silver hair, hard features, and earnest expression, as she read her Bible with such absorbing interest that she did not see the inspector even when he stood within a yard of her bench.

As it was cold and damp in the cell where the women were confined, Becky had kept on the black satin coal-scuttle bonnet and her grey woollen cloak. Just such a bonnet and cloak as his unforgotten mother used to wear when he, her prop, her comfort, and her hope, used to go with her to market, proud, as a manly boy naturally would be, of carrying his widowed mother's heavy basket, and of feeling her lean on him for support.

The inspector's heart warmed towards Becky, as he gazed at her old-fashioned rustic attire.

Presently, Becky came to the end of her chapter and looked up.

Becky, seeing so fine and commanding a figure before her, fancied (as she afterwards told her mistress) that he was the magistrate, or Sir Richard Mayne himself.

"Honour to whom honour is due," thought Becky, as she rose, and folding her arms before her, made a very low and solemn curtsy to the inspector.

Inspector Rock had already formed his opinion of Becky. Her honest face, her dignified humility, her Bible, all convinced him that she must have got there by some mistake.

It was, therefore, in a very kind and gentle voice that he said to her, "I fear, my good woman, you find this place very cold and comfortless."

"I did, sir, at first," said Becky, with another low curtsy; "but I have been reading here of the sufferings of Him who knew no sin, and, thinking of His terrible woe, I had no time to think about my own small misfortunes."

"Ah, if we all thought more of our Lord and His sufferings, we should think less of ourselves and of our trials," replied Inspector Rock; "but anything that can be done to make you more comfortable during your detention here, shall be done. Wooden benches and brick floors, with bread and water, are good enough for most of those who find themselves here; but I wish you to understand that you can have any refreshment you like to send out for; you can have tea, or coffee, bread-and-butter, eggs, or meat."

"It would be a great comfort to me to have a cup of hot tea, sir," said Becky, "and a little bread-and-butter; and I thank you kindly, sir, for taking pity on me, and granting me such an indulgence."

Becky took a shilling out of her purse, and the inspector kindly agreed to give it to a porter, with directions how to lay it out. He then promised to look in again, and have a little talk with Becky, remarking, that, from her dress and dialect, he fancied she must be from the same county as his dear mother, now, he humbly hoped, in heaven.

"I hope she be, sir," said Becky; "and if she was faithful to the end, no doubt she now wears the crown of life."

She then made him another low curtsy, as he went away.

In about half an hour, a man came in and placed before Becky a mug of good tea, boiling hot, a plate of bread-and-butter, and a very nice mutton chop, with two mealy potatoes.

Becky, who had no idea of the charges for refreshments furnished to people in sponging-houses, station-houses, &c., fancied her shilling had paid for all. She did not guess the truth—namely, that the chop and potatoes were a present from the inspector, who saw in Becky an odd pious old woman, who reminded him of his mother.

It was only when she saw the tray, and inhaled the savoury odour of a well-grilled mutton chop, and the fragrance of a mealy potato, that Becky really knew how very faint and hungry she was.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BURGLARS AT NIGHT.

THE time passed by Becky in the station-house was spent by Mrs. Moore in great anxiety and alarm, lest any accident should have befallen her faithful old servant.

When the last train had arrived at Evertown, and had not brought Becky back with it, Mrs. Moore, who

had hoped to the last, began to feel a little uneasy. The last train came in at midnight; and about half an hour later, Mrs. Moore fully expected to see the large plain old face and the tall, square, bony form, so much dearer and more welcome to her than the most perfect beauty; for Becky's face, form, and dress were associated, in Mrs. Moore's mind, with her excellent qualities, her truth, her devotion, her tenderness, her zeal, her unaffected piety, and her remarkable self-abnegation.

Freddy had been allowed to sit up till nine o'clock (his usual hour for going to bed was eight) in order to keep his mamma company, and to see if Becky would come back, as she had intended to do, by the 8 20 p.m. Freddy kept his blue eyes open till nine, and had begged his mamma to allow him to stay with her another hour; when five minutes after he had preferred this request, on the plea of poor mamma being quite alone, with no one to help her, or to do anything for her, the white lids with their long black lashes, softly closed, and Freddy fell fast asleep in his mother's arms. Tenderly Mrs. Moore undressed her little boy, and put him to bed; then she returned to the sitting-room, and sinking into an easy chair by the fire, she began to wonder what could have detained Becky, and tormented herself by reflecting on every variety of evil that might have befallen her. As train after train passed by, and Becky came not, poor Mrs. Moore began to ask herself what would become of Freddy and herself, if the kind and faithful Becky should be taken from them. Never, till this sad night, had she so fully appreciated the blessing of possessing one true friend. She thought over all the varied instances of Becky's attachment to herself and Freddy, until the tears chased each other down her pale thin cheeks; and a prayer for the protection and safe return of Becky, burst from her lips.

"Poor dear Becky," she said to herself, "I dare say she has been detained by some difficulty in disposing of the things to advantage; she was so anxious to get a good price for them; I dare say she will be down by the next train (the twelve o'clock), and how faint and hungry she will be! how much she will want a good cup of tea; I'll have water boiling, and everything ready."

Mrs. Moore roused herself: the water in the little kettle had all boiled away, and she had to go down-stairs, through the kitchen into the scullery, to replenish the kettle. All the family slept on the second floor; and Ben Blore, as his house was not habitable as yet, had hired one of the garrets at the grocer's. Mrs. Moore felt a little nervous and timid, as she went down-stairs with the kettle in her hand; everything was so dark, so quiet, so out of from every living creature.

The grocer was known to be very rich; and Becky had often told her mistress how very imprudent she thought it was of him, to keep a great deal of money in the till, particularly as a young shopman, who had lived with him for two years, and who, from being a pious respectable lad, had, through bad company, become a reprobate, and been turned away without a character, had been seen with very evil companions, and had been heard to swear that "he'd pay old Hall out yet, as sure as his name was Ephraim Peake."

Mrs. Moore thought of these remarks of Becky's as she crossed the dark deserted kitchen, and entered the scullery to fill the kettle.

The Halls were very particular, tidy, and precise people; and absorbed even as she was by her anxiety about Becky, Mrs. Moore could not help noticing the admirable cleanliness, brightness, and order, that prevailed in Mrs. Hall's kitchen. The saucepans, stewpans, and kettles, were like burnished gold or silver. The dresser was beautifully white and clean; nothing was left dirty about; everything had been washed up and put away. There was not a spot of grease to be seen on the brick floor, which in many parts was covered with

Indian matting. A large, solemn-faced clock ticked behind the door; and that sound was the only one that broke the stillness, save the chirp of a cricket on the hearth. Over the mantelpiece, which was bright with small articles of brass and tin, was the motto, "Waste not, want not;" and the snow-white walls were adorned on all sides with admirable texts.

"No wonder Becky thinks so well of Mrs. Hall, and praises her so highly," said Mrs. Moore to herself.

Mrs. Moore entered the scullery, where the same spirit of order and cleanliness was apparent.

She had just filled her kettle, and was hastening away with it in her hand, when, by some accident or other, her candle went out. Mrs. Moore was then quite in the dark; and she was beginning to grope her way out of the scullery, when she fancied she heard steps and low voices just outside the scullery door. That door opened in a garden.

Mrs. Moore stood in the centre of the Cimmerian darkness of the scullery, the kettle of water in her hand, all the blood in her heart rushing hotly to her head and face, and an icy chill crawling up her back. She listened attentively, and was confirmed in her opinion that there were voices and steps outside.

So acute was her sense of hearing at that moment of unutterable terror, that she was able afterwards to recall and repeat some words of which she did not know the meaning. These words were thieves' slang, and had reference to a plan of getting in at the scullery window, robbing the till, and escaping with the "shiners," if possible; but if not, why then they would be guided by circumstances; *id est*, they must add murder to robbery, if their own safety required it.

Mrs. Moore, after a few moments of great terror, recovered her presence of mind, and decided on her course of action. As her light had been so providentially extinguished before these wretches came to the back door, they could have no suspicion that any one was about down-stairs. She resolved, then, to grope her way, as quickly and as noiselessly as possible, up-stairs to Mr. Hall's room, to rouse him and put him on his guard; and to do the same by old Ben Blore. Ben Blore, with his lion's courage, and brawny blacksmith's arm, would be a host in himself.

She made her way, without meeting with any impediment, to the kitchen door; there she halted for a moment, and turning her head, glanced timidly over her shoulder at the scullery window.

It was a window placed rather high up in the wall, and it was both glazed and barred. While she was gazing at it a flash of light from without revealed to her a hand holding a lantern, and a face covered with black crape.

The next moment a voice said, "*Star the glaze,*" and quick as lightning the glass was cut out, and a hand grasped one of the iron bars.

By that same flash of red light Eva had perceived the lock of the kitchen door, and had seen that the key was in the inside.

Noiselessly she withdrew it, closed the door as softly as she could, and, feeling for the key-hole, slipped the key in, locked the door, and sped, like one pursued, up-stairs.

The robber who was forcing his entrance through the scullery window had not perceived the slender form of Eva, for she was dressed in black, and had thrown her black shawl over her head before venturing into the damp, draughty scullery.

"That lock," thought Eva, "will not resist them long; but if it gives us a few extra moments, it is something gained."

She then snatched a candle off her own sitting-room table, and hurried up-stairs to the door of the second-floor front, where Mr. and Mrs. Hall slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall were very early risers, and very

active, hard-working people, and Mrs. Moore had no little trouble to wake them. When she did so she found it no easy matter to make them understand their danger; but when once they did so, Mrs. Hall exclaimed—

"Abel, I hope I'm not judging harshly, but I do believe that's Ephraim Peake."

Abel, by this time, had sprang out of bed. First of all he seized a watchman's rattle, which hung over the mantelpiece, and, going to the window, sprang it, making a noise that Eva thought might have been heard half a mile off. He then seized a blunderbuss, which he kept loaded in a case on the drawers, and, stepping to the landing window, which commanded a view of the slanting roof of the scullery, shouted—

"Who's there?"

The moon emerging from behind a cloud at this moment revealed the forms of three men, one of whom was in the act of forcing his little slender body through the scullery window.

"Who's there?" shouted Abel, again. "I give you warning; be off, or I fire."

Two of the men, upon hearing this, rolled or tumbled off the sloping slated roof of the lean-to scullery.

The third, wedged between the bars, which he vainly tried to displace, roared aloud for mercy, but could not stir.

Old Hall was about to fire, but Mrs. Moore and Ben Blore, who, by this time, had come down from his garret, sld his arm back.

"Don't shoot him," said Mrs. Moore. "Think how dreadful to send him to his last account while committing a heinous crime."

"As the tree falleth so shall it lie," said the blacksmith; "but an ye spare him, he may repent and live. Tak' him prisoner, an ye will, but slay him not; and hark ye, there's a tremendous knocking, and ringing, and thundering at the front door; na doot it's the police come to learn what's the matter. Now, then, let them take the robber prisoner. Come down with me to let them in, if they are the police, and then I'll help you to capture the rascal."

Abel Hall and Ben Blore found several policemen at the door; some of whom went round to the back of the house.

Meanwhile, Abel Hall and Ben Blore repaired through the kitchen to the scullery. The burglar had forced his body through the bars, and had hidden himself behind the door.

The inspector of police, who was up to every kind of trick practised by these fellows, suspected he was hiding, and dashed suddenly upon him, just as the culprit was taking aim at Abel Hall with a pistol.

"I'll shoot Hall like a dog, if I do swing for it," he had just said to himself, when the stalwart policeman suddenly seized upon him; another instantaneously slipped on a pair of handcuffs, and tearing the black crape from his face, the livid features of Ephraim Peake were revealed.

"I don't care for these," he said, holding up his wrists; "why, steel bracelets is all the fashion for fine ladies now; and I don't care for going to prison; but I do care for being baulked of my revenge on you, you old sneaking, snivelling, psalm-singing ranter!" he cried, addressing Abel Hall.

"Come, you aint a bettering your case by your jaw, young man," said the inspector. "Don't you know a still tongue makes a wise head. You just come along with me. Come quiet, and I won't touch you; but if you resist, I must use force."

"My compliments to Mrs. Hall," cried the young ruffian; "and tell her I meant to oblige her by making her a widow; and, if I had, there's no knowing but what I might have married her myself, for the sake of the shiners, though she is a perfect cure."

"A cure, a cure, a perfect cure," he sang, as the

policeman led him away, a miserable example of the effect of bad company.

While Abel Hall and Ben Blore went down-stairs to let in the policemen and to capture the burglars, Mrs. Hall, afraid to remain in her own bed, having slipped on a petticoat and a shawl, joined Mrs. Moore, who hurried with all a mother's anxiety to the bedroom where her only hope and treasure lay sleeping as calmly as if there were no such persons as burglars in the world. Mrs. Hall was shaking like an aspen-leaf, and was as cold as ice. It was in vain that Mrs. Moore tried to reassure her, by pointing out that the police, Mr. Hall, and Ben Blore must be more than a match for one wretched burglar, wedged between the bars of the scullery window, and that there was very little doubt the others had made their escape; Mrs. Hall did nothing but shiver and shake, until her husband and Ben Blore came up to tell her and Mrs. Moore that all was well; the one culprit having been captured and carried off to the station-house by the police, while the others had effected their escape over the garden wall.

Finding that, even after the peril was passed, Mrs. Hall continued to shiver and to look deadly pale, Eva put the kettle she had filled in the scullery on the fire, and having made the water boil, insisted on Mrs. Hall taking a cup of hot tea.

Mr. Hall and Ben Blore, who were also rather chilled by getting out of their warm beds at midnight to go down to the street-door, and thence into the scullery, also partook of Eva's tea, and then the whole party prepared to return to their beds. Both Mr. Hall and Ben Blore expressed the highest admiration of Mrs. Moore's presence of mind, and both acknowledged that to her heroic conduct the safety of the till and, perhaps, their lives were owing.

Before Ben Blore left her, Mrs. Moore, perceiving by the clock on the mantelpiece that there was no chance of Becky's return that night, asked him how he accounted for his cousin's non-appearance, and expressed her own great alarm and anxiety on her servant's account.

"Jest mak' your mind aisy, and gang to yer rest, ma'am," said Ben Blore. "Becky's auld eno', and ugly eno'," he added, with a chuckle, "to tak' care of herself. If an accident had happened to the train, I'd have heard of it for sartin, for I was down at the station late the night."

"But what can have detained her?" said Eva; "Becky is the very soul of punctuality. I never knew her too late for anything she had arranged to do in the long period during which she has been with me. Besides, she promised to return to-night, and when did you ever know Becky break her word?"

"Na, na; Becky Blore's na the lass to break her word," said the blacksmith; "she'd be na Blore an she were na truthfu' and punctual; but I feel quite aisy about her, for ill news travels apace, ma'am, and if Becky had met wi' an accident, you may tak' my word for it, we'd ha' heard of it by this time. The Lord will tak' care o' Becky, ma'am, for she's his ain child. So tak' an auld man's advice, ma'am, and get ye to bed at onst, for ye're as white as a curd and as cold as a stane."

With these words the blacksmith took his leave, and Mrs. Moore followed his advice and retired to bed, not a little agitated and upset by the events of the evening.

CHAPTER XXX.

A VISIT FROM THE VICAR.

THE next morning Mrs. Moore awoke with a confused sense of some new sorrow, some fresh trial, and the consciousness of what that trial was flashed across her mind when Mrs. Hall appeared at her bedroom door with a

cup of tea and a bit of toast, and inquired whether she could be of any use in dressing Master Freddy, or helping Mrs. Moore.

It was always Becky's self-appointed duty to bring Mrs. Moore a cup of tea before she rose. Indeed, it was the best of the tea that Becky made in her own little black teapot for herself.

Mrs. Moore had often determined on giving up an indulgence which she felt she could not afford; but Becky, whose age and long service gave her a sort of authority, and who knew how much her mistress (always delicate) had suffered in health since her husband's departure, persisted in bringing up the customary early tea to her bedside; and not only Mrs. Moore could not bear to disappoint poor Becky, but her nights, ever since the bankruptcy, had been so weary and so feverish, that she was very glad to quench her thirst with Becky's universal panacea.

Becky was very fond of her tea. She had great faith in tea, and had often been heard to say she could much better go without her dinner than without her tea; and yet since Mrs. Moore's altered fortunes, and since she had ascertained exactly with how small a quantity of tea, sugar, milk, butter, bread, &c. &c., the little family could do, Becky, who had a certain allowance of tea and sugar for her own use, had continually contented herself with very weak tea, without milk or sugar, in order that her mistress's early breakfast might not infringe on the very economical supplies for the week's consumption.

It would have been very affecting to any one who saw Becky at breakfast (only she took care no one should see her at breakfast) to perceive that the weak infusion, of which all the best had been taken to her mistress, was swallowed without milk or sugar; and that, for the same reason, Becky often ate her bread without butter. But she gloried in this sacrifice if Mrs. Moore only said her early tea had refreshed her, or if she seemed to enjoy the little plate of well-made buttered toast with which Becky tried to tempt her lady's fast-failing appetite.

Becky was obliged to keep all her small sacrifices secret from Master Freddy, as of course he would have told his mamma, who would have insisted on Becky's making her tea as she had been used to do at Beech Park.

Mrs. Hall, who had a very high opinion of Becky, and a strong feeling of admiration and respect for Mrs. Moore, determined, as Becky had not returned, to take Mrs. Moore a cup of tea from her own breakfast, and a round of toast of her own making.

It was not such tea as Becky made her, nor was the toast to be named in the same day with Becky's; but Mrs. Moore, who had woke up parched with thirst, her head aching, and her heart palpitating, was very glad even of what Mrs. Hall brought her, and thanked her kind hostess so sweetly that Mrs. Hall grew bolder and more familiar, and began to talk of the burglars, and horrified Mrs. Moore by a graphic account of several splashes of blood which had been discovered on the paved yard just beneath the scullery window, and judg-

ing from which splashes, it was evident that one of the burglars, in effecting his escape, had had a very severe fall.

Mrs. Hall, though on the whole a very good woman, was rather talkative, and had forgotten Freddy's presence.

Her minute account of the blood found on the stones made Mrs. Moore feel rather faint; and as Freddy, whose usual hour for rising had now arrived, was beginning to show symptoms of waking, she whispered to Mrs. Hall not to allude to the burglars or the blood before the child; and upon this hint Mrs. Hall, recollecting that she had to see to her husband's breakfast, hurried away.

Mrs. Moore then rose and dressed herself, and by the time Freddy was quite awake she was ready to give him what little help he required.

It was a bright spring day, sunny and soft—a lovely Sabbath-day.

Mrs. Moore opened the bedroom window, and looked out on the beautiful country, the green fields, and the blue sky, and the grey tower of the old village church at some little distance.

Everything breathed of heaven—of a day of rest and holy calm.

The air came in at the open window redolent of violets and primroses.

In the fields the horses, the oxen, and the poor long-eared sons of toil were grazing at peace. They belonged to a good man, a farmer, who feared God and kept his commandments, and who on the Lord's-day neither worked himself nor suffered any over whom he ruled to work either.

Mrs. Moore dressed herself neatly in grey silk, ready for church, and, leaving Freddy to finish his toilet, she went into the sitting-room to see that everything was ready for her boy's breakfast.

If on one side of the house the distant fields, and the cattle resting from their weekly labours, and the distant church bells, spoke of the Sabbath in the country, on the other, the old market-place at Evertown, with its solemn stillness, its shop windows all closed, and its inhabitants all in their Sunday best, spoke of the Sabbath in town.

Both seemed very soothing to Mrs. Moore, who felt—as the unhappy always do, if they are true Christians—what a blessed institution is Sunday.

But for Becky's unaccountable absence, she felt as if she could have opened her heart to the light of hope, just as the flowers did theirs to the spring sun.

She, however, was obliged to conceal her own anxiety as well as she could, for Freddy, thoughtful beyond his years, could do nothing all breakfast-time but wonder why Becky did not come.

"Surely, mamma," he said, "she cannot have been run over in the streets, or lost her way in London, or gone to the wrong railway station?" And so he went on questioning his mamma as to the probable cause of Becky's delay.

A knock at the door, however, suddenly silenced Freddy.

(To be continued.)



THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

THERE have been few more interesting volumes of travel published recently than those which we have now upon our table. Whether we consider the object with which the journey recorded in them had been undertaken, or the popular ignorance concerning the land and people of which they treat, there is everything about these volumes of Captain Burton* calculated to render them as highly instructive as they are deeply interesting.

The origin and objects of Captain Burton's mission to Dahomey are explained in the preface. For long a very extensive export traffic in slaves has been carried on by the King of Dahomey, and the Government of this country, through Earl Russell, gave instructions to Captain Burton to impress upon his Majesty the great importance which we attach to the cessation of that abominable traffic in human flesh, and call his attention to all the efforts which we have made, as far as lay in our power, to put down such practices. But it was especially in regard to the revolting human sacrifices that Dahomey occupied a position of unenviable notoriety, and, therefore, the principal object of sending a mission to that country was to see how far English influence could succeed in mitigating the horrors of, if it could not avail to put a complete stop to, such savage and abominable practices.

To show the friendly character of the mission, our Government forwarded presents to his swarthy majesty of Dahomey. Perhaps our readers may be curious to know what gifts were bestowed upon so strange a monarch. Here is the inventory: "One forty feet circular crimson silk Damask Tent, with Pole complete (contained in two boxes). One richly embossed silver Pipe, with amber mouthpiece, in morocco case. Two richly-embossed silver Belts, with Lion and Crane in raised relief, in morocco cases. Two silver and partly gilt Waiters, in oak case. One coat of mail and gauntlets." We wish our readers to clearly understand that the above description is quoted from the official document, as we should be sorry indeed to have the credit of such English laid at our doors—or at our Easy Chair, we suppose, is the more correct expression.

It would be quite impossible for us to give an epitome of these travels; there are, however, three subjects of special interest and importance discussed in these volumes, of each of which a word or two. We have a most minute and entertaining description of the amazonian army—an army entirely composed of women! Doubtless the homes in such a nation ought to be scenes of the utmost felicity when all the fighting propensities of the people have so grand an opportunity for their exercise. However, if all the women of Dahomey be as frightfully hideous as the female warrior who figures on the front page (of whom, by-the-by, we heard a lady remark that she was too ugly even for a man!), the popular estimate of even homely beauty must be widely different from our own. We have had an army of women, and that not long since either, who went out even to the seat of war from among ourselves; and when we read of the fighting amazons, we are reminded, by contrast, of a band of Englishwomen of no less courage and bravery, and enterprise—in a cause, oh, how widely, how immeasurably different! The amazons go forth for slaughter and bloodshed; the army of Englishwomen to tend the sick and dying; to face

trial, difficulty, sorrow, disease, and death, in the cause of mercy, humanity, and truth. And what maketh us to differ? Where the distinction between the savage amazon and the loving, tender Englishwoman? Surely, nothing but the Gospel of the grace of God. We hope any of our fair friends who have the opportunity of reading of their less fortunate sisters, who "live like demons, and who fight like devils," will feel thankful that their lot has been cast in so widely different a nation, where the blessed influence of the religion of Christ has obtained for woman her proper social position, and taught her to fulfil her high and holy duties.

With great propriety, Captain Burton refused to be actually present at the human, or, more properly speaking, the inhuman sacrifices; but he gives us a minute and accurate account of all the "customs." How strange it is that wherever we travel, however uncivilised the people, or remote the country, we surely find everywhere some traces—alas! how distorted, and how deformed—of the connection between God and man, giving us an idea of an offended deity, and a people seeking for propitiation; and directly or indirectly connected with that propitiation is the offering of human blood. Surely, all the wide world over, "without shedding of blood there is no remission."

Captain Burton's chapter upon "The Negro's Place in Nature" is full of thoughtful and suggestive matter. He has had great opportunities of judging the question of negro improvement, and his conclusions deserve the careful attention of all interested in the matter. As Captain Burton offers a prefatory apology for any blunders the volumes may contain, we shall say nothing about the small errors which we have noticed, but hope they will be corrected in the next edition.

By way of contrast to these volumes of travel, let us mention an excellent little book by Mr. Mogridge—better known to our readers as "Old Humphrey"—it is entitled "Family Walking-sticks.*" This little volume is full of thought, and instruction, and genuine piety, which are in nowise marred by the few kindly words of introduction with which good Old Humphrey's wife has prefaced her husband's admirable and excellent composition.

A new edition of Southey's "Life of Wesley" has just been issued.† It has been well remarked of John Wesley that though his name has given the title of one of the largest sections of the Christian Church, yet that as a Christian and a divine he belongs himself to no sect or party, but may be claimed by the whole catholic Church as their own. The time when Wesley lived, no less than the remarkably romantic nature of his own career, renders his life a subject of great importance, as well as a theme of unceasing interest. Wesley and Whitfield wrought in the Church of this country a reformation as splendid in its results, and as difficult in its accomplishment, as that which in olden times delivered us from the power of the Vatican, and threw off the yoke of Rome. Of such a reformer's life, written by such a man as Robert Southey, the words of Bacon are aptly quoted—"Read, not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."

* "Family Walking-sticks." By G. Mogridge. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

† "The Life of Wesley." By Robert Southey. A New Edition. London: Bell and Daldy. 1884.

* "A Mission to the King of Dahomey." By R. F. Burton. London: Tinsley Brothers. Two Vols.

THE NATURALNESS OF REVELATION.



WE think that we may take two things for granted. The first, that the unaided powers of man's reason never could have discovered the truths which revelation has disclosed. The second, that revelation, in itself, is the fulfilment of a desire of the soul of man in all ages—the expression of Divine sympathy for the longing with which the big heart of humanity has throbbed—the response given from heaven to human reason, baffled in every age in its search for good. Taking these two truths for granted, there are certain objections raised to revelation, on the very score of its necessity and character, which we here propose to discuss.

Here, then, we are met by the objection—On these grounds revelation should have been primeval and universal. To this we answer. First: The religious history of mankind corresponds with what, on *a priori* grounds, might seem natural and probable on the part of a father God—frequent direct interposition in the infancy of the race; rudimentary instruction and progressive methods of discipline during its adolescence; a full and final disclosure of truth, law, motive, sanction, recompense, for its maturity. And while we believe that Christianity may stand firmly on its own basis, and be authenticated by its own evidence, we contend that, as the close and consummation of a series of revelations, it presents the more manifest tokens of its accordance with nature, with the progressive development of art, science, and civilisation, with the law of growth and the succession of epochs, which we trace everywhere in creation, read in the strata of the earth's surface, and discern even in the genesis of the solar system and the stellar universe.

Leaving Scripture aside, we have numerous vestiges of a primeval revelation. A theogony, a birth of the gods, forms a part of the mythology of all nations; fabulous tradition thus running back to a time when the popular deities had not begun to be, and generally to a time when there was a single divinity, whose offspring were subsequently born to a rival or superior godship. This tradition has for its only possible historical interpretation a pristine state in which men worshipped one God (how taught, except by revelation from himself?), and from which they gradually lapsed into hero, nature, or idol worship. Of parallel import is the tradition which represents a Saturnian age—a state of simplicity, justice, and innocence, a Divine rule recognised and felt among men—as the earliest phase of society; and fraud, violence, and sensuality as intruding forces through which the earth ceased to be a paradise. This, translated into history, means that the knowledge of the right and the good was in the keeping of the fathers of the race (how but by revelation?), and was lost by their posterity.

Now, if there was a primeval revelation, the fact

of its loss by the greater part of mankind is in accordance with the analogy of nature; for both the influence of character on belief, and the suffering of children and posterity from the faults, crimes, and guilt of parents and ancestors, are well known and universally recognised laws. Pure and noble beliefs cannot be retained with a corrupt heart, or transmitted by a corrupt ancestry. In all time, moral depravity has left its trail on the intellect, and each generation has inherited the errors and falsities of the preceding age. Had man's religious belief and growth obeyed other laws, then religion would have been an anomaly in human nature; and if revelation had been subject to other laws, then revelation would have been anomalous and unnatural. Is it maintained that a supremely good Creator could not but have replaced the forgotten revelation, everywhere and in each generation, by new communications from himself? In order to this, he must have abrogated the law by which children inherit mentally and morally from their parents; a law which is of unspeakable benefit as a constant motive to healthful activity and diligence, and an effective agent in human progress and improvement. Indeed, successive generations could not be sustained as moral beings, were there a direct interposition to replace the losses of each generation, and to restore the children to privileges forfeited by the parents. In a world so constituted there might be a splendid pageant of Divine administration, but there could be no human forethought, energy, or self-dependence.

But it may be asked, Why should Christianity, the perfect religion, have been withheld from the first 4,000 years of human history? Be it true or false, does not its arbitrary promulgation at a precise period of time take it wholly out of the range of natural development, so that it must stand or fall on its claims as absolutely supernatural? We answer, that if there were no reason other than the sovereign, unconditioned will of the Creator for the epoch of its promulgation—if it would have taken its place as fitly at an earlier or a later period, then the question concerning it has no pertinency in our discussion of natural religion. But, on the other hand, if Christ came in the fulness of time, when the world was prepared for him, no sooner, no later, then was his advent as natural as are the phenomena of the successive seasons, and there is as much philosophical exactness as poetic beauty in those sacred words commonly applied to him: "He shall come down like rain upon the grass, as showers that water the earth." Let us try the question.

The leading characteristic of Christianity is, that its disclosures reach through eternity; that its sanctions are drawn from a retribution beyond the grave. It is only civilised man that can be efficiently influenced by motives of this class. The roving savage has neither the power nor the habit of calculating and depending on the future. He knows not and cares not what will be on the morrow. He has no permanent residence, but pitches or strikes his tent as the caprice of the moment may dictate. He lays no plans, exercises no fore-

thought, ventures no predictions, and lives entirely in the past and present. There is nothing in his mode of subsistence which should make him dwell with either hope, doubt, or fear on the future. To impress on such minds a profound and enduring sense of a distant and limitless future, is in the nature of things impossible. Modern missionaries have found and pronounced it so, and the wisest of them admit that they must civilise heathen nations in order to make Christian institutions permanent, and that they must therefore imitate the patience of Him who, though he purposed man's redemption from the foundation of the world, waited forty centuries or more for the fulness of time to arrive.

Now this wandering, unsettled life was the natural condition of the human race in its early infancy. It was the condition of the major part of the race for many centuries. It was the condition of the Jews and of most of the Asiatics in the time of Moses. Hence the appropriateness, and therefore the naturalness, of the Mosaic revelation. A religion with temporal sanctions was precisely what the Hebrews and the age of the Exodus needed. Christianity was too far-reaching, too spiritual, for the apprehension and faith of such a horde of nomads as the exiles from Egypt; a horde much resembling those that now range over the steppes of Tartary. We regard it as one of the most manifest tokens of the Divine origin of the Mosaic system, that it was almost silent with regard to a future life, and promulgated temporal rewards and punishments alone. This was as far as the forethought of the people and the age of the great lawgiver could go, and the attempt to draw motives from beyond the confines of mortality would have been useless and abortive.

But the institutions of Moses gradually changed his nation from a pastoral into an agricultural people, from a wandering into a settled community, and introduced among them the arts and refinements of civilisation. Meanwhile the same process was going on in many lands, and was culminating in Southern Europe. In morals there was, indeed, no progress; nay, rather a retrograde movement. But civilised man always acquires the habit of looking forward to the future and providing for it, of looking far along the ages and laying plans for the benefit of even remote posterity. Civilised life cherishes forethought, and makes men live more in the future than in the past or present. This forecasting habit had its genesis and growth in the leading nations between Moses and Christ. With it had sprung up everywhere a vague belief in man's immortality; for, as soon as men thought of the future, the instinctive desire of continued existence took an objective shape, and, though without adequate proof, assumed a strong hold on the faith of large classes of enlightened men, both Jews and Gentiles. Thus, in a civilisation, corrupt indeed, yet endowed with forethought, and prepared to occupy the domain in the eternal future offered to its belief and endeavour, was a matrix provided for the birth and growth of Christianity.

At this time, too, not only was civilisation in the ascendant, but almost the whole civilised world had become united in the Roman Empire; so that every valisation of intellectual and spiritual life was felt across continents, and almost from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore of the eastern hemisphere. The

union of so many and diverse nations under a single sovereignty multiplied avenues and modes of intercourse, created a community of language and of thought, and thus presented a more favourable condition of the world for the promulgation of a religion fitted to be universal than had ever existed before, or has recurred until the present century. Thus in the "fulness of time" did the Founder of Christianity appear.

Had Christ come earlier, he would, as we have seen, have found men too unsettled and improvident in their worldly habits to accept a religion whose treasures were to be laid up in heaven. Had he come later, even the area of civilisation would have been contracted in the decline of the Roman Empire; while there would have been wanting the general currency of the Greek tongue, the far-reaching filaments of international union, and the homogeneous elements which, notwithstanding the vast diversity of races, pervaded the Empire in its palmy days, and favoured the almost simultaneous diffusion of the new religion throughout the civilised world. But if Christianity was thus promulgated at the very time when need, preparation, and opportunity concurred to crave, foster, and diffuse it, then was its advent demanded by man's and God's nature. Its Author's birth and life, miracles and resurrection, supernatural though they be in the common acceptance of that word, are in a profounder sense pre-eminently natural; and had that age passed away unmarked by the coming of Him whose name makes it illustrious for all eternity, what would have been called the natural order and sequence of human experiences and earthly events, would have been in the last degree unnatural.

If this entire argument be not altogether fallacious, we have proved that the antecedent probability of revelation is a doctrine of natural religion. Let it not be thought that this is a matter of mere words, and that the question of the truth or falsity of Christianity is in no wise affected by our vindicating or disclaiming for it a coincidence with natural religion. It has been the habit of Christian writers and preachers to represent the Christian revelation as something abnormal, exceptional, in antagonism to nature, an intrusion on the order of creation, and therefore not antecedently probable or intrinsically credible. It has not been unusual to admit that the facts connected with the promulgation of Christianity are in themselves improbable, and then to set over against them the still greater improbability that the array and mass of human testimony in behalf of those facts should be false. Now this weighing of opposite improbabilities is a delicate and doubtful process, and few minds hold so even a balance as to be safely intrusted with it. That which is in itself improbable is made scarcely less so by the heaping up of remote testimony, however strong. With the temper of the present age, prone to question authority and to rely on intrinsic criteria of truth, an argument like that of Paley's Evidences is nearly as apt to create scepticism as to confirm belief.

To enter upon the question of evidence is rather foreign to our argument. What we seek to establish is not the validity of the testimony itself, but that the Christian religion—in proof of which testimony strong and varied can be urged—is in itself intrinsically natural and probable, independently of testimony. That revelation, as such, was to have been

expected from a consideration of the general law of nature, we think we have clearly proved.

The Divine nature is virtually pledged to reveal itself. Revelation has its place in the circle of natural deeds, of necessary truths. The Christian revelation, coming as it did when the world was best fitted to receive it, meets an inherent want, a universal craving of mankind, the desire of all nations,

the prophecy of all antecedent ages, the earnest demand of the religion of nature.

To God, then, be all the praise and glory, who has not permitted the voice of humanity to die out unanswered amid the vastness of the universe, but has sent a revelation of himself to console the sorrowing, to cheer the drooping, and give to all a message of joy, and peace, and love!

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

V.—THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.

NO section of the Church of Christ can claim a monopoly in missionary work. Almost every branch of it has taken a part in the great enterprise. But there is one community of Christians which, by universal acknowledgment, stands supreme in missionary devotedness. We allude to the Moravian Brethren.

It was in 1731 that 600 exiles from Moravia, who had recently found a shelter from Romish persecution in Saxony on the estates of Count Zinzendorf, formed the noble resolve of carrying the Gospel of Christ to the heathen. Few, poor, and persecuted, this illustrious band of exiles pledged themselves to this grandest of enterprises, and went forth, in simple dependence upon God, to preach the Word of Life in pagan lands. Before ten years had elapsed they had established missions in the West Indies, South America, Greenland, and amongst the North American Indians. Within the same period they had extended their agency to Lapland, Guinea, Tartary, Algiers, and the Cape of Good Hope.

The success of the Moravian missions has been commensurate with their zeal. It is calculated that, although the body numbers only about 10,000 in Europe, there are not less than 57,000 in heathen lands who either have been converted by their instrumentality, or are receiving instruction at their hands. Already they have sent out about 2,000 agents, and one out of every forty in their community is a missionary! The record of deaths connected with these missions has a thrilling interest:—643 in mission service; 9 on missionary journeys; 11 on the voyage out; 2 on voyage home; 22 by shipwreck; 12 murdered! What might not the Church of Christ accomplish if it were actuated throughout all its parts by zeal like this?

The circumstances in which the Moravian missions originated deserve to be recorded. Count Zinzendorf had come to Copenhagen in 1731 to attend the coronation of Christian VI. He there met two Greenlanders who had been baptised by Hans Egede, and learned with regret that the Danish Government had resolved to abandon the mission. He was also brought into contact with a negro, named Anthony, from the West Indies, who told him of the sufferings of the slaves in St. Thomas, and their desire for the Gospel. At the request of the count, Anthony visited the new Moravian settle-

ment at Herrnhut, and his simple and earnest story made such an impression, that two of the Brethren offered themselves for the missionary work at St. Thomas. Anthony informed them that none but slaves would be allowed to teach the slaves; and it was then that, with a philanthropy rarely equalled, they proposed to sell themselves into slavery in order to accomplish their noble object. Before a year expired the first labourers from Herrnhut were at work in Greenland and the West Indies.

It is to the former of these missions we would now direct attention, as it takes up the history of events in Greenland at the point where we left Hans Egede contending with difficulties and dangers.

Matthew and Christian Stach consecrated themselves to this special field, and proceeded to Copenhagen on foot, with a few shillings as the whole of their pecuniary resources. There they met much that was calculated to dispirit less ardent hearts. "How do you intend to get a livelihood?" asked Count Pless, the First Lord of the Bedchamber. "By the labour of our hands and God's blessing," replied the missionaries; adding (in their ignorance of the situation and climate of the country), "We shall build a house, and cultivate a piece of land." "But there is no wood to build a house with." "Then," answered the undaunted Brethren, "we will dig a hole in the earth, and lodge there." Astonished at their ardour, the count replied, "No, you shall not be driven to that extremity. Take the timber with you, and build a house; accept of these fifty dollars for that purpose."

At the recommendation of the count, the king wrote a letter with his own hand to Hans Egede, commanding them to his care; and on the 10th of April, 1730, they set sail in the *Caritas* for their icy destination, with a supply of tools, implements, and timber which had been generously provided for them. They soon reached Greenland, and we need scarcely say how warmly they were welcomed by the solitary missionary to whose assistance they had come. Circumstances were far from encouraging. The natives had begun to ridicule the devoted labourer, and often beat their noisiest instruments to drown his voice, at the same time pilfering or plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The new missionaries found they had not only to acquire one of the most barbarous dialects upon earth, but to learn the Danish language first, in order to avail themselves of the grammar which Hans Egede had compiled. Their doors and walls were encrusted with frost, the beds were frozen to the bedsteads, their clothing was frozen in the drawers.

When they wanted to get at their meat, the barrels in which it was contained had to be hewn in pieces; and when it was thawed in snow-water, and set on the fire, the outside was boiled before they could pierce the inside with a knife.

To add to their troubles, famine soon fell upon them, and the natives asked exorbitant prices for the smallest and meanest articles of provision. They had frequently to live upon a little oatmeal mixed with train oil; and even this was luxury compared to the tallow candles to which they were subsequently reduced. Now we find them living on shell-fish and sea-weed; again upon a dead whale which had been cast upon the beach; and more frequently upon the foxes which they contrived to capture in the rude traps which they constructed

After a time fresh labourers came to help them, but still they had not made one single convert. "It must have been a strange scene," says their biographer, "in the thick gloom of a Greenland evening, when their solitary lamp dimly lighted their chamber, and these good men rose alternately and told of their struggles and sadness." Hope had sunk low, and the subject of returning home was broached, when Matthew Stach declared he could not even think of leaving, and quoted his favourite text—"At evening time it shall be light."

And soon the light began to shine upon them. One of the Brethren was copying a translation of the Gospels, and a company of Southlanders paid them a visit. He began to read for them the sublime and simple record of the Saviour's agony and



SETTING TRAPS FOR FOXES.

for the purpose. But the God of Elijah was with them. Once, after an unsuccessful day's chase, they were driven on a desert island; and when they had made up their mind to starvation, an eagle came soaring over their heads, and being shot by one of the party, supplied them with food to eat and pens to write with. At another time, when they were so exhausted after a fruitless fishing expedition that their united strength was unequal to draw the boat on land, a native came from a distance bringing a porpoise, on which they feasted thankfully.

All this time they had never told their sufferings. It has been well said that one reason why the world has not been startled by the labours and sufferings of the Moravian missionaries is, that whenever they have spoken about the one or the other, it has been with such singular humility that we scarcely realise the extent either of their labours or their privations.

crucifixion. One of the Greenlanders, whose name was Kajarnak, stepped up to the table, and in an earnest voice, exclaimed, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I, too, desire to be saved." Such words had never been uttered by a Greenlanders before, and they kindled the missionary's ardour, as he gave them a fuller account of the life and death, the love and salvation, of the Lord Jesus. The pagans laid their hands upon their mouths to express amazement. Kajarnak became a true disciple, was baptised, and became eminently useful to the mission. Through his instrumentality his own family were brought under conviction. Before the end of a month three families pitched their tents beside the missionary's house, in order, as they said, "to hear the joyful news of man's redemption."

The Brethren themselves had learned a great

lesson. Hitherto they had principally spoken to the natives concerning the existence, attributes, and perfections of God, and about the obligation of his holy law. They hoped in this way to prepare their minds for the Gospel. For five years they had tried this method, not only unsuccessfully, but without being able to gain even a patient hearing. Now they determined to preach "Christ and him crucified," and a new era commenced. The savages around them ceased to be brutish and indifferent; they began to feel their need of a Saviour, and to cry for mercy. Some who had opposed and ill-treated the missionaries came from long distances to ask their forgiveness; and others would line the

give;" "I," said another, "have a pair of reindeer boots which I will send;" "and I," added a third, "will send a seal, and then they will have something to eat and to burn." Thus did "love to the brethren" give evidence that they "were born of God."

And the external aspect of things soon reflected the inward change which had commenced. The wilderness blossomed as the rose; grass was cultivated, and sheep were introduced. A Christian village rose on these ice-bound shores, with its church and schools, and was called New Herrnhut, in allusion to the Moravian settlement from which the missionaries had come forth. Station after station sprang up along the coast, and although



GODTHAAB, THE MORAVIAN MISSION SETTLEMENT.

shore as the missionaries' boat sailed by, and entreat them to land and speak to them the words of life. All things had become new, for the spirit of grace had been poured out upon the people. The practice had universally prevailed amongst them of burying the living infant with the dead mother; now, many nursing mothers were to be seen suckling orphan children, and providing tenderly for their necessities. Selfishness had been the very law of their existence; now, no sooner do they hear how a missionary colony in Pennsylvania had been destroyed, and the missionaries murdered by the savages, than they commence a contribution for the Christian Indians who had escaped to a Moravian colony. "I," said one, "have a fine reindeer skin which I will

many a trial and vicissitude attended the progress of the work, it still continues to bear its blessed fruit.

By the latest accounts the Moravians can reckon in that thirty-peopled region more than 2,000 converts, of whom 800 are communicants. Denmark still continues its fostering care to this mission, which was begun under the auspices of one of its pious kings; and the Moravian Brethren who still minister in this interesting field, maintain the same character for zeal and self-denial which led the poet Cowper, almost a century ago, to say of them:—

"Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows."

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.



IN the royal diadem of England is a pearl of great price. Its value arises from the inherent beauty of the gem, and from the peril and suffering incurred in securing it. Little does the beholder know, when dazzled with its soft, iridescent rays, of the fearful cost at which it was first rescued from the deep. He does not see the poor pearl-diver as he makes the perilous plunge among the sharks and sea-monsters—or as he gropes on the bottom of the sea to find and tear the pearl-oysters from the rocks—or as he holds his breath until his face is livid purple—or as he is lifted, gasping, into the boat with the blood gushing from his mouth and his nostrils.

Is it a lowering of a sublime idea to say that this is one great element in the value of a Gospel faith? It cost Christ Jesus the infinite plunge into humiliation and agony—the woundings and the bruising of the judgment-hall—the gushing streams of Calvary's bloody agony! All the most precious things cost the most dearly. And it cost our blessed Saviour Bethlehem's manger, and Gethsemane's woe, and Golgotha's noonday night of horrors, in order that he might offer to us the "pearl of great price"—a Christian heart and a Christian hope.

It is not only what Gospel piety cost, but what it *is*, that gives it such precious value. The exquisite purity of a pearl, its solidity, its beautiful reflection of the light, are all the types of that matchless ornament of character, true religion. Without it, the most polished culture, the most winning amiability, the loftiest station, the largest wealth, all leave their possessor lacking. He may have everything else; but what matters it, if he lacks the one thing needful? All mental attainments or intellectual gifts, when measured on the scale of eternity, are as so many ciphers written down. Suppose you write six of them; they are but ciphers still. But if you write the single numeral *one* before them, lo! you have *one million*! So, if to human energy, or sweetness, or skill, or integrity, or persuasiveness, you add the *love of God* as the controlling power of the soul, you at once turn moral ciphers into a spiritual value that is beyond computation. The poorest become instantaneously rich toward God. The most degraded begin to shine when the pearl of piety is placed on the forehead of character by the converting Spirit. The loveliest become more lovely when God gives his grace as the crown of character. "My husband only lacks one thing—my daughter only lacks one thing," is a frequent remark we hear from pious persons. Very true; but suppose your husband or child go up to the judgment-seat of Christ without that one thing—heart-religion—what then?

Jesus tells us in his parable that the merchantman who discovered the pearl of great price "went and sold all that he had and bought it." That is, he could not have his previous possessions and have

the pearl too. He must part with the one to secure the other. My unconverted friend, you must do the same thing, if you would possess that pearl of godliness that is your only passport to heaven. "Must I give up my wealth?" you inquire, "or renounce my income?" No; but you must surrender your overweening *love* of wealth, and put Christ where you keep your gold. It is not money that damns a soul; it is the greed for it. When a man lives for money—is wedded to it, sacrifices his conscience to it, worships it, keeps his heart from God that he may pursue gold-getting more keenly—then money-love becomes a snare and a curse. The passenger in the burning steamer, who ran to his trunks, and filled his pockets with gold coins, and leaped overboard, did not *intend* to drown. He only meant to save his treasure. But it cost him his life. You do not intend to sink into everlasting perdition. You only mean to clutch all the wealth you can, and fill your heart with it, and then run the risk. But you can no more reach heaven with the world in your heart, than that infatuated passenger could reach the shore with his money-bags in his pockets. If your business absorbs you, stop short and make it your *first* business to seek God, and true religion. If your business involves a wrong to conscience, give it up. If the mania of the hour is sucking you into its maelstrom, pray God for help, and strike out, and swim for the Rock. What shall it profit you to gain all the world, and lose your own soul? That is the great question in the Divine arithmetic which, for eighteen centuries, has challenged the ingenuity of all mankind, and yet remains unanswered—unanswered, because it is unanswerable.

But there are other things besides covetousness, or gain-loving, to be surrendered. The "pleasures of sin" cannot be had, and Christ's pearl be possessed too. Sinful pleasures that *are* pleasures—that gratify, and absorb, and enchain the heart—will cost you heaven, if you give way to them. Their fetters are wreathed with roses now; but the fires of the last day will consume the faded flowers, and leave the fetters to eat into the soul like a canker. "I will go to that ball to-night, come what will," said a youth with whom God's Spirit was striving. He went; God accepted his decision, and left him to thoughtlessness and ruin. He lost the pearl for an evening's giddy mirth.


Are these all that must be given up? No; one thing more. You must give up your self-righteousness. This is the hardest of all surrenders to one who has a good opinion of his own works and his own morality, and esteems his own sins but excusable trifles. Self-righteousness is in your heart. It must go out, or Christ's righteousness cannot enter. Christ demands all the heart, all the trust, all the glory of your salvation. The most famous Athenian sculptor made a statue of Diana, and was so enchanted with his success that he carved his own name for posterity to read in one of the folds of her marble robes. The Athenians, when they discovered it, banished him for impiety

to their goddess. Be careful how you write even your own name on the perfect robe of Christ's righteousness. He offers to you the pearl which his blood has purchased; but it must be worn for him, and reflect obedience to himself.

To-day I have stood by the dying bed of a sweet girl from my Sabbath-school. Consumption had consumed away her beauty like the moth. Through

her thin, pale countenance the soul seemed to shine, like a lamp imprisoned in a porcelain vase. She looked as if robed already for the tomb. But on her brow shone the pure, lustrous pearl of youthful piety. Jesus set it there; and it was growing brighter and more sparkling as the light from the New Jerusalem fell upon it. I expect to see that pearl again in the Saviour's crown.

DELAY NOT.

E shall not surely die" is the old falsehood which the serpent has been whispering into the ears of mortals ever since he breathed it in the ear of our first mother. Instead of seeking to know a truth of such infinite concern to us, we seek to stifle the voice of conscience, that we may listen undisturbed to the pleasant song of our destroyer. How many are trusting to the last few hours of life for preparation for eternity! "God is so merciful," they say, "that he will listen to their earnest cry for mercy on a dying bed."

"I only want five minutes to call upon God before I die," was the remark of one who wished to enjoy the pleasures of this life unrestrained, and yet escape the just punishment of sin in the life to come. But when the hour of death did come, she turned her agonised gaze towards the minister who had been summoned, and the despairing cry, "I am lost, I am lost!" wrung the hearts of all who listened.


Even when the brightest evidence exists of death-bed repentance, it is but a broken reed to rest on. We would not trust any important interest of time on such a slender foundation.

An old man was laid in the village graveyard a week ago, who had all his life been a most profane disregarder of God and his holy commandments. He had passed his three-score years and ten, when

a wasting sickness seized upon him, and he seemed rapidly nearing the borders of the grave. He was glad to see the minister now—had no sneer or oath now for the holy truths he taught. He grasped like a drowning man at the hope of pardon for even such a great sinner as he was; and as the weeks rolled by he seemed to give good evidence that the old man of seventy had become a child of God. As if to give him time and opportunity to prove the sincerity of his conversion, a little breathing space was given him. He was permitted to rise from his bed and resume for half a year and more his accustomed duties. With the amendment he seemed to feel he had taken a fresh lease of life. Death once more was seen through the inverted telescope of his imagination as afar off. He shunned the minister now. He went back to all his old sinful ways, and his frequent bursts of violent passion found vent in shocking oaths and curses. He seemed to fill up the measure of his cup, and the hand of Justice would not be longer stayed. Again the same disease seized upon him, and in a dying state he sought to pray and cry for mercy. A stupor gradually crept over him, and he awoke from it in eternity.

Oh, what a fearful deception for any one to suppose that religion will "come to him" with old age! As well might we look for the "leopard to change his spots." "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

HE storm was raging furiously,
The lightning flashes shone
On a tiny dainty bed, where lay
A little boy alone.

Alone in the midnight solitude,
He lay awake and smiled,
And crossed his hands upon his breast
Amid the storm-cry wild.

His mother quailed at the tempest's roar;
She sought her darling's bed—

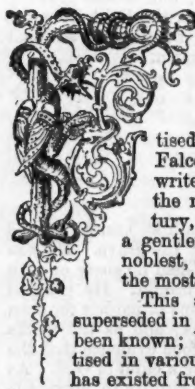
"Awake and alone, and not afraid,
My brave, wee man?" she said.

Then the little one opened wide his eyes—

"I'm awake, but not alone;
My Saviour, Jesus Christ, is here,
In the dark night, in the lightning clear,
In the deep thunder tone."

Oh, for the faith of a little child!
And oh, for a heart to see
The loving Christ, 'mid strife and storm,
And all life's mystery!

FALCONRY.



FALCONRY, the art of taming and tutoring birds of prey, more especially falcons and hawks, with a view to employ them in the pursuit of game, was extensively practised in England in former days. Falconry, says the old French writer, Pluche, who lived about the middle of the eighteenth century, "is the proper recreation of a gentleman; the sport is one of the noblest, and frequently proves one of the most profitable pleasures."

This art is now almost entirely superseded in Europe since gunpowder has been known; but it is very commonly practised in various parts of the East, where it has existed from very early times. There does not appear to be any distinct reference in the Bible to the art of capturing game by means of falcons, though with the modern Arabs of Syria and Palestine the sport is common enough. According to the testimony of Ctesias (about B.C. 400), hares and foxes were hunted in India by means of rapacious birds; and Aristotle (B.C. 384) makes especial mention of the art as being practised by the Thracians: "In that part of Thrace formerly called Cedropolis, the men go out into the marshes in quest of birds, accompanied by falcons. The men beat the trees and bushes with poles, and put the birds to flight; the hawks fly after them; by which means they are so frightened that they fall to the ground, where the men strike them with their poles and kill them." Of course this sort of hawking is very inferior to the art as it was practised by our forefathers, and is now by the Arabs of Syria and Arabia, &c. Speaking of hunting with hawks in India, Aelian, who lived about the middle of the third century, writes: "The Indians hunt hares and foxes in the following manner. They do not employ dogs, but eagles, crows, and above all, kites, which they catch when young, and train for that purpose. They let loose a tame hare or fox, with a piece of flesh fastened to it, and suffer these birds to fly after it, in order to seize the flesh, which they are fond of, and which, on their return, they receive as the reward of their labour. When thus instructed to pursue their prey, they are sent after wild foxes and hares in the mountains; these they follow, in the hopes of obtaining their usual food, and soon catch them and bring them back to their masters, as Ctesias tells us. Instead of the flesh, however, which was fastened to the tame animals, they receive as food the entrails of the wild ones which they have caught." Beckmann says that the art of falconry seems to have been carried to the greatest perfection, and to have been much in vogue at the principal courts of Europe in the twelfth century. From the French or the Germans, it is probable the English learned the art. We are told that King Ethelbert wrote to Germany for a brace of falcons which would fly at cranes and bring them to the ground. From this time to that of Charles II. falconry was the prin-

cipal sport of the country squires in those days; indeed, the nobles frequently carried a falcon on the hand when they went out. In Domesday Book we find that as high a sum as £10 was sometimes charged in lieu of finding a falcon. It was felony to steal a falcon in the time of Edward III.; and any one who took the eggs, even though they were deposited on his own ground, had to go to prison for a year and a day! Queen Elizabeth and James I. were both very fond of the sport of hawking. In the reign of this last monarch, a certain Sir James Monson, who must have had "more money than wit," is said to have given the enormous sum of £1,000 for a cast (a couple) of hawks! After the introduction of gunpowder falconry appears to have nearly died out, though the art was attempted to be revived by the Earl of Orford about the end of the last century. Sir John Sebright, at the beginning of the present century, practised it in Norfolk. We seldom hear anything of the art now. The modern enclosures of the country, with its numerous hedges, are obstacles to the sport.

There must have been something very pleasant in falconry, as practised in its palmy days: the clear bright air, the open country, the various tactics of hawk and quarry, the one to seize, the other to elude; the training of the hawks, their courage, beauty, and intelligence—all these points must have contributed to make the sport a very exciting one. In the air, says Auceps, in Walton's "Angler," "my noble, generous falcon ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevation;" . . . but "from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation."

The Abbé Pluche has given a very entertaining description of the manner of training falcons for the chase. They were taken either out of the nest, in which case they were called *nias* birds; or were caught after they had left it; these last were called *haggards*, and were tamed with more difficulty; but, with patience and dexterity, were capable of being made tractable. "When they are too wild," the Abbé writes, "they are neither fed, nor suffered to sleep, for three or four days and as many nights, and are never left alone; by which means they grow familiar with the falconer, and obedient to his commands. His first care is to accustom them to settle on his fist; to spring when he throws them off; to know his voice, his singing, or any other signal he gives them, and to return to order on his fist. At first they are tied with a string, of about thirty fathoms in length, to prevent them flying away when they are called back. They are not freed from this confinement till they are completely disciplined, and always return at the recall. To accomplish this, the bird must be lured. A *lure* is a piece of red stuff or wood, on which are fixed a bill, talons, and wings. To this is likewise fastened a piece of flesh, and the lure is

thrown out to him, when they wish to call him back. The sight of the food, with the addition of a certain noise, immediately brings him back. In a little time, the voice alone is sufficient. The various plumage with which the lure is set off is called a *drawer*. When they accustom the hawk to fly at a kite, a heron, or a partridge, they change the drawer according to the game in view. When he is to spring at a kite, they only fix the bill and feathers of that bird on the lure: the same care is taken with respect to the rest. In order to entice the bird to his object, they fasten to the lure the flesh of a chicken, or some other fowl, but always conceal it under the drawer; to this they add sugar, cinnamon, marrow, and other delicacies. He is then prepared to spring at real game, which he does with surprising precipitation. Having been accustomed to a month's exercise in a chamber or garden, the bird is tried in the open fields, with little bells fastened to his feet, in order that the trainer may be more readily informed of his motions. He is always *capped*; that is to say, his head is covered with leather, which falls down over his eyes, to prevent him seeing any object but that they wish him to discover; and as soon as the dogs either stop or spring the game, the falconer uncaps the bird, and tosses him into the air after his prey. It is very diverting to see him wing the air in all the varieties of flight; and behold him soaring by degrees till out of sight. He then commands the plain, contemplates the motions of his prey, whom the distance of its enemy deludes into an imaginary security, till at last he launches upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, and bears it to his master, who recalls him. They never fail, in these his first essays, to present him, when he returns to the fist, with the neck and entrails of the prey he has brought. These gratuities, and the caresses of the falconer, animate the bird to perform his duty, keep him in regularity, and a proper fierceness of disposition, and particularly, prevent him from *bearing away his bells*—that is to say, from flying away and returning no more; an accident that sometimes occurs."

When hawks fly at other birds, they are said to *fly at the plume*; when at hares or rabbits, to *fly at the fur*. This they are taught in the following manner: When the falcon is tame, they take a hare's skin stuff it with straw, and after they have fixed to it a piece of chicken's flesh, or other food, they tie this skin with a little cord of a great length, the end of which is fastened to the girth of the horse; and as the skin is dragged along by that animal, the bird imagines it to be a hare in flight, which allures him to dart upon it, and by this means he is taught to distinguish that creature.

Large kinds of falcons are trained to fly at wild boars, wolves, and deer. The falconer accustoms his young birds to eat what is prepared for them out of the sockets of the eyes of a wolf, or other large animal; for this purpose, he prepares the head and skin of some creature, and stuffs it so as to resemble life, filling up the cavity of the eyes with something that the falcon likes. Whilst the bird is feeding, the trainer draws the stuffed animal along, when the falcon fastens himself to the moving figure. After this, the stuffed figure is put into a cart, and drawn at full speed by a horse. The falcon follows it, and keeps feeding. In this

way, when they come to fly him in the open field, the bird never fails to dart upon the first beast he discovers, in order to scoop out its eyes; the unfortunate victim thus soon becomes an easy prey to the pursuers.

The beautiful antelope, the gazelle, is so extremely swift of foot, that it cannot be captured even by a greyhound, except in soft, deep ground. The people of Aleppo hunt these animals with greyhound and falcon. When the gazelles see the dogs, they immediately bound away; the falcon is at once thrown off; it is taught to strike, or to fix upon the cheek of the game, so as to retard its course, by repeated attacks, till the dogs have time to come up.

The Arabs of the Great Sahara pursue the sport of falconry with all the skill, zeal, and science displayed by our ancestors. The Rev. H. B. Tristram has been present at one of these chases. "No *agha* or sheik of high degree ever moves for war, pleasure, or business, unattended by his falconers, who are his confidential lieutenants. The care of these falcons is considered sufficient employment for one falconer, with an assistant. The Houbara bustard is the favourite quarry; but eagles, kites, sand-grouse (and, in the case of the large Sak'r falcon, the gazelle), afford equal sport to the huntsman." The Houbara is so swift that no Arab horse can come up to it; the falcons poise themselves over the unfortunate fugitive, and should he attempt to take wing, they swoop down as though to strike him. By these numerous faints the quarry becomes exhausted, and the falcon makes one fatal swoop, striking the hind claw deep into the poor bird's vertebrae. A good Sak'r falcon is considered to be worth as much as a thorough-bred Arab horse, and Mr. Tristram repeatedly offered 200 Spanish dollars for one in vain.

Various species of the *Falconidae*, or falcon family, were used in hawking; but the most celebrated is the peregrine falcon, one of the most daring and beautiful of its tribe. The Almighty has so ordered the world that the various animals that exist upon it are intended to become the prey of more powerful and more sagacious enemies. The sharp talons, with the strong muscles that move them, and the strong curved beak, tell us at once what food the falcon requires. Doubtless, the death-pangs of the victims are not so severe as we sometimes suppose them to be. The first blow often so completely paralyses the victim that little suffering can be felt. Dr. Livingstone tells us that he felt no sense of alarm or severe pain when he was held by the claws of the lion, though he was shaken "as a rat by a terrier dog." This peculiar state may, he thinks, be produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and may "be a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death." There was certainly much more sport, and far less cruelty, in falconry than there is in the shooting *battues* of modern sportsmen, so called.

The engraving represents the return from the field. The pages are feeding the falcons out of a large shallow dish. The game lies at the foot of the stone steps leading to the baronial hall, and consists of a swan, a couple of wild ducks, and a pheasant, together with a fawn of the red deer.



FEEDING HAWKS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.



"Hope, don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Hastings, tenderly.—p. 193.

THE FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.



LITTLE, thin, tired, wistful face, looking out of the window—the back window of the tall, narrow, gloomy old house in W— Street.

Certainly there was nothing pleasant or attractive in the view which presented itself—nothing which could awaken any light in the sorrowful face of the child who looked at the scene. There were the back yards, with the little strips of sodden clay soil, where the pale, sickly-looking grass grew scarce and scattered; and then there were the backs of the houses, close, frowning, and mouldy with age and neglect.

You had to stretch your neck to get a glimpse of the sky from the window; there were no soft green vines to clothe the barrenness and decay; no flowers whose hearts thrilled out into bloom and fragrance for a living joy and beauty, as flowers always are. The old houses leaned over, with their rattling windows and broken blinds, with their dead-brown faces, dreary as any prison wall, and I think that the face of this little girl grew drearier as she gazed.

She was hardly out of her eleventh year, and her face looked pallid and sickly, with large, brownish eyes that held some trouble in them, and seemed old beyond their time; and the mouth had lost its trick of smiling, if it ever had one, and had settled into a kind of sorrowful patience that is very pitiful to see in children's faces.

Hope Loring was an orphan. Two-thirds of her life had fallen to her in the country. She was a delicately-organised little creature in soul and body; shy, sensitive, susceptible.

She would never have gained her tenth birthday, if it had not been for the free, careless, out-door life of the woods, and hills, and meadows, in which her widowed mother had allowed her only little daughter to run at her own sweet will, while the mother stayed at home, as mothers will, toiling early and late to keep that wolf so terrible to a woman from the door.

For the strong arm and the loving heart that would have made "sweet home" for the mother and child were still, under grass of summer or snows of winter. And at last, the mother's was still there too; and with her seventh birthday, Hope Loring was an orphan.

So she fell into the hands of her mother's only brother, a poor man, a hardworking, but not unkindly one, who had mere mouths to feed than he could well manage; but he could not let his only sister's only child go starving and shelterless out into the cold of the world. So, the little, lonely, wistful-faced country girl came to live within the thick, close walls of the great city.

She dwelt an orphan and an alien in her uncle's family. Nobody there *meant* to be unkind to her; in a certain sense each member was sorry for the little homeless, fatherless, motherless child; but, after all, none understood her.

Poor people these were; cramped, and fretted, and soured, and oppressed by poverty. The long, wearisome hand-to-hand struggle with toil had worn into the soul of Hope's uncle and aunt, and hardened and made them somewhat coarse, and the children were coarse too; boys and girls ranging down from their teens into babyhood; quarrelsome, selfish, dissatisfied with their lot, and not knowing how to make it better—to be pitied certainly.

And into this atmosphere, with all its discordant elements, in the heart of the hot, noisy, crowded city, came little Hope Loring.

She had carried the homesickness at her heart in her face ever since. How she thirsted and starved for a sight of the cool, green meadows, with the dandelions winking golden among them! What visions haunted her of fields of red, fragrant clover, with the fresh dews sparkling all over them!

How her heart grew sick thinking of the singing birds amid the snow-white apple-blossoms; and the little brook which wound its skein of blue waters among the stones, and then cleared itself out, broad, smooth again, and went on, singing and triumphant, to the river; and the shady country lanes, and the old brown roads wandering past the mills, and up the hill, and round the creek, and back of the meadows; oh, hungry eyes, oh, hungrier soul of little Hope Loring, that went aching and crying for these lost joys in the dark, high chambers crowded betwixt the thick walls, where your life had fallen to you!

But suddenly as the pale, wistful face looked out of the window, a change came over it like a burst of sunlight. A little colour warmed the thin, pallid cheeks. The brown eyes grew dark and warm with a quick amazement and joy.

"O—h, see there!" burst in a quick cry from the tremulous lips.

And there, in the window of the opposite house,

stood a small glass pitcher crowded with flowers; roses in a red fire of bloom, and fragrant mignonne, and trailing sprays of honeysuckle, and fuchsia; all these, some hand—a small white hand had just placed in the window opposite.

Hope knew in a moment that it was a stranger's, some visitor's probably, for she had heard that the widow woman who did work with the sewing machine had been ill. The lady down there must have caught the child's exclamation, for she stepped to the window and looked up, and saw the small, eager, delighted face above her. She was a lady to whose heart the way was short and easy. The sight touched her.

"Do you love flowers, my child?" she said to Hope, and the smile with which she said it was beautiful to see.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said Hope Loring, and something in her voice doubled the assent in her words.

"Well, come down here, and you shall have some of these."

And Hope went, and her heart and feet were light, as they used to be going down to the meadows for dandelions and daisies. And the gentle-faced and sweet-voiced lady gathered from the glass pitcher some of the fairest blooms, and placed them in the thin hand of the child, while the woman who "worked with the sewing machine" lay asleep on the bed.

"Oh, they are like the roses round our back porch!" cried Hope, bending down, and drinking their breath, sweeter than wine.

The old fragrant scent was more than she could bear. She broke down in a great storm of tears. The small, thin figure shook under the sobs which heaved it to and fro. All the pain and homesickness, the hunger and bitterness of years were in those sobs.

"Poor child—poor little girl," said the lady, and she smoothed Hope's hair with hands like the dead mother's that were gathering dust; and then when the child had grown calmer, she made her sit down on the little stool at her feet, and won from her the story of her little life.

Hope held nothing back. She found comfort telling it all, in her simple, straightforward child's way, little dreaming what a wonderful pathos her words gave her story, and how the listening lady almost shuddered, as she felt the chill, and gloom, and homesickness which the child described stealing, in a sort of magnetic sympathy, over her own soul.

This lady had money, and all life's ease and luxury at her command. She was in mid-life, and had but two children, and these were boys, a little older and a little younger than Hope.

The home of Mrs. Hastings was in the city, but she usually passed about half of the year with her sister, who had a charming-cottage home in the country. And it entered into the heart of Mrs. Hastings, at this moment, to take the little, lonely orphan girl with her, and with a swift impulse she said to her—

"Next week I am going into the country, to pass the summer amid the hills, and birds, and flowers. My child, would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, ma'am!" said Hope.

I believe she stopped here.

Four days had passed. Mrs. Hastings had seen Hope's aunt and uncle, and obtained, with no difficulty, their consent to take the child with her. They considered the offer of Mrs. Hastings an especial "Godsend," for they had felt it was "high time their niece should do something to help herself; but she was such a small, puny thing, that they hadn't the heart to put her at it."

So, one afternoon, Mrs. Hastings called with her carriage, intending to take Hope home with her, and make some improvements in her wardrobe before she should accompany her to the country. Hope's aunt met her at the door with a face singularly troubled and solemn.

"The child has been very ill," she said. "The doctor says it is a bad case. She must have had a slow fever in her veins for a long time, and a shock and excitement of some kind, too great for her weak, overwrought system, has utterly prostrated her."

So, Mrs. Hastings went up the stairs to the small chamber where the child lay, with her little thin, pale face.

"Hope, don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Hastings, tenderly.

A swift light flooded the weary eyes.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! you are the lady who had the flowers in the window."

"Well, my dear child, you must make haste and get well, so as to go with me where you shall have birds and flowers at every window."

Hope put out her thin, hot hands, and shook her head.

"No, I shan't go with you," she said. "I am going where I shall have flowers prettier than those in the window, for ever. I shall see them, and walk amongst them, and they will shine on me all the time. I am going to God and my mother." And the gentle lady wept to hear her.

Hope turned to the lady, and her parched lips smiled joyfully.

"There are no brick walls there," she said; "and I shall have the green fields and the flowers always. It is better, even, than to go with you; though that seemed heaven enough before. But I shall not forget you, and some time, perhaps, I shall know you again—the lady who set the flowers in the window."

Mrs. Hastings watched with the child the rest of the day. That night, the little, tired, overburdened soul went out on that long path which we must all walk—one by one.

They gathered about the little, still, dead face with tears, and murmured that it was "too bad," just as the joy and happiness had fallen into her life, that she must die.

They did not know what they said. Hope had gone to the warmth and bloom of the eternal summer, to the little children's best home, the peace and freedom, the care and love of God and his angels, and these are wiser and tenderer than even a mother's.

DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

A FAMILY CONVERSATION.

Father. What do you call that book, Emma?

Emma. My Bible.

Father. Suppose you tell her what that word means, George.

George. It comes from a Greek word, meaning "the small books," or "the books." When the inspired writings were brought together this name was given to the collection.

Father. Yes. We sometimes call it the Holy Bible; but anciently it was called simply "the books." So the Jews designated the Old Testament by the term "the writing" or "the writings," seldom adding the word "sacred."

Mother. And in the Bible itself similar names are used.

Father. In 2 Tim. iii. 15, the title is "the holy Scriptures," and in the next verse it is "Scripture" only. Our Lord calls the Old Testament "the Scriptures," in Matt. xxi. 42.

George. Which means "the writings."

Father. So, when we read in 2 Tim. iii. 15, "all Scripture, or writing," we know that the apostle employs a common expression then, as now, in use to designate the writing included in our Bible. That only is inspired writing which comes to us from those "holy men of God who spake (and therefore wrote) as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21).

Mother. And therefore we call it "the Word of God."

Father. And because it is the word of God it is called "the word of Christ," "the faithful word," "the word of truth."

Jane. What is meant by "Old and New Testaments?"

George. The Greek word translated "testament" really means "covenant." A covenant means an agreement.

Mother. What do we understand by the Old Testament or covenant?

Father. We mean the covenant which God gave to his ancient people by Moses. At the giving of the law we read in Exod. xxiv. 4, that Moses wrote down all the words of the covenant or engagement which it pleased God to communicate to him. This writing was therefore called in the seventh verse "the book of the covenant." The same title is used in 2 Kings xxiii. 2, when probably other sacred writings were included; and the term afterwards came to be applied to all the Hebrew Scriptures, for Paul speaks of "the old testament," or covenant, in this sense in 2 Cor. iii. 14. The term New Covenant or Testament seems to have come into use naturally soon after the sacred books were collected. It is properly applied to the record of God's gracious purpose to give eternal life to all that come to him in Christ; for although this covenant existed in the mind of God from eternity, and was known and rejoiced in by his faithful people

in all ages (Isa. lv. 3), it was only established when Christ came and died. In ancient times it was common for men to ratify a solemn agreement by slaying a sacrifice and passing between the pieces of the victim, and the New Covenant was ratified when Christ was made a sacrifice for sins. These were the two great covenants or dispensations.

Uncle Henry. We read that God also made particular covenants with his servants.

Jane. As with David, and Abraham, and Noah.

Father. Theologians speak of other covenants; but we must reserve these for future consideration.

Mother. Who collected the inspired books?

George. Some think the apostle John.

Father. He lived long enough, but all we can say with certainty is that the collection was made at a very early period. Tell us what the canon of Scripture means, *George*.

George. The meaning of canon in the Greek is a straight rod to measure by, and so the word came to mean a standard or rule of excellence. All books that are really inspired form what is called the canon of Scripture.

Mother. I think there have been writings which claimed to be inspired, and which are known not to have been so.

Father. Yes, and writings which made no such claim have, unhappily, been bound up in the same volume as the Bible, and still are by some persons.

Mother. In what languages did the inspired men write?

George. The Old Testament writers in Hebrew, except two or three who wrote a little Chaldee; and the New in Greek, except Matthew, who wrote in the first instance for the Jews, and is supposed to have written in Hebrew.

Father. Perhaps the Epistle to the Hebrews was also in that language, and some have suggested that Mark wrote in Latin; but this idea has no foundation.

Mother. I suppose we have none of the original writings now?

George. The oldest existing manuscript of any part of the Scriptures is said to date from the fourth century.

Father. Yes, our Bible has passed through the hands of copyists and translators, but we have it in the form which God intended, and we may be sure that he who caused it to be written has effectually guarded his own truth. Our Bible comes to us with the sanction of our Lord, and wherever we open it we know that we find a revelation of his mind and will. "All Scripture . . . is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

Mother. How thankful we should be for the Bible!

Father. Our condition would be wretched indeed without it, for we should have no knowledge of God or of Christ. Every kind of evil would run riot, and poverty, pain, and death would have no alleviation. The greater our intelligence the greater would be our misery, because we should long the more earnestly after those higher things of which we could know nothing.

George. A heathen philosopher said there was no being so miserable as man.

Father. Well he might say so, for he was without the Bible, and therefore without God in the world.

Uncle Henry. But since God has given us this precious book, what ought we to do with it?

Emma. I put a cover on mine, and I mean to keep it so nice!

Father. I'll tell you a story, *Em*. I went one day to see a poor woman who is very ill. I saw a large Bible lying on a chest of drawers in her cottage, and I asked for it, that I might read to her. She wiped the dust off very carefully and brought it to me, and I saw that the leaves were as clean as when it was first bought, which was twelve years ago. Do you think I was pleased to see it so clean?

Emma. You mean she didn't read it much.

Father. Yes, darling. She had more respect for the book itself than for God's message, which was in it. Now, that is wrong. We ought to read our Bible constantly, whether we can keep them clean or not. I think a dirty tract and a dogs'-eared Bible are things to be rejoiced over. But we are commanded to do something more than read our Bible in an ordinary way.

Mother. We are to "search the Scriptures" (John v. 39).

Father. Yes, to search for the hidden treasures they contain. It is remarkable how this expression is repeated.

Jane. In Isa. xxxiv. 16 we are told to "seek out of the book of the Lord, and read;" and in Acts xvii. 11 the Bereans are said to have "searched the Scriptures daily."

Uncle Henry. And how ought we to set about this search?

Jane. We should ask the help of the Holy Spirit.

Father. How do we know that this is necessary?

Mother. We read in 1 Cor. ii. 14, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Father. Thus, "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The Spirit of truth alone can guide us into all truth (John xvi. 13).

Jane. Our Lord "opened the understanding" of his disciples, that they might understand the Scriptures (Luke xxiv. 45).

Mother. Let us be thankful that he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him, so that none need be in ignorance of his Word (Luke xi. 13).

George. But some men know the Scriptures thoroughly who are not Christians, and never pray for the Holy Spirit.

Father. They may know all the letter of Scripture, but not its spiritual sense. To them the Bible will be no more than any other book.

Mother. Our Lord also said of the Spirit, "He shall testify of me" (John xv. 26). "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you" (John xvi. 14), so that we cannot have any true discernment of Christ except through the Spirit.

Uncle Henry. And he is the sum and substance of the Scriptures.

Father. Because he is the Saviour of men. The object of the Scriptures is the glory of God in the salvation of sinners. If we read the Bible under the teaching of the Spirit, we learn how we came by that sinful nature which is enmity against God; we discern the purity and holiness of God's law, which

we have broken; and we discover our helpless and ruined condition. Then is revealed to us the sufficiency of an almighty Saviour, his love, his mercy, which will "in no wise" cast out those that come to him; and we learn that he is not only able to deliver from the penalty of sin and the defilement of it, but also from the desire of it; that if we come to him in all our helplessness and wickedness, he will pardon us and give us a new heart—a heart to love him, and to hate evil—and will guide our steps in safety to his heavenly kingdom.

Uncle Henry. And I think it is important to remember that we should read the whole of the Bible. "All Scripture is profitable," as we heard.

Father. Yes; we are too apt to neglect the Old Testament, forgetting that its types, histories, and prophecies are full of Christ. Our Lord himself called his disciples' attention to the things which are written of him in the books of Moses, the prophecies, and the Psalms (Luke xxiv. 44).

Mother. What more?

John. We should live it.

Father. Yes, for it is written, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them;" whereas, "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." You must all act for yourselves in this matter. I can pray for you, but I cannot believe for you. I can point you to Christ, but you yourselves must give him your hearts. I trust he will draw you all to himself even now, so that you may love him, and his Word, and his service above everything else.

Uncle Henry. Considering what the Bible is, and who gave it, does it not seem wonderful that any persons calling themselves Christians should hold it back from the people, and prevent its circulation?

Father. The human mind cannot measure the enormity of their guilt. Let us pray that God may in mercy turn their hearts, and that he may help us to circulate his Word, and make it known everywhere. If God has given us the Scriptures, "which are able to make us wise unto salvation;" if Christ has commanded us to search them; and has promised the help of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, there can be no excuse for us if we neglect the study of the Bible.

THE SABBATHS OF THE YEAR.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Whatever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—Romans xv. 4.

TIS a beautiful Bible, dear children,
That to us God in mercy hath given;
'Tis the sign-post on life's way outspreading,
'Tis inscription, "The straight way to heaven."

It is full of bright pearl-gems and rubies,
For as such are its promises old,
And the message of mercy it brings us
Is more precious than silver or gold.

It tells us of Prophets all holy,
Who lived very near to their Lord;
Of Patriarchs, Christians, and Martyrs,
Who died in defending that Word.

But more than this, far more, its record
Is of Christ, our Atoner and Chief;
You have heard of the great Man of Sorrows,
Of Jesus, "acquainted with grief."

How the chaplet encircling his forehead
Was cruelly woven of thorn;
How the anguish on Calvary's mountain,
For you and me, children, was borne.

Oh, happy are we who in England,
With hearts full of hope may read on,
Even page after page if we will it,
From morning till setting of sun.

And whenever you open your Bible,
Always pray that the Spirit Divine,
With its wisdom and rich consolation,
May illumine the heaven-traced line.

So your walk on the life-way shall prosper,
As you follow the light of the Word;
Oh, blessed, thrice blessed, the treasure
Of the Bible, the Mind of the Lord!

I WANT ANNIE WHERE THE LIGHT CAN SHINE ON HER.



HE cloth had been removed, the lamps lighted, and around a cheerful fire a happy family had gathered to enjoy that most enjoyable of all social pleasures, a family talk. Little Freddy, the pet and plaything, nestled in his mother's arms, satisfied with her fond caresses, though his voice was not heard in the family councils.

Presently a little whisper caught the mother's ear, and folding him more closely to her heart she inquired, "What's the matter, darling—what does my little pet want?"

"I don't want Annie to sit over there, where the light can't shine on her," said the affectionate little fellow, whose quick eye had observed her entrance, and whose fine instinct detected the soul-loneliness of one beyond the circle and out of the light.

How many such there are in this world, waiting for some keen eye and noble nature to find them out and invite them into the light, towards which their souls are turning. How many are longing for some great work of benevolence which shall illustrate their love to God, who yet are forgetting, perhaps, some gentle little sister, or timid, shrinking brother, sitting in the dark corner of their home, who, beneath the kindling warmth of their loving sympathy would expand to new life and beauty. How many a Sunday-school scholar has been brought into the light of a new intellectual development by the kind words of a cheerful, hopeful teacher, who, remembering the hidden, sometimes hopeless, ambition of her own early years, could see signs of fruitfulness even before the fruit is set. Oh, how many, enjoying the multiplied lights to knowledge blazing upon them, forget the eager souls on the outside of these privileges!

Would you see the transforming power of the

light of human love, take some weary, petulant child, who has been amusing itself all day, while nurse trotted, and rocked, and petted the baby; who does not need nurse's care now—oh, no, because it needs a higher care, which can look deeper into that little world of wants, waking up within it, and skilfully give to each out-stretching fibre a seed-grain of knowledge—take, I say, such a little one up into the light of your winning smile and larger knowledge, and as your words, taking their direction from the child's promptings, shall only satisfy one eager question to suggest another and another, you will rejoice in the wondrous look of intelligence which chases all petulance from the brow, while your crown of reward shall be the love of that young heart for whom Christ died.

But, oh, there is a light better than the light of

knowledge, better than the light of human love—even the light of Divine truth, which cannot shine on those hapless beings down in those dark cellars, and crowded lanes, and high attics, unless it be brought to them. Let us go forth oftener, and gathering such into our Sunday-schools, put them where the light can shine on them, make them feel there is a place for them in our churches, in our hearts, in places of trust and influence, and, better than all, in heaven—our own home, where the Lamb is the light thereof. Stimulated by our efforts for those at home, we will take, by the way, their eloquent gratitude, while we reach forth our hands still further, that the God-given light that we enjoy may shine on heathen lands, upon which now the blackness of sin and ignorance is resting.

TRUE TO THE END.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

QUIET SACRIFICES.

BEFORE we explain the mystery of the vicar's sudden appearance at so unusually early an hour, and on Sunday, too, we must tell our dear reader that, during Mrs. Moore's illness, he had become very fond of Freddy, and that the intelligence and good breeding of the child had given him a very high opinion of the mother, whose training had made him what the vicar, in describing him to a friend, called "a little Christian gentleman."

The vicar was very much pleased with the child's knowledge of Scripture history, and his graphic way of telling all the Bible stories he had learnt from Becky.

Freddy, too, had been taught by his mamma to repeat a number of hymns in the prettiest manner possible; and the vicar, although he was a very able scholar, had that sublime simplicity, and that quick sense of the beautiful and the true, which enabled him to sympathise with those most beautiful hymns which we lip in infancy, and often repeat to ourselves in after-life, because all the wisdom of the schools can teach us nothing so well worth remembering as some of our simplest hymns.

The vicar had called twice, or three times, during Mrs. Moore's confinement to her own room, after the fire at Ben Blore's, in order to get Freddy to come and take a walk or a drive with him, and Becky, who had opened the door to the vicar, had taken upon herself to say that Master Freddy was with his mamma, who could not well spare him. The vicar, therefore, did not press his offer lest it might be inconvenient. Becky was glad enough not to have to let Freddy go with the vicar, for she often feared, in a long conversation, Freddy might let out something or other that might lead to a discovery of who and what Mrs. Moore really was.

Children soon forget names and places, it is true; but Freddy had not yet had time to forget his beloved papa, Beech Park, and the style in which they had lived there, and many other things which it would not be well, under existing circumstances, for the vicar to hear.

When Becky told Mrs. Moore what she had said to the vicar, and her reasons for saying it, Mrs. Moore highly approved of Becky's prudence and forethought,

and resolved to keep Freddy as much to herself as possible, until Beech Park and many other dangerous reminiscences should have faded away, like dissolving views, from his young mind.

The night during which the attempt at burglary had been made at Mrs. Hall's, the vicar, now restored to health, and again resident at the vicarage, had not been to bed at all.

Among his flock, and tenderly cherished by this good pastor, was a young man now in the last stage of consumption. The vicar had taught him in his Sunday-school, and stood at the altar ready to marry him to the young girl of his heart, who, sad to relate, died suddenly at the church doors on her wedding morning! This terrible event preyed on the mind of George Fenton, the young man in question. Naturally delicate, and the orphan child of consumptive parents, George fell into a state favourable to the progress of disease in his own lungs, and very soon he was pronounced incurable.

Perhaps, had not the vicar himself been confined to his house by dangerous illness, he might have been able to reason George Fenton out of a despondency, and an abandonment of himself to regret and despair, sure to foster the seeds of hereditary disease. But, as it was, George had no one to rouse him or to argue him out of the indulgence of a grief so injurious; and when the vicar was well enough to visit him, George was incurable.

As the disease of the body was beyond the power of any remedy, the vicar applied all his zeal, his energy, and his powers to the cure of that morbid discontent and dejection which seemed like arraignment the mercy and justice of the Most High, and betrayed so lamentable a want of resignation and faith. Every day the vicar spent two or three hours with George Fenton, and by degrees, under the Divine blessing, he was brought to say (and from his heart, too), "Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

On the night of the burglary the vicar, who had been with poor George several hours in the forenoon, had just reached home, cold, faint, and hungry, and wet, too, for it was raining fast. He had been to visit many of his sick parishioners, who lived at very great distances one from the other, and he had walked home, without an umbrella or a great coat, across a wild heath, at the farther extremity of which lived an old man, who had long been bedridden, and who liked no one so well as the vicar to turn him in his bed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DUTY VERSUS DINNER.

THE vicar was a bachelor, and he lived in the quaint old red-brick parsonage at Evertown with two servants—a man and his wife. The man had the care of the garden, the cow, and the horse and chaise; and the woman was cook and housekeeper, and was a nice, motherly person.

As the vicar drew near his home, he saw Mrs. Custance, the woman in question, standing at the hall door watching for him, and ready to bewail his reverence's having gone out without his great coat and his umbrella.

"Well, Jenny," said the vicar, "I hope you've got something for my dinner. I'm as hungry as a hunter, I can tell you."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Custance, "I have got something I think you'll like. There's a fire in your study, sir, and I've put out everything ready for you to change directly, sir. So while you put on your dry clothes, I'll go and get dinner."

"Do, Jenny," said the vicar.

"A good fire blazed in the little study, which often did duty as a dressing-room. Hot water and dry clothes were there. The vicar went in cold, damp, and very uncomfortable; in about ten minutes he came out warm, dry, and with that sensation we have all felt under similar circumstances.

The vicar was half famished. The stewed steak and oyster sauce were just put on the table, when there was a loud ring at the door bell. The vicar started up, for he heard a well-known voice asking for him. It was the voice of George Fenton's brother. The vicar had begged him to let him know if there was a change for the worse.

Mrs. Custance was trying to put him off, by telling him the vicar was at dinner, and could not be disturbed.

To her surprise and dismay her master came out to answer for himself.

"What's the matter, Matthew?" he said. "I hope George is no worse."

"He's going fast, your reverence," said Matthew, bursting into tears; "and I took the liberty of calling, because I—because—if you don't come directly you'll be too late."

"Give me my boots, my great coat, hat, and gloves, Jenny," said the vicar. "Stop—bring them to the parlour fire, and I shall be ready in a moment."

"Oh, sir! oh your reverence!" said Mrs. Custance, almost crying, "do eat a bit before you go; it can make no difference, and you're fasting since seven o'clock this morning, sir. Do eat a bit."

"Not now, not now, Jenny; there,"—and he took up a piece of bread—"I can eat that by the way. Now, Matthew, I'm ready."

The door was opened, and in came the beating rain, and the roaring, whistling wind. It was black as possible, but Matthew had a lantern, and away went the good pastor, breasting the rain and the cold wind, across the bleak heath, faint, hungry, weary, cold, but upheld by his sense of duty.

Oh! how he hurried along! how he trembled lest he should be too late!

But no; his zeal was rewarded.

He was in time. George still lived, and was sensible to the last.

Once again the vicar was on his way to his comfortable home.

It was early morning; poor George had "died hard," as the country people say, and the vicar would not leave him till all was over.

As he drew near his own gate the milkman came up

"Good morning, your reverence," he said. "Have you heard the news?"

"What news, Trupp?" said the vicar.

"Why, your reverence, I've heard that robbers broke in last night at Hall's, the grocer's, to rob his till. There warn't nobody up but the young widow as has Hall's fust floor, and wor expecting her maid back from Lunnon, and goes down, thinking to let her in, when she wor knocked on the head by three or four fellers in black masks."

"Knocked on the head, Trupp! what! do you mean to say she's murdered?" cried the vicar.

"So I hears, your reverence; I only knows what I've been told. They say her blood and gore is splashed over the stones. But, there's one comfort, the ring-leader's taken; and if so be she is dead, he'll swing for it."

"If she be dead!" faltered the vicar to himself. "Oh, it would be too horrible! and what would become of her poor boy? Jenny, I'm off again; I've no time for breakfast."

"No time for breakfast, sir," groaned Mrs. Custance, "and there's the coffee and boiled milk all ready, and a nice broil, piping hot?"

"Give me a cup of coffee and a crust, Jenny; I can't stay here, eating and drinking at my ease, when one of my flock has been cruelly murdered and another is left destitute."

"Well, sir, it's my firm belief you'll some day die on the road; you'll die of exhaustion, that you will."

"I must now hasten to see what has really happened at Mr. Hall's; I may be of some use, some comfort there."

Away hurried the good vicar; and thus it came to pass that at about half-past eight he presented himself before Mrs. Moore and Freddy.

It was a great relief to the vicar to see Mrs. Moore—calm, pale, and neat as usual—at the breakfast table, and Freddy, overjoyed to see his kind friend.

The vicar, understanding by a sign Mrs. Moore made him that he was not to speak of the burglary before Freddy, contrived an excuse for getting the boy out of the room. He asked him to go into the garden and pick him a few violets, and while he was gone he explained to Mrs. Moore how alarmed he had been by the dreadful account the milkman had brought to the vicarage.

"Nothing short of the horrible story he told would have brought me here at this hour, my dear lady," he said, "on Sunday morning, and in a state very unfit for a lady's drawing-room."

Mrs. Moore looked up at him as he spoke, and perceived that her reverend friend, generally so neat and nice in his snow-white linen and cravat, and his glossy black suit, of clerical cut, was pale and haggard, his boots muddy, his coat all covered with dust, and his hair in utter confusion.

"Ah, you may well wonder at my neglected state," he said, with a faint smile; but the fact is, I have been up all night with poor young Fenton. I dare say Freddy has told you how ill he was last week."

"Oh, yes, he did, indeed; and how kind you were to him; and that the poor fellow only wanted to live till he knew that one rose had bloomed on the tree he had planted by his young bride's grave."

"He did not live to see that rose: he died last night, or rather at six o'clock this morning."

"And you were with him till the last, and then came here. Oh, how more than good you are! But you have not yet breakfasted."

The vicar was not unwilling to partake of an excellent bowl of soup which Mrs. Moore procured for him, and seemed much the better for the refreshment when he bade them good-bye, and hastened back to the vicarage to prepare for church.

No one who saw him, as he entered the sacred edifice so neat, so clean, so composed, would have believed that an hour before he had been so very exhausted and fatigued.

Mrs. Moore and Freddy were in their pew, as usual, ten minutes before the service began.

Mrs. Moore, as the heroine of the attempted burglary, which had already become the talk of the town, found herself the object of a very embarrassing and annoying amount of scrutiny and attention; and there was one man, in the foremost bench of the free seats, a rough, sunburnt fellow, in a sailor's garb, who fixed his eyes continually on her face and Freddy's, and when they left church followed them, so as to ascertain where they lived.

In Mrs. Moore's painful position, anything of this kind mystified and alarmed her, and she was not reassured when Freddy, several times in going to the window, exclaimed—

"Mamma, there's that poor sailor. He's watching this house. He is so ragged. I dare say he wants to beg, and does not like to do so. Shall I take him something to eat?"

"Get him some bread and cold meat, my love," said Mrs. Moore; "and here's sixpence for him. But don't go out; you can call to him from the window."

Freddy ran off to get the food, and hurried back again with it. He hastened to the window to call the sailor, but the man was gone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SUNDAY AT THE POLICE-STATION.

THE whole of the Sabbath-day was spent by poor Becky in the station-house.

Of course in those cold, bare, temporary prisons (the lock-up rooms at the police-stations of London) there are no comforts of any kind. And, indeed, the inmates are almost always drunken wretches, who sleep away on the wooden benches the time between their being taken up by the police on Saturday night, and their appearance before the magistrate on Monday morning. Becky's Sabbath was a very important day to her. It is so to all true Christians.

It was her practice to work so hard during the week in general, and on Saturday in particular, that she had very little indeed to do on the Sabbath but to rest her hands from "all manner of work" (save some few labours of love or necessity). It was her constant practice to go to her own chapel morning and evening, spending the interval in a pleasant walk with Freddy or some godly friend. Or, if wet, she passed her time in reading her Bible and some pious tracts at home.

Always, on the Sabbath-day, Becky was dressed in her very best; her snow-white cap was neatly plaited.

Her best black satin coal-scuttle bonnet was brought out. Her grey poplin or black silk were taken out of lavender for the occasion; and when Freddy asked her why she was always so particular about her dress on Sundays, she replied, "Master Freddy, don't people dress very fine to go to the Queen's palace, or even to see some great prince or lord?"

"Yes, Becky; but you are not going to the house of a queen, or a prince, or a lord, are you?" Freddy would reply.

"Oh, Master Freddy, don't say that! I am dressed in my best because I am going to the house of my Lord."

"Oh, yes, to be sure; so you are, Becky," Freddy would reply; "and I must have on my best things, for I, too, am going to God's house."

Alas! what a contrast to poor Becky's Sabbath-day as she usually passed it, was that she spent in the station-house!

And yet it was not for herself she mourned. She had

her Bible in her pocket, and she was delighted to avail herself of the opportunity of saying "a word in season" to the poor benighted, besotted wretches, clad in foul rags and smelling of gin, who woke from the sleep of inebriety to the reaction that always succeeds to the excitement caused by alcohol—a reaction of despondency and despair.

No; Becky felt she was doing good to the souls of her benighted sisters. Even in that grimy, miserable prison. And she would have felt a certain comfort in the thought that she was engaged in a great and good work, set her by her Master in heaven, had not the thought of her poor mistress on earth, and Freddy, the child she loved, frequently crossed her mind, and darkened for a moment the holy joy of her spirit.

"Whatever will they do without me?" she said to herself.

Becky in her own way was a genius—a household genius, but still a genius: and there never was genius of any kind without its possessor's being conscious of its presence, and feeling a sense of its power.

It was, therefore, no proof of pride in Becky that she fully appreciated her own importance in the little household at Evertown, and felt certain no one could replace her in her numerous duties and avocations there.

However, Becky well knew that patience and faith were the only supporters she could summon to her aid.

On Sunday no post went out of London, so that even if she could have written to allay her mistress's fears for her safety, there was no possibility of forwarding a letter.

"All I can do is to trust in Providence, and wait patiently for to-morrow morning," she said, "when God, in his mercy, send me a just judge, and safe deliverance out of this house of bondage!"

After this ejaculation, Becky drank her cup of tea and ate her bread and butter, and thanked her Father in heaven for the refreshment they afforded her, and the healthy appetite that, after a long fast, made this poor meal seem sweeter to her than turtle and venison, washed down by the costliest wines of France or Spain, ever did to the sated and diseased epicure. Becky then burst out into a hymn, followed by a prayer and an address, all extempore, and all so warm, so earnest, and so heartfelt, that the wretched women lying about on the benches and the floor, in the despondency of a day after a drunken fit, looked up, listened, thought of old days of piety and praises in far-distant cottage-homes, of the village church, or the chapel, where they had heard that old psalm-tune before, when they—whose very comeliness had proved their bane—had been the pride of the mother whom they had sent broken-hearted to the grave, or the father whose grey heads they had brought down in sorrow to her side in the churchyard; and then they thought over the hideous interval, the first temptation, the first fault, the slippery hill down which, after one false step, woman slides so rapidly into the deep slough. And as these things came upon these poor awakened souls, some of them crawled to poor old Becky's feet, ragged, foul, dishevelled, but penitent. Such in the sight of God was a Magdalene. Yes; while Becky, inspired by her triumph, spoke of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, these poor creatures wept and sobbed and Becky—clean, prim, virtuous Becky—called them sisters, and knelt with them, and prayed for them, and with her adroit help, and a bit of soap, and a comb and brush she carried with her in her pocket, they washed their tear-stained, dirt-begrimed faces and hands, and smoothed their rough, wild hair, arranged their dresses, and looked neat and womanly, in comparison to what they had done for many a long day; and then Becky formed them into a sort of class.

And oh, how awful it was to find that many of them had not sinned from ignorance of God's Holy Word!

Alas! alas! they knew they had souls to share an immortality of bliss unutterable, or anguish that no pen can paint, no pen portray; and yet they had chosen the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season, and had crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.

Becky knew and felt this; but she saw in them those for whom, above all others, the blood of the atonement flowed from Jesus' side, and she talked to them of a better future even in this life.

She drew from each her little private story of love betrayed, and all the sad drama of sin and shame that ensued.

Singularly alike were all those histories, for there is, as a great moralist says, nothing so monotonous as vice; and all through the long twilight hours Becky formed plans for the honest employment of each fallen sister, and took a list of the names, capabilities, and troubles of each, and then they joined with sweet, sad voices in a hymn and prayer, and fell asleep on the floor at Becky's feet, and there the dawn of Monday found them still.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SITTING MAGISTRATE.

It was before the sitting magistrate at Guildhall that Becky was taken. With her went her poor, fallen sisters, her companions of so many hours of captivity. In spite of the change in their appearance, caused by soap and water, a comb and brush, and a needle and thread out of Becky's "pocket companion," used early on Monday morning, they, alas! looked in the broad daylight very much what they were.

Their blackened eyes, swollen noses, cut lips and broken teeth, were hideous evidences of drunken brawls. Mixed up with their rags and dirt were faded, crumpled old artificial flowers, cheap imitation jewellery in the shape of earrings and brooches. Distorted, broken-ribbed hoops distended the thin, dust-coloured dresses, that hung in soiled tatters about their wasted figures.

As they entered the police-office they clung to Becky, and trembled at the thought of meeting the calm, searching eye (so familiar with their faces) of the sitting magistrate.

Becky, on the contrary, felt her courage rise to meet the occasion. Conscious innocence gave a calm dignity to her person and carriage, and in spite of two nights and a day in the station-house, she was as neat and prim and almost as clean as usual. Two of her companions were taken before the magistrate, and came out shortly after weeping bitterly; they were sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour.

Both of them, in passing by Becky, held out their hands to her, and one said, "Good-bye, ma'am, and thank you, and bless you for all the comfort and hope you've given me." The other also said, "Good-bye, missus; I wish you well through your troubles, ma'am. I've got a hard sentence; but he's a just judge, and I deserves it; and if it's the last time his worship sees my face—which he remembered the moment he looked at me—it will be owing to your teaching, ma'am; and I'll read my Bible in prison and out, and try to be the sinner that repenteth, about whom you read to us yesterday."

"Ay, Rachel, you're right there, my poor wench," said Becky; "there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance."

The name of Rebecca Blore was then shouted out, and Becky, accompanied by a policeman, walked with a firm step into the crowded court.

There was a general titter when Becky made her appearance. The huge coal-scuttle bonnet was at once so old and new, and strange to those who had never seen anything like it before.

The merriment was increased when Becky, taking a deliberate survey of the whole assembly, dropped a low, modest curtsy to the magistrate on the bench, and then, raising her eyes to heaven, seemed for a few moments to be engaged in earnest prayer, for her lips moved, and her hands were tightly clasped together.

Mr. Isaacs, the jeweller, was in court, and so were two of his shopmen.

But Isaacs did not choose to trust to his own powers of argument and eloquence. His solicitor, Mr. Barker, was at his elbow, and with him came a barrister, a young man, a nephew of Barker's, to whom that gentleman was very anxious to give a brief and a fee.

Barker had warned his nephew not to be shy or nervous, but to put a bold face upon it, and to take the bull by the horns.

Full of his uncle's advice, and remembering Serjeant Buzfuz and his success in the case of "*Bardell versus Pickwick*," young Bellus pressed his lips tightly together, and crossing his hands behind his back, raised himself on his heels, and proceeded to take a rather insolent survey of the magistrate on the bench, Becky at the bar, and all the assembly.

The magistrate had a sarcastic vein, and a keen sense of the ridiculous.

A smile played about the corners of his lips as he returned the glance of the young barrister, and bowed slightly in acknowledgment of the other's off-hand nod.

Mr. Barker, who knew the magistrate's face well, and could read it almost as one reads a book, grew very nervous. He saw that Bellus was over-acting his part, and he whispered as much in the young man's ear, which by this time were red-hot, for, in spite of his assumption of ease, he felt very nervous and uncomfortable, and wished himself safe back again in Fountain Court, Temple.

A message at this moment was brought to Becky, and was conveyed to her by the policeman at her side. It was to advise her to avail herself of the services of a professional gentleman then in court, as she would stand but a poor chance if she had no one on her side.

"Who says I have no one on my side?" said Becky, aloud. "I have innocence and truth on my side, young man; and, therefore, the Lord of hosts is with me—the God of Jacob is my refuge. Verily, standing here before my lord judge, a lone woman, old and grey, and accused of a bad action for the first time in my long life, I feel no fear; for the more this matter is sifted, the more clear shall my innocence appear; and I know God will put it into the heart of my earthly judge to discern the truth, and that is all I need for my acquittal."

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF WINTER.



HERE is a sound of sadness in the air,
The burden of a song that once was
light;
A heart that sobs to rest, in grief and
care,
Weeping in shadow of a starless night:

A wildering, deeper sound than music knows,
A deep lament poured full upon the gale:
'Tis Winter, bowed beneath her weight of woes,
Chanting in tremulous notes her broken wail.

See where she sits, beneath an aged tree
That skirts the naked forest, all alone,
Her head in sorrow bent upon her knee,
In robe of snow-wreath bound by icy zone.

Her flower-inwoven harp, that once was bright,
Hangs on the leafless bough despoiled and torn;
All its wild airs of joy and music light
Are fled, and left the broken chords to mourn.

The stream goes by—her tears are on her cheeks;
The loud winds call—she answers with a sigh.
Weary and worn, with quivering lip she speaks,
Pleading for peace a little while to die.

But when the storm awakes her mystic lyre,
And discord shrieks from all its riven strings,
Touched by a feeble spark of former fire,
She lifts her broken voice and sadly sings:—

“Oh, once I was a maiden fair and young,
Wooded by the smiling of the new-born Year;
Wedded in youth and love, we idly swung
Around the happy hours without a tear.

“He caught the rainbow hues with living beam,
To tint my cheeks and weave my locks with flowers,
The while we floated down the silver stream,
And danced in greenwood paths and summer
bowers.

“He clothed me with the robe that Autumn wore,
Of gold and crimson, like the setting sun;
And laden with the richest spoil she bore,
We took our homeward path when day was done.

“But in the way he died; and o'er his grave
I watch alone, beneath the starless sky.
Hush, ye cold streams, ye bitter winds that rave;
Oh, give me peace a little while to die!

“Cease, my torn harp, to break thy wild lament;
Oh, hush thy weeping song that once was joy;
Wake not the deeper woes within me pent;
Oh, give me peace a little while to die!”

'Tis thus her broken wail, at intervals,
Awakes the lonely glen at dead of night;
Sad echoes murmuring round the wooded walls,
The burden of a song that once was light.

The blast goes by—again she sinks in woe,
To brood in silence of a calm despair;
While weeping streams, and weary winds that
blow,
Make but a sound of sadness in the air.

But see, she clasps an infant to her breast
With fondling care—she chants a lullaby:—
“Hush thee, my little babe, and softly rest,
Rocked by the storm, and wake not till I die.

“Hush thee, my little babe, and sweetly sleep;
Thy cheek is pale beneath thy tear-sealed eye,
Hear not my bursting sorrows while I weep;
Hush thee, my babe, and wake not till I die.

“But when the morning beam shall kiss thy cheek,
And all the little birds around thee sing,
Then wake in joy, when whispering winds shall
speak,
And, dropping tears upon thee, call thee Spring.

“Hush thee, my pretty babe.” The wind grows loud,
And dense the wheeling mist—no form is there,
No voice—'tis but the shadow of a cloud,
And but a sound of sadness in the air.

J. H.

5 DE 64

STARCH MANUFACTURERS
TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,
USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,
AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL, 1869.

Sold by all Grocers, Chandlers, &c. &c.
WOTHERSPOON and CO., GLASGOW AND LONDON. [9]

THESE TEETH ARE MORE NATURAL, COMFORTABLE, AND
DURABLE THAN ANY YET PRODUCED.



30, Berners Street, Oxford Street, and 449, Strand,
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TOOTHACHE IS INSTANTLY CURED
BY
BUNTER'S NERVINE.
Which may be had of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet. If the pain
arises from Tic-Doloureux or Facieshe, use CLARK'S TINCTURE.
a certain cure. [10]

WHITE and SOUND TEETH.—JEWSBURY
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Established by 40 years' experience as the best preservative for
the Teeth and Gums.
The Original and only Genuine is 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per Pot.
111, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER; and by Agents throughout
the Kingdom and Colonies. [8]

"EXCELSIOR" FAMILY
SEWING & EMBROIDERING MACHINE.

Sews from two ordinary Spools, requires no re-winding, finishes its
work where it stops, and the seam, if cut at every inch, will not rip. It
is eminently adapted for Family Sewing, and is so easily managed that a
child can work it with facility. It will sew, PELL, STITCH, GATHER,
QUILT, and EMBROIDER in a very superior manner, and with the most
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WRIGHT AND MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.
Manufactory: Gipping Works, Ipswich. [11]



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THE QUEEN

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MORE CLEANLY, POLISHED MORE QUICKLY, AND CHEAPER,
Because it is less wasteful, and because a little goes further than any
other kind. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Ironmongers, &c.

RECKITT AND SONS, Suffolk Lane, Upper Thames St., E.C., and Hall. [13]

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

THIS excellent Family Medicine is the most effective
remedy for Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Sick Head-
ache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders
of the Stomach and Bowels; and for elderly people, or where an occa-
sional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For Females these Pills are truly excellent, removing all Obstruc-
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sion of Spirits, Dulness of Sight, Nervous Affections, Blisters, Pimples,
and Sallowness of the Skin, and giving a healthy, juvenile bloom to the
complexion.

Sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per Box, by all Medicine Vendors. [7]

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J. THOMPSON'S
KALYDOR SOAP,

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Maker of Mallow, Mella-Rose, Windsor, Honey, Glycerine, and all kinds
of Fancy Soaps. Wholesale and for Exportation. [18]

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This article, from the certainty of its unsmouldering, and its
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WORN-OUT SUFFERERS may hope for relief,
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physicians have failed to effect a cure. In all disorders of the stomach,
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order and restoring health. Holloway's Pills clear away obstructions,
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the stomach, energy and vivacity to the brain. Holloway's Pills can
be confidently recommended as restoratives of constitutions shattered
and broken up by excessive mental labour, intemperance, inordinate
indulgence, or other hardships which make the young man old. [10]

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THESE Pills have now obtained a world-wide reputa-
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SURPASSES in neatness, in strength, in
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SAFE, ECONOMICAL, AND BRILLIANT.
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The homes of the people may receive a new attraction by the intro-
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